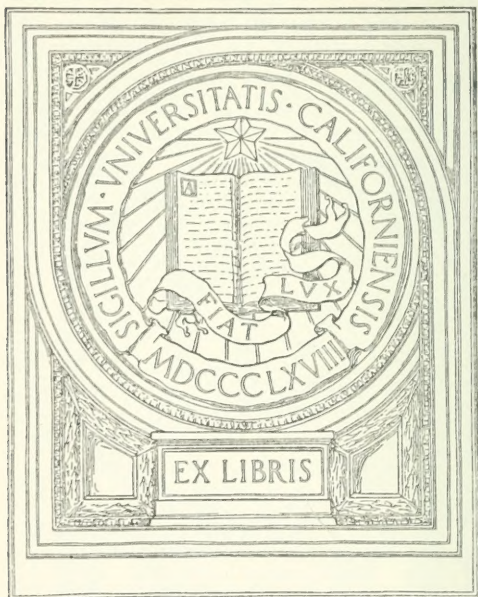




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HALF-HOURS

OF

TRAVEL AT HOME AND ABROAD

SELECTED AND ARRANGED BY

CHARLES MORRIS

EUROPE

ILLUSTRATED

PHILADELPHIA

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

1896

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HALF-HOURS

OF

TRAVEL AT HOME AND ABROAD.

KENILWORTH AND WARWICK CASTLES.

ELIHU BURRITT.

[Elihu Burritt, the "Learned Blacksmith," wrote two works of mingled description and economic observation in the British island, these being "A Walk from John O'Groat's to Land's End" and "Walks in the Black Country and its Green Border-Land." It is from the "green border-land" section of the latter that we take the following description of two of England's most famous ancient castles.]

BETWEEN Coventry and Warwick, in a green, quiet rural district, stands Kenilworth, and Kenilworth is a castle which absorbs into itself all of space, population, and history that belongs to the name. Not only novel-readers, but practical history-readers at a distance, never think of anything but the castle when the name is mentioned or suggested.

Still, there is a goodly, tidy, and comfortable village near the ruins worth visiting, without the lion which attracts so many thousands a year to pay their homage and their admiration—to the genius of Sir Walter Scott. All the ordinary trades of a practical business community are

carried on in this village; and a tall, taper chimney of a tannery, as high as any church steeple, smokes its pipe in the face of all the romantic antiquities of the place. Still, the people would probably confess that the principal source of their income is derived from their vested interest in Sir Walter Scott's "*Kenilworth*," not in the real castle walls. Take away that famous novel, and, with all the authenticated history that remains attached to them, not one in five of the visitors they now attract would walk around them with admiration. In fact, they are more a monument to the genius of the great novelist than to the memory of Elizabeth and the Earl of Leicester. If any community ever owed a statue to the honor of a benefactor for money value received, the Kenilworths owe one to the celebrated Scotch writer. One might reasonably estimate that his book has been worth ten thousand pounds a year to them for the last quarter of a century or more.

There are observatories, barometer and anemometer stations around the coasts of England, where rain-falls and wind-blows, tide-risings and star-showers are registered. There are other observation-stations where the self-registering offices of human fames and reputations are kept, and where these are measured spontaneously. Go to Stratford and look at the inner walls of Shakespeare's house and the record kept there, and count the names from the four quarters of the globe written there in homage of the great bard; go to Abbotsford, and consult the day-book of that great memory; go to Olney, and see what manner and multitude of names cover and re-cover the little garden summer-house in which Cowper wrote, and you will have this self-registration of human genius and its appreciation. So at Kenilworth, the visitors' day-book at the hotel will show how many come from both hemispheres and all their continents to see the scene of Sir Walter Scott's romance.

I was favored with a bright day on the sunny edge of autumn for my visit, when the very sky imparts a radiance to the ivied ruins of old castles and abbeys. Kenilworth shows its successive ages and uses in the various departments of its structure. From the ground it occupied, one would hardly conceive it to be a fighting castle. But when you come to look at the massive Cæsar's Tower, you will be impressed with its impregnability in the bow-and-arrow period of English warfare. Its lofty walls hold their frontage and perpendicular lines as true and even as if they were a last-year's structure. It is seemingly composed of several towers connected by walls sixteen feet thick, perforated by window-holes which look like so many archways. It is built or faced with hewn red sandstone, and is a perfect specimen of mason-work. The Insurgent Barons stood a siege of six months against Henry III. behind these strong walls, and in the reign of Edward I. Roger Mortimer, Earl of March, presided over a grand tournament beneath them.

In a later century the castle passed into the hands of John o' Gaunt, who added the noble structure called the Lancaster Buildings, or banqueting-hall. This must have been one of the finest specimens of architecture of his time in England, and, in ruins, presents the graceful proportions and embellishments of its structure. Under the *régime* of that celebrated nobleman the castle began to put on a civilian dress over its coat of mail, and to echo with the music and mirth of dancing and feasting, instead of the clangor of arms.

But Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, completed the transformation into a residential palace. He not only added the wing called the Leicester Buildings, but he renovated and embellished all the old portions of the huge pile. He erected an ante-castle, or a great gate house, which is a

noble structure in itself. Never did a subject build, and rebuild, and embellish on such a scale as he did to receive his sovereign.

Three times Elizabeth was his guest. Her last visit was in July, 1575, and lasted seventeen days. Of the festivities and princely entertainments he prepared for her on this occasion Sir Walter Scott has written with all that natural enthusiasm and predilection with which, perhaps, above all other English novelists, he dilated upon such a subject. His graphic descriptions of these scenes are so familiar to the million that I will not venture to go behind his brilliant fictions in search of actual historical facts of duller interest. The day of such favorites has gone by, like the beauty and glory of this once gorgeous fabric. The sun of Christian morality and civilization has risen to a purer flood of light, and such broad-faced gallantries would now be looked out of countenance in high places. . . .

The facing of the massive and lofty Cæsar's Tower must be nearly three centuries old, and it is wonderfully perfect. The perpendicular lines from base to battlement are as straight as if the walls were run in a mould; the eye cannot detect a deflection of a hair's breadth, nor has time been able to eat into the smooth and even surface. I noticed, however, that "the brave old ivy green," which braids such bandages for the wounds made by time and human violence in abbeys and castles, had wound around the front of this huge tower such a thick spread that it had deadened the skin of the wall and was eating into the solid body of it like a caustic blister. There were men at work on tall ladders, removing this thick green bandage and letting the sun in upon the stone, which had not seen its light for years.

The Gate House is in excellent preservation, and is occu-



WARWICK CASTLE.

pied by a tenant of the Earl of Clarendon. The towers are supported by old pear-trees that clasp their long arms around the stone-work and hug it so tightly that you may see their impress in the wall. It is a pleasant sight, which a poet might make something of, to see them hanging their clusters of luscious fruit up and down, as if, like the idea expressed in Solomon's Song, they were staying the venerable building with apples and cheering delicacies. Indeed, for its historical associations, as well as for the architectural character disclosed in its picturesque ruins, Kenilworth, perhaps, stands at the very head of all old English castles as an object of popular interest. If a self-registering apparatus could be put in operation at the gate opening to it, which would number and record the human feet, just as some instruments register the rain-drops that fall, doubtless no other castle in England would show such a census of visitors as this.

Warwick Castle! England and all who speak its language owe the successive inheritors of this great living pile of buildings more than they have ever acknowledged; for it is really the only baronial castle that has survived the destruction or decay of all the other monuments of the feudal ages of the same order. We should not know what they were in their day and generation were it not for this. It helps our fancy to fill up the vast breaks in the walls of Kenilworth, Dudley, and Chepstow; to reconstruct their banqueting-halls, their drawing-rooms, galleries, crypts, and kitchens, and to reproduce them entire in their first and fullest grandeur. By the light of Warwick we can not only rebuild and roof the broken walls of these old castles, but bring into the vista of the imagination their interior embellishments, their carved cornices and wainscoting, their luxurious furniture, tapestry, paintings, and other works of art. Thus, Warwick represents to us in its living being and form

of to-day the hundreds of castles that were planted over the island in the first century after the Conquest. Schamyl in his native costume and dignity could not represent better at St. Petersburg the leaders of the Circassian race and country than does this grand home and fortress of the Warwicks the embattled citadels of the old English knights.

Warwick Castle, the fortress of one of the stoutest and grimmest of the old English fighting knights, did not put on the armor of nature to help out its own. It did not take advantage of perpendicular rocks or river-sides like Stirling, Edinburgh, or Chepstow. At first thought one might fancy the founders of it selected the location more for fishing than fighting. And now, in these quiet sunny days of peace, with its venerable mane of cedar-trees, it looks like a grand old lion lying down with its paw tenderly over a tired lamb. Or, it basks its broad side on the bank of the Avon, which photographs its walls and towers and turrets every bright day in the centuries. The castle is all intact and entire, with no part clean gone or going to ruin. Inside and out, from end to end, it is the harmonious growth of many ages, and registers them in distinctive illustrations. It shows what can be done by a dozen generations of wealthy men, inheriting an estate that doubles in income every half-century. Here each branch of the wide-spreading family tree has hung in festooned clusters the foliage of its life, genius, and taste. Each has contributed its contingent to the magnificent whole to be handed down to a posterity which should cherish and adorn the heirloom of illustrious ancestors, and send it down the line of the future with added wealth and beauty.

With such an anchorage to moor a family name and estate to, there is no wonder that both should attach their

being, life, and treasures to it with a proud ambition of perpetuity. The name holds on as everlastingly as the estate. For the poorest man on earth must have some distant relation, and the richest man's son would take the name of the twentieth cousin to inherit the title and castle of Warwick. However thin and attenuated may be the line of blood relationship between these families, the favored heir to this baronial rank and wealth gathers within his coronet all the memories and distinctions and even relationships of his predecessors all the way back to the Conquest. He is the heir of all of them; Saxon, Dane, and Norman converge into his *status* and blend in his being. . . .

The great body of the castle itself, viewed detached from its grand surrounding walls and towers, presents no very salient features. It is a long range of buildings, with a straight front on the river. It never had the imposing or varied frontage of Dudley Castle in its day, or the palace halls that flanked the great tower of Kenilworth. But in its large straight suite of lofty apartments you have a museum of objects illustrating the tastes, habits, fashions, luxuries, and arts of all the ages and generations which those massive walls have seen. Passing from end to end, you may gauge English history for seven centuries with an observing glance through these objects. Here the white-winged dove of Peace has made her nest in the rusty and battered helmet of grim-visaged war.

On entering the Great Hall one is deeply impressed with its capacious faculty of hospitable entertainment. Truly, if tables were ever spread from end to end, a regiment of guests must have sat down to the banquet. It is sixty-two feet in length by forty in breadth, and the roofage of it is lofty and done in elaborate Gothic, rich in carving and other ornament. Here are the coronets and shields of all

the earls back to Henry de Newburgh, who seem to look down upon the company below through their cognizances, as if represented in and countenancing all the generous hospitalities their living heir is disposed to give. The walls are wainscoted with the brave old English oak, far advanced in its seeming transformation into ebony. All you ever read in romance or veritable history about walls hung with armor of crusaders and other knightly raiders, interspersed with spoils of the chase, is here realized in full; and you see that even Sir Walter Scott has not exaggerated the fact in this respect. Conspicuous on the genealogical tree of these weapons and outfittings for war is the helmet usually worn, says the loyal guide-book, by the usurper Cromwell. Here, too, is the doublet in which Lord Brooke was killed at Lichfield, in 1643.

Three great Gothic windows are set out in deep recesses, as if to embrace and welcome the first and last light of the day, and to soften and diffuse it, a tinted smile, over the spacious apartment and its embellishments. But if the outside world smiles inward through these great windows so graciously, their outward vision opens upon a scene of exquisite beauty, which few can be found to equal. Here a vista deploys before the view full of all the attractions that nature and art can give to a landscape. What a pier-glass is to the richest drawing-room, the gentle and classic Avon is to this variegated scenery, as a portion of it, and as a reflecting medium of all its other features. It meanders through the landscape as a limpid hem to lawn, field, grove, garden, and forest, now flashing a silver radiance, now one of gold, upon the robe it adorns, just as the sun's rays vary in their fall and flood. Right before the face and eyes of the castle, the river forms a great brooch of emerald, or a little green island, which may be taken for its coat of arms, or *cognizance*, much older and nobler than

any hung up in the Great Hall. Then the soft and level river, looking half asleep, or checking its flow in the presence of these human antiquities, just below them arises and stands on its feet, showing a stature one hundred feet high in a cascade that sings a kind of lullaby to the by-gone ages whose spirits haunt the castle.

It was in these grounds that, in 1846, I saw for the first time a real cedar of Lebanon, and I never shall forget the impression it made upon me. Here they stood, grand and venerable, with their long low arms extended as if pronouncing "a benediction after prayer" upon the green lawn that mirrored their august entourage. Here they stood, singing the same old song they sang to David on Mount Lebanon. It was a mere fancy; but I listened to the sougling murmur with the thought that they were reciting to each other some of his best psalms of praise and thanksgiving.

From the Great Hall you have a vista of state rooms on one side, and private or family rooms on the other, extending in a straight line for three hundred and thirty-three feet. All these apartments, large and small, are adorned and enriched with specimens of high art and high labor, collected by all the families that have owned and occupied the estate. In some respects each room, if not the museum, is the mirror, of its age. Armor and articles of luxurious or antique furniture divide with pictures of the same dates the admiration of the visitor. Here is the celebrated painting of Charles I. by Vandyke, for which Sir Joshua Reynolds offered to pay five hundred guineas in his time. How much it would bring under the hammer to-day those who know the existing *furor* for the old masters may easily estimate. And all the old masters are here, represented each in several of the pictures that made their fame. In fact, a national gallery of paintings, of creditable number

and variety, might be filled from the treasures of art exhibited in these splendid apartments. Here figure Rubens, Rembrandt, Vandyke, Salvator Rosa, Guido, Murillo, David, and other great artists of different ages, schools, and countries.

Then, as the framework of all these pictures, you see the artistry of the chisel, or carved work in wood and stone of contemporary schools in that department. Then the garnered treasures collected by these various branches of the family, purchased in different centuries and countries, are arranged in happy taste and harmony with the pictorial adornments. Wardrobes, cabinets, tables, and all the articles of luxurious furniture found in palaces, English or Continental, modern or ancient, are here in all their variety and curious workmanship.

The "Kenilworth Buffet," a work which attracted so much admiration in the Great Exhibition of 1851, is a masterpiece of design and execution. It is Kenilworth and its romantic history, with the principal acts and actors of its Elizabethan drama, carved in oak from a tree that stood a green, tall sentinel of nature at the time to witness the festive scenes. Even Elizabeth's meeting with Amy Robsart, and her interview with Leicester after the exposure of his faithlessness, are done to the life by the carver's chisel.

Two objects connected with Warwick Castle every one, young or old, who visits it, will remember perhaps most distinctively. They are the "Guy's porridge-pot" and the great marble Vase. Both are of prodigious capacity, the very Gog and Magog of all hollow-ware. The Irishman who called the donkey the father of all rabbits would call this large porridge-pot the father of all kettles. Its history cannot be got out of it by the grave and solemn thumpings that the old woman gives its massive sides. So it is

ascribed to the great Guy's time and to his personal use. As ornithologists deduce the size and habits of some pre-historic bird by a single foot-track in petrified clay, so the size, strength, and other capacities of that legendary giant are deduced from the size of this remarkable pot. The analogy might seem reasonable to many simple-minded people. Surely no man could be less than eight feet and a half high who needed such a kettle for cooking for himself and family, even if his children were nearly as large as himself. And this is the size accorded to that prehistoric hero. He was one of those amphibious beings who, like King Arthur, have lived in the misty border-land of history, half substance and half shadow, but projecting a full human outline upon the spectrum of by-gone centuries.

The history of the Great Vase is more ancient and uncertain still. It is of white marble, executed in the purest Grecian order of conception and art. It is truly a mighty goblet, with two handles of intertwined vine-branches and wreathed and crowned with the tendrils, leaves, and clusters of the vineyard. It was fished up from the bottom of a lake near Tivoli by the British ambassador then at Naples, from whom it passed into the hands of the father of the present earl, who conveyed it to England and placed it in its present position.

The high and solid walls that enclose the castle and their great towers impress you with the realities of the ages they represent. Erected before gunpowder had been brought into the field of battle, they still look as if the builders anticipated its introduction and power, and they would stand a heavy battering now, old as they are, by common cannon. In a word, Warwick Castle is a structure which must grow more and more interesting from decade to decade. It is the only feudal palace left intact in England. It was ranked among the very best of them

when they were all alive and strong over the land. It is associated with a name that stands among the first in the Norman aristocracy. Its location in itself is deeply interesting. Shakespeare breathed an inspiration upon the little Avon that laves its foundations, and gave to its name an immortality more vital and beautiful than the Tiber's. All these aspects and associations are becoming more and more widely appreciated; and the footfall of visitors from distant countries crossing the threshold will grow more and more frequent as the readers of English history and romance increase in both hemispheres.

WINDSOR FOREST AND CASTLE.

ANONYMOUS.

[It is to the author of "English Forests and Forest-Trees," who fails to give his name on the title-page of a work whose authorship is amply worthy of acknowledgment, that we owe our present selection. Among the various historic forests of England, that of Windsor ranks high, and the adjoining castle was the seat of many interesting episodes of English history. The selection we give is mainly confined to the scenery and traditions of the forest.]

WINDSOR forest and castle are dear to all Englishmen. Few palaces have grouped around them so many associations, both legendary, historical, and poetical, from the time of Arthur and the knights of his Round Table to those of the royal house of Hanover. The castle has been the abode of royalty from the time of the Saxon kings. It was while King John lived at Windsor that the barons obtained from him the Magna Charta. Cromwell has held his courts within its walls, and Charles I. lies buried in its

chapel. A Scottish king has been a captive here, and here have been celebrated some of the most splendid pageants and courtly ceremonies recorded in history. The forest, though it can scarcely be said now to exist, has also some "legends of woe and dread," and other associations.

The forest was once of enormous extent, comprehending a circumference of one hundred and twenty miles. . . . In the lapse of time, however, it dwindled away; for we find that in the reign of James I. its circumference was estimated by Norden at only seventy-seven miles and a half, exclusive of the liberties extending into Bucks. At this period there were fifteen walks within it, each under the charge of a head keeper, and the whole contained upward of three thousand head of deer. This extent was somewhat diminished in later years; for in a subsequent map, by Roque, the circuit is given as fifty-six miles.

In the year 1813 an act of Parliament was passed for its enclosure. The portion which had been previously enclosed, known as Windsor Great Park, was of small extent compared with the whole range of the forest. The area of the park was less than four thousand acres, of which two thousand were under cultivation; while the open unenclosed forest amounted to twenty-four thousand acres. Scarce a vestige of the forest is now left, except what has been apportioned to the crown, adjoining the Great Park.

The view from Windsor Castle is one of the finest in England. A vast panorama extending as far as the eye can reach. All flat,—the faint blue horizontal line, scarcely discernible from the clouds, so distant is it, as straight as the boundary of a calm sea,—and yet how infinitely varied! What would such an expanse of land be in any other country? A mere druggot compared to this Field of Cloth of Gold. A lovely river, to which the hackneyed illustration of molten gold might well be applied from the

silent roll of its glittering waters, as if impeded by their own rich weight; now flashing like a strip of the sun's self through broad meadows whose green is scarcely less dazzling, now lost in shady nooks of wonderful and refreshing coolness. Trees of every sort and growth, singly, in clumps, in rows, everywhere. Little bright-looking villages, with their white spires or gray towers dotted all over the scene. Everything is in perfect harmony. The gentle murmur of human life, reaching us from the distance, is no more injurious to the effect than the rustling of trees or the chirping of the birds. . . .

Our first homage is to Nature. The influence of the beautiful is predominant over all others. We think only of the scene before us, and must thoroughly enjoy it for its own sake before we can bestow a thought on a single association connected with it. We forget all about the walls we are standing on. We do not even reflect that the golden river is our old friend the Thames. It never strikes us that that expanse of green out there to the right, so thickly planted with massive elms and chestnuts, is a very celebrated place called the Home Park of Windsor, or indeed that it is called anything else—or anything at all. We are (metaphorically speaking) rolling in that grass with a republican contempt for its patrician connections, and picking out the best of those trees with an ungrateful heedlessness of what royal hand may have planted them there for our gratification.

[The author proceeds to describe some notable places surrounding. To the left, across the river, is Eton College; immediately facing is the town of Slough, where the Herschells made their residence; to the right is Stoke Pogis, the scene of Gray's "Elegy"; to the extreme right is Runnymede, where King John signed Magna Charta; and nearer at hand is the village of Datchet, the scene of Falstaff's ducking, in the "Merry Wives of Windsor."]

And now, reader, it is high time we turned our attention to the forest side of the question.

By the forest we must be distinctly understood to mean, not merely the dense collection of wood to which the term is usually applied, but that aspect of nature generally wherein the wild and unchecked growth of forest-trees forms the principal feature. The so-called Windsor Forest has almost entirely disappeared, a few insignificant plantations alone retaining the title. The Great Park, however,—indeed, the whole country south of the castle for several miles,—presents every variety of the class of scenery which it is our business to treat.

Our way into the Great Park lies along the celebrated avenue known as the Long Walk. This is no less than three miles in length, extending in a perfectly straight line from the castle, in a direction almost due south, to Snow Hill, a natural elevation surrounded by an equestrian statue of George III.

We have two good miles before us ere we can meet with an outlet that will enable us to ramble among the trees to our heart's content. The Long Walk, however, is a very fine sight, in spite of its dire straightness. A splendid road, three miles long, bordered by double rows of giant elms, is not without interest. The regularity is not unpleasant, because not overstrained. The trees, once pressed into the service of order, have been allowed to grow their own way, instead of being clipped and cropped as they would be under similar circumstances in some countries,—France, to wit. Here we have Nature with her hair combed merely; there we should find her with her head shaved. The monotony of the perspective is nicely broken by the undulations of the ground. It is pleasant to turn occasionally into the aisle-like sidewalks, and look up at the cool green roof of trellis-work formed by the interlacing trees.

Besides, the castle, as we look back at it receding from us, begins to recover something of its original character: Edward III. and William of Wykeham are resuming the ascendancy. The gradually deepening stillness, too, is exactly what we could wish. The rooks, hovering over us eternally, afford very agreeable companionship; and we consider their quiet, though apparently cynical, observations very much to the purpose indeed.

Ere we proceed far on our way, an object of once agreeable, now melancholy, interest attracts our attention. This is the famous Herne's Oak, which stands in the enclosure known as the Little Park, to our left. It is contended by some authorities that the veritable Herne's Oak was cut down by some orders of George III., delivered in a mistake as to its identity. Others, with a natural reluctance to believe so sagacious a monarch capable of such a blunder, maintain that the rumor originated in the fact of his majesty causing some similar trees in the vicinity to be cleared away, that the oak itself might occupy a more prominent position.

The agreeable interest attached to this famous tree is well known. It is supposed (though there has been much controversy as to its authenticity) to be the identical tree immortalized by the mention of Shakespeare as the scene of Herne the Hunter's unamiable exploits:

“There is an old tale goes, that Herne the Hunter,
Sometime a keeper here in Windsor forest,
Doth all the winter time, at still midnight,
Walk round about an oak, with great ragged horns;
And then he blasts the tree, and takes the cattle;
And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a chain
In a most hideous and dreadful manner.”

The interest we have alluded to of a melancholy description is of a more recent date, and is derived from the tan-

talizing fact that *Herne's Oak* is no longer visible to the public, the portion of the park in which it stands having been recently enclosed as an addition to the private grounds of the Duchess of Kent's residence at Frogmore.

We tried hard once to tempt an inflexible gate-keeper to let us in,—just to have a look at it. It was of no use. We assured him we should do no harm, and (as the most delicate means of suggesting a recompense) offered to pay the expenses of any trustworthy person he might choose to send to look after us. He was adamant,—no strangers were allowed in. We appealed to his feelings,—like Rolla and the sentinel,—asked him (in terms we considered adapted to his mental cultivation) how he would like to be a poet wrecked in sight of inspiration. His expressed opinion was that we were making fun of him.

He was not, however, a bad fellow; his sternness was a matter of duty, not constitution. He was touched by our disappointment, and sought to console us by the assurance that we had lost nothing; “that there was nothing to be seen in the tree; that it was about the ugliest he ever saw in the whole park; and as for Herne the Hunter, it was nothing but a pack of old woman's rubbishage.”

However, neither our niggardly exclusion from the sight of the old tree, nor the materialist consolations of our friend the gate-keeper, can efface the impression on our mind of the grim forest-fiend haunting the old park like a family spectre.

There is no satisfactory legend of Herne the Hunter. Vague tradition states that he was a keeper in the forest in Elizabeth's reign, who, having committed some crime which occasioned his dismissal, hung himself on the tree. This is a view of the case we cannot think of taking. The idea of a discharged flunkey committing suicide on a mere sentimental consideration of wages and perquisites is a

sorry foundation for the magnificent "demon business" indicated by Shakespeare. Our notion is of something far more weird and fiendish,—a story of fearful crimes and unhallowed compacts; something in the nightmare German ballad style. . . .

It is a long lane that has no turning; we mean the Long Walk is. Passing through a handsome pair of lodge-gates, we emerge fairly into the Great Park.

Now we are in the Forest.

When we inform our reader that our first impulse is to run as fast as our legs can carry us, he will doubtless require an explanation.

Assuming that it is a fine day we have chosen for our ramble, in the first place we are surrounded by a bright and rarefied atmosphere, whose inhalation, to quote a lamented writer, is a process something between breathing and drinking. The scene has changed, as if by magic. The barrier we have just passed would seem to be a fairy circle, shutting out all matters pertaining to human life. Castles and towns are things we must have dreamt of somewhere long ago. We are in a vast solitude of grassy mounds and giant trees, in all their native luxuriance, spreading as far as the eye can reach. The stillness would be appalling but for the clamor of a million birds. We have heard of a native of Piccadilly, who, spending a night in the country for the only time in his life, declared that he had been unable to sleep, the confounded birds made such a noise. If we had a grudge against that native (and doubtless if we knew him we should not be long in forming one, as we certainly should not like him), and had it in our power to punish him in our own way, we should condemn him to sling a hammock on one of the trees in Windsor Great Park, and roost there for a week; for the birds in Windsor Great Park are the noisiest in the world.

These are the combined causes of an effect similar to that of laughing-gas, or something to drink, leading to gymnastic results such as we have indicated. . . .

The rabbits of Windsor Park, by the way, are endowed with matchless impudence. They treat you with a familiarity which borders too close on contempt to be gratifying. They will scarcely get out of your way. They sit comfortably before their holes, lazily watching you go past with as much indifference as a country gentleman seated at his own door would the passing of a travelling tinker. The same may be said of the game generally with which the park abounds. The flocks of deer will go on browsing comfortably till you almost tread on their little black noses. Then there will be a short listless consultation as to whether you are a person to be tolerated or not. The leader will probably give a verdict in the negative, and they turn slowly round, all showing their powder-puffs of tails at once in the most insulting manner, and strut a few yards off, when they recommence their endless meal, merely regarding you as something of a bore and a nuisance, but in no serious light whatever.

Once we started a pheasant; he would not even pay us the compliment of flying. We ran at him violently; he ran a few yards off, and commenced pecking at something. We threw a stone at him; he ducked his head a little,—no more. We waved our hands and cried "Shoo!" in the most approved manner, demonstrations to which he would not condescend to pay the slightest attention. We ran towards him again; he ran away from us a short distance, and then before our very eyes roosted on an old rail with unmistakable intentions of going to sleep. This was insufferable. We could almost have knocked him down with our walking stick, and were sufficiently exasperated to think of trying, when the appearance of a game-keeper on

the horizon suddenly made us look in an opposite direction, and commence a careful search for botanical specimens.

This tameness, which is shocking to us, is very different from the trusting innocence of Alexander Selkirk's happy family, who were

"So unaccustomed to man."

It is the insolent security of a privileged class. They know you are not allowed to shoot them, and the airs they give themselves are intolerable. . . .

Descending a cool valley densely wooded with magnificent Scotch firs, we come to a bridge crossing a placid-looking lake of considerable dimensions. The stranger generally thinks this is Virginia Water; he is a little disappointed,—thinks it hardly merits the reputation it has earned for beauty,—but, on the whole, is not dissatisfied. He thinks it is probably a little better farther on, on one side or the other; he wonders which he ought to try; he is, however, loath to explore either till he has ascertained whether there is really anything to be seen or not (for your speculative sight-seer is a cautious fellow, and has a great objection to being taken in). Seeing a lodge-gate a little ahead, he proceeds there to ask whether there is any more of Virginia Water than what he has just left; not but what that was very delightful,—he merely wishes to know. The lodge-keeper laughs sardonically, and, good-naturedly blessing the stranger's eyes, tells him that is none of Virginia Water; then, with a look of contemptuous pity, seizes him by the arm, leads him impatiently to a little gate opening on to a thick wood, thrusts him in, and, bidding him follow his nose, returns to the lodge, satisfied at having nothing more to do with a person of *that* scale of intelligence.

Our plan is to follow the lodge-keeper's precept and the

stranger's example. We pass through the little gate, and after a few seconds' walk through the wood, come unexpectedly on a very novel and delightful scene, of which we cannot speak in higher terms than to say that it fully merits the florid eulogium of the original edition of the *Royal Windsor Guide*, already quoted.

We are standing on the brink of an immense lake, whose extent alone is sufficient to do away with all ideas of its artificial origin. This is completely enclosed by densely wooded acclivities, rising almost from the water's edge, one above the other, in agreeable perspective, so as to exclude the slightest glimpse of the world beyond. On one side of the lake a broad pathway of dark-green grass, yielding like a rich Turkey carpet to the tread, extends from one end of the lake to the other. Immediately on the left, the shelving woods begin to rise. There is not a sound to be heard except a gentle murmur of the trees, that never ceases.

The scene is not very romantic; but there is no earthly reason why it should be; it is very peaceful and very charming, suggesting all sorts of pleasant quiet-life recreations. The lake would not have suited Wordsworth, but it would have been the very thing for Izaak Walton. You could not get much poetry out of the woods, but you could get capital picnics in them; and there be those who despise poetry, but where is the ascetic who would turn up his nose at a picnic?

As we proceed, the view of the lake gets more extensive. The cool breeze from it, and the soft springy turf scarcely six inches above the level of the water, make the walk very agreeable. One feature is particularly worth mentioning; some of the largest and most beautiful specimens of that most dainty of English trees, the silvery birch, are to be seen gracefully dipping their light branches into the

lake. At length the pathway takes a turn up into the wood, from which we soon emerge into an open space, where we come across an object that really startles us,—a classic temple in ruins!

These ruins are of course not genuine. At a second glance we recognize the masquerading tendencies of George IV., as developed by Sir Jeffrey Wyattville. There is, however, no objection to the exercise of such a whim in what was never intended to serve any other purpose than that of a gentleman's pleasure-ground. Moreover, the ruin has some claims to be considered as a work of art of no mean merit. The design is admirable, and the semblance of decay is wonderfully imitated. The broken columns seem to have lain there for ages. Huge trees obtrude themselves between the shattered fragments as if they had grown there since the building had fallen to ruin. Some portions are completely hidden by masses of ivy and lichen, apparently the growth of centuries. Altogether the thing is admirably "got up," and makes us think what a stage-manager Sir Jeffrey Wyattville would have made for arranging a Christmas spectacle.

We should remark that the materials, consisting of columns of red and gray granite and porphyry, and several marble statues, are of veritable antiquity. The greater portion were transferred from the outer court of the British Museum, the remainder being from the Elgin collection. The reason of the building being called the Temple of Augustus was probably because Sir Jeffrey thought that name would do for it quite as well as any other, in which case we quite agree with him. . . .

The Great Park is rich in varied woodland scenery. There are not only fine thriving oaks, throwing out their gigantic arms, but sturdy pollards without end, which seem to have set time and season and decay at defiance.

They are gnarled and knotted, twisted and distorted, yet at the same time sound and vigorous at heart. The beeches, too, may be seen of all ages and sizes, picturesque and beautiful in their decay, but while in full vigor, and dotted with their sparkling leaves, they are the richest ornament of the wood. . . . The size of some of the trees is enormous; one beech-tree, near Sawyer's Lodge, measuring, at six feet from the ground, thirty-six feet round. It is now protected from injury, and nature seems to be doing her best towards repairing the damage which its exposure to the attacks of man and beast has produced. It must once have been almost hollow, but the vacuum has been nearly filled up. One might almost fancy that liquid wood, which had afterwards hardened, had been poured into the tree. There is no bark on this extraneous substance; but the surface is smooth, hard, and without any appearance of decay.

THE ASPECT OF LONDON.

HIPPOLYTE TAINÉ.

[Taine's "English Literature" has in itself added a new work to the world's best literature of far more value than many of those with which it deals. In his "Notes on England" he gives us thoughtful impressions of the country itself, from which we select his pen-picture of the great city on the Thames. The picture is not an inspiring one. He could not avoid comparing in his mind this fog-haunted capital with the brighter aspect of his native Paris.]

SUNDAY in London in the rain; the shops are shut, the streets are almost deserted; the aspect is that of an immense and a well-ordered cemetery. The few passers-by under their umbrellas in the desert of squares and streets

have the look of uneasy spirits who have risen from their graves ; it is appalling.

I had no conception of such a spectacle, which is said to be frequent in London. The rain is small, compact, pitiless ; looking at it, one can see no reason why it should not continue to the end of all things. One's feet churn water ; there is water everywhere,—filthy water impregnated with an odor of soot. A yellow, dense fog fills the air, sweeps down to the ground ; at thirty paces a house, a steamboat appear as spots upon blotting-paper. After an hour's walk in the Strand especially, and in the rest of the city, one has the spleen ; one meditates suicide. The lofty lines of fronts are of sombre brick, the exudations being incrustated with fog and soot. Monotony and silence ; yet inscriptions on metal or marble speak and tell of the absent master, as in a large manufactory of bone-black closed on account of a death.

A frightful thing is the huge palace in the Strand which is called Somerset House. Massive and heavy piece of architecture, of which the hollows are inked, the porticoes blackened with soot, where, in the cavity of the empty court, is a sham fountain without water, pools of water on the pavement, long rows of closed windows,—what can they possibly do in these catacombs ?

It seems as if the livid and sooty fog had even befouled the verdure of the parks. But what most offends the eye are the colonnades, peristyles, Grecian ornaments, mouldings, and wreaths of the houses all bathed in soot. Poor antique architecture, what is it doing in such a climate ? The flutings and columns in front of the British Museum are begrimed as if liquid mud had been poured over them. St. Paul's—a kind of Pantheon—has two ranges of columns : the lower range is entirely black ; the upper range, recently scraped, is still white, but the white is offensive : coal-smoke has already plastered it with its leprosy.

These spots are melancholy, being the decay of the stone. And these nude statues in memory of Greece! Wellington as a fighting hero, naked under the dripping trees of the park! That hideous Nelson, stuck on his column with a coil of rope in the form of a pig-tail, like a rat impaled on the top of a pole! Every form, every classical idea, is contrary to nature here. A swamp like this is a place of exile for the ark of antiquity. When the Romans disembarked here they must have thought themselves in Homer's hell, in the land of the Cimmerians. The vast space which, in the south, stretches between the earth and the sky, cannot be discovered by the eye; there is no air; there is nothing but liquid fog; in this pale smoke objects are but fading phantoms. Nature has the look of a bad drawing in charcoal, which some one has rubbed with his sleeve.

I have just spent half an hour on Waterloo Bridge. The Houses of Parliament, blurred and indistinct, appear in the distance but a wretched pile of scaffolding; nothing is discernible, and, more particularly, nothing is living, except a few steamboats skimming along the river, black, smoky, unwearied insects. A Greek watching their passengers embarking and disembarking would have thought of the Styx. He would have found that to exist here was not to live; in fact, life here is different from what it is in his country; the ideal has altered with the climate. The mind quits the without to retire within itself, and there creates a world. Here one must have a comfortable and well-ordered home, clubs, societies, plenty of business, many religious and moral preoccupations; above all, instead of abandoning one's self to the influence of exterior impressions, it is necessary to extrude all the sad promptings of unfriendly Nature, and fill up the great void wherein melancholy and tedium would take up their abode.

[After this gloomy image of a rainy London, and a description of the Sunday church services, the writer proceeds in a more complimentary vein.]

The population numbers three millions and a quarter; that makes twelve cities like Marseilles, ten cities like Lyons, two cities like Paris, put together; but words upon paper are no substitutes for the sensation of the eyes. It is necessary to take a cab several days in succession, and proceed straight on towards the south, the north, the east, and the west, during a whole morning, as far as the uncertain limits where houses grow scanty and the country begins.

Enormous, enormous,—this the word which always recurs. Moreover, all is rich and well ordered; consequently they must think us neglected and poor. Paris is mediocre compared with these squares, these crescents, these circles and rows of monumental buildings of massive stone, with porticoes, with sculptured fronts, these spacious streets. There are sixty of them as vast as the Rue de la Paix. Assuredly Napoleon III. demolished and rebuilt Paris only because he had lived in London. In the Strand, in Piccadilly, in Regent Street, in the neighborhood of London Bridge, in twenty places, there is a bustling crowd, a surging traffic, an amount of obstruction which our busiest and most frequented boulevard cannot parallel. Everything is on a large scale here: the clubs are palaces; the hotels are monuments; the river is an arm of the sea; the cabs go twice as fast; the boatmen and the omnibus conductors condense a sentence into a word; words and gestures are economized; actions and time are turned to the utmost possible account; the human being produces and expends twice as much as among us.

From London Bridge to Hampton Court are eight miles,—that is, nearly three leagues of buildings. After the

streets and quarters erected together, as one piece, by wholesale, like a hive after a model, come the countless pleasure-retreats, cottages surrounded with verdure and trees in all styles,—Gothic, Grecian, Byzantine, Italian, of the Middle Age, or the Revival, with every mixture and every shade of style,—generally in lines, or clusters of five, ten, twenty of the same sort, apparently the handiwork of the same builder, like so many specimens of the same vase or the same bronze. They deal in houses as we deal in Parisian articles. What a multitude of well-to-do, comfortable, and rich existences! One divines accumulated gains, a wealthy and spending middle class quite different from ours, so pinched, so straitened. The most humble, in brown brick, are pretty by dint of tidiness; the windows sparkle like mirrors; there is nearly always a green and flowery patch; the front is covered with ivy, honeysuckle, and nasturtiums.

The entire circumference of Hyde Park is covered with houses of this sort, but finer, and those in the midst of London retain a country look. Each stands detached in its square of turf and shrubs, has two stories in the most perfect order and condition, a portico, a bell for the tradespeople, a bell for the visitors, a basement for the kitchen and the servants, with a flight of steps for the service; very few mouldings and ornaments; no outside sun-shutters; large, clear windows which let in plenty of light; flowers on the sills and at the portico; stables in a mews apart, in order that their odors and sight might be kept at a distance; all the external surface covered with white, shining, and varnished stucco; not a speck of mud or dust; the trees, the turf, the flowers, the servants, prepared as if for an exhibition of prize products.

How well one can picture the inhabitant after seeing his shell! In the first place, it is the Teuton who loves nature,

and who needs a reminder of the country; next, it is the Englishman who wishes to be by himself in his staircase as in his room, who could not endure the promiscuous existence of our huge Parisian cages, and who, even in London, plans his house as a small castle, independent and enclosed. Besides, he is simple, and does not desire external display; on the other hand, he is exacting in the matter of condition and comfort, and separates his life from that of his inferiors. The number of such houses at the West-end is astonishing. The rent is nearly five hundred pounds; from five to seven servants are kept; the master expends from twelve to twenty-four hundred pounds a year. There are ten of these fortunes and these lives in England to every one in France.

The impression is the same when visiting the parks; the taste, the area are quite different from what is the case among us. St. James's Park is a genuine piece of country, and of English country; huge old trees, real meadows, a large pond peopled with ducks and water-fowl; cows and sheep, in an enclosed space, fed on the grass, which is always fresh. There are even sheep in the narrow green border that surrounds Westminster Abbey; these people love the country in their hearts. It is sufficient to read their literature from Chaucer to Shakespeare, from Thomson to Wordsworth and Shelley, to find proofs of this. What a contrast to the Tuileries, the Champs-Élysées, the Luxembourg! As a rule, the French garden, that of Louis XIV., is a room or gallery in the open air, wherein to walk and converse in company; in the English garden, such as they have invented and propagated, one is better alone; the eyes and the mind converse with natural things. We have arranged a park on this model in the Bois de Boulogne; but we have committed the blunder of placing therein a group of rock and waterfalls; the artifice is dis-

covered at a glance, and offends; English eyes would have felt it.

[A description of Regent's Park follows, with some words on the English love of out-door exercise. Piccadilly and Hyde Park are next mentioned.]

Hyde Park is the largest of them all, with its small rivulet, its wide greensward, its sheep, its shady walks, resembling a pleasure park suddenly transported to the centre of a capital. About two o'clock the principal alley is a riding-ground; there are ten times more gentlemen and twenty times more ladies on horseback than in the Bois de Boulogne on its most frequented days; little girls and boys of eight ride on ponies by the side of their father; I have seen ample and worthy matrons trolling along. This is one of the luxuries. Add to it that of having servants. For instance, a family of three persons which I visited keeps seven servants and three horses. The mother and daughter gallop in the park daily; they often pay visits on horseback; they economize in other things,—in theatre-going, for example; they go but seldom to the theatre, and when they do it is to a box which has been presented to them. This vigorous exercise appears indispensable for health; young girls and ladies come here even when it rains. . . .

From five to seven o'clock is the review of ladies' dresses. Beauty and ornamentation abound, but taste is wanting. The colors are outrageously crude and the forms ungraceful; crinolines too distended and badly distended, in geometrical cones or bunched, green flounces, embroideries, flowered dresses, quantities of floating gauze, packets of falling or frizzed hair; crowning this display tiny embroidered and imperceptible bonnets. The bonnets are too much adorned; the hair, too shiny, presses closely on the

temples; the small mantle or casaque falls formless to the lower part of the back, the petticoat expands prodigiously, and all the scaffolding badly joined, badly arranged, variegated and labored, cries and protests with all its gaudy and overdone colors. In the sunshine, especially, at Hampton Court the day before yesterday, among the shopkeepers' wives, the absurdity was at its height; there were many violet dresses, one being of a wild violet clasped round the waist with a golden band, which would have made a painter cry out. I said to a lady, "The toilette is more showy among you than in France." "But my dresses come from Paris!" I carefully refrained from replying, "But you selected them."

Excepting only the highest class, they apparel themselves as fancy dictates. One imagines healthy bodies, well-built, beautiful at times; but they must be imagined. The physiognomy is often pure, but also often sheepish. Many are simple babies, new waxen dolls, with glass eyes, which appear entirely empty of ideas. Other faces have become ruddy, and turned to raw beefsteak. There is a fund of folly or of brutality in this inert flesh,—too white, or too red. Some are ugly and grotesque in the extreme; with heron's feet, stork's necks, always having the large front of white teeth, the projecting jaws of carnivora. As compensation, others are beautiful in the extreme. They have angelic faces; their eyes, of pale periwinkle, are softly deep; their complexion is that of a flower, or an infant; their smile is divine. One of these days, about ten o'clock in the morning, near Hyde Park Corner, I was rooted to the spot motionless with admiration at the sight of two young ladies; the one was sixteen, the other eighteen years old. They were in rustling dresses of white tulle amid a cloud of muslin; tall, slender, agile, their shape as perfect as their face, of incomparable fresh-

ness, resembling those marvellous flowers seen in select exhibitions, the whiteness of the lily or orchis; in addition to all that, gayety, innocence, a superabundance of unalloyed sap and infantine expression, of laughter, and the mien of birds; the earth did not support them.

Many of the horsewomen are charming, so simple and so serious, without a trace of coquetry; they come here not to be seen, but to take the air; their manner is frank without pretension; their shake of the hand quite loyal, almost masculine; no frippery in their attire; the small black vest, tightened at the waist, moulds a fine shape and healthy form; to my mind, the first duty of a young lady is to be in good health. They manage their horses with complete ease and assurance.

Sometimes the father or brother stops and talks business or politics with a friend; the ladies listen and thus habituate themselves to serious topics. These fathers and brothers, too, are a pleasant sight; expressive and resolute faces, which bear, or have borne, the burden of life; less exhausted than among us, less ready to smile and to execute the tricks of politeness, but calmer and more staid, and who often excite in the onlooker a vague impression of respect, of esteem at least, and often of trust. Perhaps this is because I am instructed as to their condition; yet it seems to me that mistake is difficult; whether nobles, members of Parliament, landed proprietors, their manners and their physiognomies are those of men accustomed to authority, and who have wielded it.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

[We do not class Hawthorne in usual lists of travellers, yet in his "Our Old Home: A Series of English Sketches," he gives us some thoughtful and interesting discussions of English scenes and institutions which are well worth reproducing. We accordingly select his description of London's great centre of pilgrimage to the devout antiquarian.]

On a Sunday afternoon, I passed through a side-entrance in the time-blackened wall of a place of worship, and found myself among a congregation assembled in one of the transepts and the immediately contiguous portion of the nave. It was a vast old edifice, spacious enough, within the extent covered by its pillared roof and over-spread by its stone pavement, to accommodate the whole of church-going London, and with a far wider and loftier concave than any human power of lungs could fill with audible prayer. Oaken benches were arranged in the transept, on one of which I seated myself, and joined, as well as I knew how, in the sacred business that was going forward. But when it came to the sermon, the voice of the preacher was puny, and so were his thoughts, and both seemed impertinent at such a time and place, where he and all of us were bodily included within a sublime act of religion, which could be seen above and around us and felt beneath our feet.

The structure itself was the worship of the devout men of long ago, miraculously preserved in stone without losing an atom of its fragrance and fervor; it was a kind of anthem-strain that they had sung and poured out of the

organ in centuries gone by ; and being so grand and sweet, the Divine benevolence had willed it to be prolonged for the behoof of auditors unborn. I therefore came to the conclusion that, in my individual case, it would be better and more reverent to let my eyes wander about the edifice than to fasten them and my thoughts on the evidently uninspired mortal who was venturing—and felt it no venture at all—to speak here above his breath.

The interior of Westminster Abbey (for the reader recognized it, no doubt, the moment we entered) is built of rich brown-stone ; and the whole of it—the lofty roof, the tall, clustered pillars, and the pointed arches—appears to be in consummate repair. At all points where decay has laid its finger the structure is clamped with iron, or otherwise carefully protected ; and being thus watched over,—whether as a place of ancient sanctity, a noble specimen of Gothic art, or an object of national interest and pride,—it may reasonably be expected to survive for as many ages as have passed over it already. It was sweet to feel its venerable quietude, its long-enduring peace, and yet to observe how kindly and even cheerfully it received the sunshine of to-day, which fell from the great windows into the fretted aisles and arches that laid aside somewhat of their aged gloom to welcome it. Sunshine always seems friendly to old abbeys, churches, and castles, kissing them, as it were, with a more affectionate, though still reverential, familiarity than it accords to edifices of later date. A square of golden light lay on the sombre pavement of the nave, afar off, falling through the grand western entrance, the folding leaves of which were wide open, and afforded glimpses of people passing to and fro in the outer world, while we sat dimly enveloped in the solemnity of antique devotion.

In the south transept, separated from us by the full

breadth of the minster, there were painted glass windows, of which the uppermost appeared to be a great orb of many-colored radiance, being, indeed, a cluster of saints and angels whose glorified bodies formed the rays of an aureole emanating from a cross in the midst. These windows are modern, but combine softness with wonderful brilliancy of effect. Through the pillars and arches I saw that the walls in that distant region of the edifice were almost wholly incrustated with marble now grown yellow with time; no blank, unlettered slabs, but memorials of such men as these respective generations deemed wisest and bravest. Some of them were commemorated merely by inscriptions on mural tablets; others by sculptured bas-reliefs; others (once famous, but now forgotten, generals or admirals, these) by ponderous tombs that aspired towards the roof of the aisle, or partly curtained the immense arch of a window.

These mountains of marble were peopled with the sisterhood of Allegory, winged trumpeters, and classic figures in full-bottomed wigs; but it was strange to observe how the old Abbey melted all such absurdities into the breadth of its own grandeur, even magnifying itself by what would elsewhere have been ridiculous. Methinks it is the test of Gothic sublimity to overpower the ridiculous without deigning to hide it; and these grotesque monuments of the last century answer to a similar purpose with the grinning faces which the old architects scattered among their most solemn conceptions. . . .

It is a characteristic of this grand edifice that it permits you to smile as freely under the roof of its central nave as if you stood beneath the yet grander canopy of heaven. Break into laughter, if you feel inclined, provided the vergers do not hear it echoing among the arches. In an ordinary church you would keep your countenance for fear

of disturbing the sanctities or proprieties of the place; but you need leave no honest and decorous portion of your human nature outside of these benign and hospitable walls. Their mild awfulness will take care of itself. Thus it does no harm to the general impression, when you come to be sensible that many of the monuments are ridiculous, and commemorate a mob of people who are mostly forgotten in their graves, and few of whom ever deserved any better boon from posterity. You acknowledge the force of Sir Godfrey Kneller's objection to being buried in Westminster Abbey, because "they do bury fools there!"

Nevertheless, these grotesque carvings of marble, that break out in dingy-white blotches on the old freestone of the interior walls, have come there by as natural a process as might cause mosses and ivy to cluster about the external edifice; for they are the historical and biographical record of each successive age, written with its own hand, and all the truer for the inevitable mistakes, and none the less solemn for the occasional absurdity. Though you entered the Abbey expecting to see the tombs only of the illustrious, you are content at last to read many names, both in literature and history, that have now lost the reverence of mankind, if indeed they ever really possessed it. Let these men rest in peace. Even if you miss a name or two that you hoped to find there, they may well be spared. It matters little a few more or less, or whether Westminster Abbey contains or lacks any one man's grave, so long as the centuries, each with the crowd of personages that it deemed memorable, have chosen it as their place of honored sepulture, and laid themselves down under its payment. The inscriptions and devices on the walls are rich with evidences of the fluctuating tastes, fashions, manners, opinions, prejudices, follies, wisdoms of the past; and thus they combine into a more truthful memorial of their deal

times than any individual epitaph-maker ever meant to write.

When the services were over, many of the audience seemed inclined to linger in the nave or wander away among the mysterious aisles; for there is nothing in this world so fascinating as a Gothic minster, which always invites deeper and deeper into its heart both by vast revelations and shadowy concealments. Through the open-work screen that divides the nave from the chancel and choir we could discern the gleam of a marvellous window, but were debarred from entrance into that more sacred precinct of the Abbey by the vergers. These vigilant officials (doing their duty all the more strenuously because no fees could be exacted from Sunday visitors) flourished their staves and drove us towards the grand entrance like a flock of sheep. Lingerling through one of the aisles, I happened to look down, and found my foot upon a stone inscribed with this familiar exclamation, "O rare Ben Jonson!" and remembered the story of stout old Ben's burial in that spot, standing upright,—not, I presume, on account of any unseemly reluctance on his part to lie down in the dust, like other men, but because standing-room was all that could reasonably be demanded for a poet among the slumberous notabilities of his age. It made me weary to think of it!—such a prodigious length of time to keep one's feet! Apart from the honor of the thing, it would certainly have been better for Ben to stretch himself at ease in some country church-yard. To this day, however, I fancy that there is a contemptuous alloy mixed up with the admiration which the higher classes of English society profess for their literary men.

Another day—in truth, many other days—I sought out Poet's Corner, and found a sign-board and pointed finger, directing the visitor to it, on the corner house of a little

lane leading towards the rear of the Abbey. The entrance is at the southeastern end of the south transept, and it is used, on ordinary occasions, as the only free mode of access to the building. It is no spacious arch, but a small, lowly door, passing through which, and pushing aside an inner screen that partly keeps out an exceedingly chill wind, you find yourself in a dim nook of the Abbey, with the busts of poets gazing at you from the otherwise bare stone-work of the walls. Great poets, too; for Ben Jonson is right behind the door, and Spenser's tablet is next, and Butler's on the same side of the transept, and Milton's (whose bust you know at once by its resemblance to one of his portraits, though older, more wrinkled, and sadder than that) is close by, and a profile-medallion of Gray beneath it. A window high aloft sheds down a dusky daylight on these and many other sculptured marbles, now as yellow as old parchment, that cover the three walls of the nook up to an elevation of about twenty feet above the pavement.

It seemed to me that I had always been familiar with the spot. Enjoying an humble intimacy—and how much of my life had else been a dreary solitude!—with many of its inhabitants, I could not feel myself a stranger there. It was delightful to be among them. There was a genial awe, mingled with a sense of kind and friendly presences about me; and I was glad, moreover, at finding so many of them there together, in fit companionship, mutually recognized and duly honored, all reconciled now, whatever distant generations, whatever personal hostility or other miserable impediment, had divided them far asunder while they lived.

I have never felt a similar interest in any other tombstones, nor have I ever been deeply moved by the imaginary presence of other famous dead people. A poet's ghost is the only one that survives for his fellow-mortals

after his bones are in the dust,—and he not ghostly, but cherishing many hearts with his own warmth in the chilliest atmosphere of life. What other fame is worth aspiring for? Or, let me speak it more boldly, what other long-enduring fame can exist? We neither remember nor care anything for the past, except as the poet has made it intelligibly noble and sublime to our comprehension. The shades of the mighty have no substance; they flit ineffectually about the darkened stage where they performed their momentary parts, save when the poet has thrown his own creative soul into them, and imparted a more vivid life than ever they were able to manifest to mankind while they were in the body. And therefore—though he cunningly disguises himself in their armor, their robes of state, or kingly purple—it is not the statesman, the warrior, or the monarch that survives, but the despised poet, whom they may have fed with their crumbs, and to whom they owe all that they now are or have,—a name!

In the foregoing paragraph I seem to have been betrayed into a flight above or beyond the customary level that best agrees with me; but it represents fairly enough the emotions with which I passed from Poet's Corner into the chapels which contain the sepulchres of kings and great people. They are magnificent even now, and must have been inconceivably so when the marble slabs and pillars wore their new polish, and the statues retained the brilliant colors with which they were originally painted, and the shrines their rich gilding, of which the sunlight still shows a glimmer or a streak, though the sunbeam itself looks tarnished with antique dust. Yet this recondite portion of the Abbey presents few memorials of personages whom we care to remember. The shrine of Edward the Confessor has a certain interest, because it was so long held in religious reverence, and because the very dust that

settled upon it was formerly worth gold. The helmet and war-saddle of Henry V., worn at Agincourt, and now suspended above his tomb, are memorable objects, but more for Shakespeare's sake than the victor's own. Rank has been the general passport to admission here. Noble and regal dust is as cheap as dirt under the pavement.

I am glad to recollect, indeed (and it is too characteristic of the right English spirit not to be mentioned), one or two gigantic statues of great mechanicians, who contributed largely to the material welfare of England, sitting familiarly in their marble chairs among forgotten kings and queens. Otherwise the quaintness of the earlier monuments, and the antique beauty of some of them, are what chiefly gives them value. Nevertheless, Addison is buried among the men of rank; not on the plea of his literary fame, however, but because he was connected with nobility by marriage, and had been a secretary of state. His gravestone is inscribed with a resounding verse from Tickell's lines to his memory, the only lines by which Tickell himself is now remembered, and which (as I discovered a little while ago) he mainly filched from an obscure versifier of somewhat earlier date.

Returning to the Poet's Corner, I looked again at the walls, and wondered how the requisite hospitality can be shown to poets of our own and the succeeding ages. There is hardly a foot of space left, although room has lately been found for a bust of Southey and a full-length statue of Campbell. At best, only a little portion of the Abbey is dedicated to poets, literary men, musical composers, and others of the gentle artist breed, and even into that small nook of sanctity men of other pursuits have thought it decent to intrude themselves. Methinks the tuneful throng, being at home here, should recollect how they were treated in their lifetime, and turn the cold shoulder, looking

askance at nobles and official personages, however worthy of honorable interment elsewhere. Yet it shows aptly and truly enough what portion of the world's regard and honor has heretofore been awarded to literary eminence in comparison with other modes of greatness,—this dimly-lighted corner (nor even that quietly to themselves in the vast minster), the walls of which are sheathed and hidden under marble that has been wasted upon the illustrious obscure.

THE GARDENS AT KEW.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

[Kew Gardens stand pre-eminent among conservatories, and a description of the treasures of botany there gathered cannot fail to prove of interest to our readers. Julian Hawthorne, son of the celebrated novelist, and himself a writer of rich imaginative power, thus describes these famous gardens *con amore*.]

On the banks of the Thames, about a dozen miles from London in a southerly direction, lies the ancient town of Twickenham. In the seventeenth century, Alexander Pope had a villa there; somewhat later, Horace Walpole built his rococo castle at Strawberry Hill, a mile beyond the village; and close by, to the north, is Whitton, where Sir John Suckling lived. Within an easy hour's walk stands Hampton Court, built by Cardinal Wolsey of haughty and unhappy memory, and approached through the magnificent avenue of Bushey Park. Nearly as far in the opposite direction is Richmond, with its venerable bridge and famous hill, the latter commanding a view of rural English landscape which, as Thackeray says, looks as if it had its hair curled, like the waiters at the inn on its summit. A

mile down the river from Richmond, and six miles from London, extend the renowned botanical gardens of Kew.

It will be seen, therefore, that Twickenham was not a bad place for a suburban residence: the roads were excellent, the scenery and associations delightful, and, by taking the train, one could be at Waterloo railway-station, in the heart of London, in half an hour. I lived there several years, and know something about it.

The most agreeable expedition of all, taking one month with another, was to Kew Gardens. In winter, it was a luxury to sit in the hot-houses; in summer it was lovely throughout. You could travel thither by train; but the best way was to go on foot. Passing through Twickenham town, and through the church-yard, with its gravestones centuries old, you came out upon the river banks. Here a broad, well-kept path followed the enchanting windings of the stream, and skirted the lawns of pretty villas on the left. On the right, soon appeared the green heights of the Hill, with clumps of mighty oaks, and the gleaming ramparts and windows of the hostelry over all. At its foot, on the river, were boat-houses and "hards," with slender rowing-craft drawn up, or lying afloat, or pushing off into the current with their freight of white-jerseyed oarsmen. And now came into view the quaint, hog-backed bridge, with its high stone parapet, and the eddies swirling against its piers; and Richmond itself, red with brick, white with stucco, green with trees; irregular and diversified in outline; resting snug against the base of the Hill, and clamoring some distance up its long slope.

You crossed the bridge, lingering on the way to admire the railroad bridge a few hundred yards farther down, reflected in the river-mirror. Between the two bridges are a couple of islets, only a few yards in diameter, but with trees growing on them; and hereabouts are generally

moored three or four fishing-punts, in which sit patiently, all day long, stout, middle-aged fishermen, watching their cork floats drift down the stream, and faithfully hoping that each new cast will bring the long expected fish. Often have I watched them, but the fish never came. Probably, as Hood conjectured, "it was caught yesterday."

The river-side walk now continues along the Richmond side of the river. For half a mile it has the town on the right. Then the boundaries of Kew Gardens begin, and here is the most beautiful part of the walk. Immense trees stretch their ponderous boughs far across the path, and they droop so low that the pendent foliage almost sweeps the water. Through the fretted sun and shadow the path winds; every little way there is a hospitable bench, resting on which you gaze forth upon the quiet-moving river, with its passing wherries, its reflections of sky and cloud, and its battlemented residences far withdrawn beyond green meadows on the opposite side. The path is never overcrowded, even on holidays; but you may always see lovers wandering arm in arm along it; and occasionally there is a brisk exchange of "Thames chaff" between the occupants of the skimming boats and the loiterers on the shore. Meanwhile, the great domain of Kew keeps pace with you on the other hand. You are divided from it by a wide water-ditch, backed by a high stone embankment, in turn surmounted by an iron railing. But your eyes may stray whither feet cannot follow; and you note the lovely groves, the beautiful green glades and gracious vistas, the secluded paths weaving in and out, and now and then you catch the sparkle of lofty domes of glass rising above the trees, looking for all the world like gigantic soap-bubbles. It is a sort of fairy-land beyond there; and long before you arrive at the entrance your appetite for what lies within is sharp-set.

The feast in store for you more than fulfils expectation; but at this point, since we are journeying in imagination only, and miles count for nothing, we will turn back, and enter the gardens from the other end. By this route we approach its beauties gradually and in due order, and our pleasure has opportunity to grow from promising beginnings to complete content. The gate is small here, and the uniformed guardian simply gives us a glance, to assure himself that we are not toughs or pickpockets. Kew Gardens are free to the public in the afternoons, barring only the rowdy element. The public would like to have them free in the mornings, too; and, for aught I know, Sir Joseph Hooker may have yielded his assent by this time. But in the seventies, when I was there, he resisted, on the ground that it was necessary to close the gardens for half the day, in order to allow time for study, and for keeping the houses and plantations in order. The grounds are constantly visited by gardeners and botanists from all parts of the country, and from the world at large; and these persons require some measure of seclusion in order to prosecute their labors and investigations. Practical botany is not, as a rule, pursued at night; though, with the aid of electric lights, no doubt it might be.

However, we have by this time passed through some introductory shrubbery, and have emerged into a straight, open avenue, a third of a mile or more in length. Directly before us is an immensely high tower,—I should think nearly two hundred feet,—painted red, black, blue, and yellow, and fashioned to resemble a Chinese minaret or pagoda. The central shaft is circular, and, I believe, of masonry; but it is surrounded at short intervals by wooden balconies, and the roof is of a concave conical shape, like a mandarin's hat. I never saw any signs of life in this tower, and do not know what it is used for; but I have

heard that the son-in-law of Lord Capel (who first laid out Kew Gardens some two hundred years ago) added to the importance of the place by making it the head-quarters of English astronomy; and this tower, which certainly would make an excellent observatory, may have had something to do with that.

Beyond the tower extends a broad, straight path, between well-kept lawns, on which are planted trees of both native and foreign growth. Towards the river, on the left, the grounds are irregular and diversified with clumps of trees, ponds, and grassy undulations. On the right, concealed by a hedge of foliage, is the highway between Richmond and London. Before us, at the end of the walk, is an iron fence, dividing the inner enclosure—the Botanical Gardens proper—from this outer region. We reach it in due time, and, having passed the gate, are in the immediate neighborhood of the palm-house, whose bulbous domes we saw just now from the river bank. It is as beautiful a piece of glass building as ever I saw, handsomely proportioned, and of noble outline. Its great size is somewhat concealed by its charming symmetry; but when we are within, the vast dimensions are realized. Beneath its central dome the tallest palms rise unimpeded. You peep through long vistas of broad green fronds and slender, bending stems: it broadens and reaches out on every side; the strange, exotic foliage rejoices the eye, and the warm embracing atmosphere makes you feel that you are in the tropics.

To one who, like myself, pretends to no scientific knowledge of botany, and who, during these temperate summers and fitful winters, often hankers after the equator, the atmosphere of a thorough-going conservatory has a profound fascination. At one step I pass from the latitude of "the roaring forties" to that of Martinique or the Gala-

pagos Islands. I unbutton my coat, and inhale deep breaths of air laden with the fragrance of the sun-lands. The heat is not enervating, but stimulating; for it is redolent with the life-giving emanations of plants that riot in luxuriance all the year round,—that know neither spring, autumn, nor winter,—whose multitudinous boughs were made to be the haunt of paroquets and monkeys, and amidst whose fern-enwrapped roots lurk lizards and gliding serpents. Here thrive the dark-skinned races of the torrid zone, innocent of clothes and civilization, seeking excitement not in the mutations of the stock-exchange or the scandals of society, but in trapping the alligator and shooting the jaguar and the antelope with arrows deadly with *curari*. Into the intricate depths of these jungles the fierce sun scarcely penetrates; the unstinted energy of his own rays has erected a barrier against himself. Here, when the rain falls, it falls in rushing torrents; when the wind blows, it blows a shrieking hurricane; when the lightning flashes, the whole dome of heaven is ablaze with passionate splendor. Here the stars poise and smoulder close to the earth, and the moon is brighter than the sun of hyperborean England. Sitting on a rustic bench hedged round with tapering palm-stems, and screened by leaves two or three of which would carpet the floor of an ordinary drawing-room, I love to think of these things.

The enjoyment is perhaps enhanced by an occasional peep through the glass walls of the paradise, revealing the melancholy Britisher, close at hand in space, but thousands of miles distant in temperature, stalking rigidly about in overcoat and gloves. Then, too, the hot-house, while giving the charm and beauty of the tropics, dispenses with the inconveniences. Here are no coral-snakes to drop from the boughs down the back of your neck; no scorpions or tarantulas to crawl up your trousers; no apes to pelt you

with cocoa-nuts ; no rhinoceroses to toss you above the tree-tops ; no tigers to disembowel you and bite your head off. On the contrary, everything is scrupulously neat and secure. The rich loam round the roots of the plants harbors nothing noxious ; the asphalt walks that thread the thicket are clean and trustworthy. Ever and anon you come upon a native of the place,—not a savage, painted in red and black stripes and with his bow-string drawn to his ear, but—a quiet and sober gardener in his shirt-sleeves, pruning a dead leaf or bough, or raking the mould round the roots of a new importation, or wielding a watering-pot. The place is quite still ; the huge leaves hang motionless ; the noise of a pair of steps being dragged into position resounds through the building ; and, if you listen, you will at all times hear the pleasant trickling of water in some reservoir or other. If the terrors of the jungle are still too much for your nerves, you may be comforted by observing that each plant wears a label, painted on wood or enamelled on tin, describing its scientific name and habitat. It cost money to bring them here, and the very leaves of their twigs are numbered.

But there are other places to be visited besides the palm-house. As we emerge from its luxurious warmth into the cool English air, we see in front of us a large, circular pool, with broad, shallow flights of stone steps leading down to it, and English willows bending over it. Water-fowl swim and quack here, and children clude their nurses and get their feet wet. If we pass round to the other side, and then look back to the palm-house, we behold it inverted in the smooth mirror of the water,—a delectable spectacle. It was like a fairy palace already ; but this shadowy duplication of it quite removes it from the material sphere, and makes it a lovely dream. Kew Gardens are full of such felicitous devices.

To our right are acres of yet unexplored hot-houses. We stroll towards them along eccentric paths, amidst beds of purple rhododendrons, geraniums, tulips, narcissuses, or hyacinths, according to the season ; and everywhere is the matchless English turf, compact and flawless as velvet, and the leafy, overshadowing English trees. But let us seek the dwelling-place of the *Victoria Regia*. It grows, I believe, on the Amazon, which is as near the equator as one can well get ; but latitudes are much mixed up in Kew Gardens, and this titanic water-lily is only a few rods distant. It basks on the surface of a pool, in an atmosphere of delicious warmth,—its leaves, each of the diameter of a dining-table, covering the water. Amidst these great green disks blossoms the flower, a nosegay of which would fill a farm-wagon. It is said that the native Brazilian savages and Guianians walk about on the green leaves, and use them as rafts or stepping-stones to cross the lagoons. As to the flowers, though it is difficult to imagine anything more beautiful than our own water-lilies, yet these blossoms fairly surpass them, not only because they are a foot across, but because of the richness of the innumerable petals, and the gorgeous cluster of purple stamens that form the centre. And they fill the air with a fragrance vital and voluptuous. One longs to verify in his own experience that story about walking on the leaves,—not to speak of lopping off a flower or two to furnish one's study withal. But the quiet gardener, in his shirt-sleeves, though he appears to be absorbed in his work, has his eye on you ; and you can do nothing but stand and stare in admiration.

The hottest of the hot-houses, if my memory serves me, were the cactus-house and the fern-house. The cacti were not beautiful, but they were grotesque and curious. There were none that I should have cared to handle. Their un-

couth shapes and awkward putting together seem characteristic of an epoch when Nature's handiwork was much less skilful and comely than it is now. They call up visions of forlorn wastes and desert solitudes. Their armature of thorns and prickles appears to indicate that they consider themselves very attractive and take unusual pains in the way of self-protection. Perhaps the donkeys of their time were unreasonably voracious. The modern thistle certainly indicates increased refinement of taste on the donkeys' part. Yet this ungainliness is occasionally redeemed by exquisite blossoms, of pale, pure hues, cropping out directly from the substance of the plant, without any pretence of a stem. One variety of cactus, in addition to its prickles, had provided itself with long white hair, which, surmounting its tall and rather meagre figure, gave it the aspect of an aged man of repulsive character. Among the caeti, though not of them, was a hideous plant (or it may have been a wax model of one) apparently of the fungus family. It grew on the bare sand or rock, and both flowers and leaves had a greasy, flesh-like surface, deeply tinted, and ornamented with poisonous-looking blotches. It was of immense size, the flowers being at least a foot in diameter; and if the Vale of Gehenna has any vegetation, I should expect it to be like this. A more depraved, diabolical plant it would be impossible to imagine. Its preposterous attempt to imitate the form and characteristics of ordinary vegetation made it still more revolting. The label described it as being very rare,—which is some comfort.

The fern-house, besides being hot, is dripping with moisture; and, the glass being tinged with green, the effect is somewhat like being submerged in a tropic ocean. The greenness of the ferns is vivid enough at any rate, but this artificial light adds such intensity to it that, after a few

minutes, you are on the point of forgetting that there is any other color besides green in the world. The ferns are arranged in glass cases, or vivariums. There is nothing in nature to parallel their delicate and various beauty. I call it various; but it is chiefly beauty of form, and that, too, within comparatively narrow limitations. But the fineness, the subtilty, the changefulness of line, are endlessly charming; they may have other uses, but if they had been made for pure beauty it would be use enough. They must have been of great æsthetic value to artists, especially to architects, decorators, and chasers of metals. The mediæval illuminators certainly made capital out of them; reminiscences of their shapes render lovely the ornament of innumerable missals. As for the color, green seems to admit of more gradations than any other hue, as any one who has observed the woods in spring knows; and of all others it is the most grateful and wholesome to the eye. With the rough grays and browns of the rocks it makes enchanting combinations. But, really, this moist fern atmosphere is too languorous and enervating; we must escape into the outer world, which, for a time, will appear strangely red, like that which astronomers suppose to be characteristic of the planet Mars.

It would take too long, even in imagination, to go through all Kew Gardens at this leisurely rate. Only, for splendor of color and voluptuousness of perfume, there is nothing comparable to the Conservatory, in which roses and all other bright-hued flowers are grouped and massed in sumptuous magnificence. The rose is England's flower: she has taken possession of it, as of so many other good things, without troubling herself to prove any title to it; and there is nothing in her history or character to make her worthy of it. One can understand why Persia should claim the rose; and in our own Southern States the houses

are smothered with roses, and the air that flows from them is sweeter than incense. I have, it is true, gathered English roses in December; and the houses of York and Lancaster wore roses which, red and white alike, were steeped in blood. But, if anything could justify England in her appropriation of the rose, it would be this rose-house at Kew, where criticism becomes impossible, and one can only gaze, and inhale, and love. Pink, white, crimson, golden, they cluster and triumph there: with their exquisite petals Venus and Mars might strew a couch worthy of an Olympian marriage. If love, romance, and beauty died out of human nature, this flower would bring them back; and so long as it stays with us, we may be sure that life will not lose the glory that entitles it to immortality.

While meditating these matters, we might take a turn in the wood-house,—by which I mean the building containing specimens, polished and in the rough, of all kinds of woods from all parts of the world. Their gamut of color embraces all the hues of the rainbow, and many others; and there are specimens of wood-mosaics that are inferior in beauty only to agate and marble. Or we may wander through the corridors and halls of the museum, which exhibits every sort of manufacture into which vegetable substances enter, including numberless fabrics of Indian or savage origin. One is surprised, after examining these things, that our little earth should be large enough to contain anything that is not more or less botanical.

CHATSWORTH CASTLE.

JOHN LEYLAND.

[“The Peak of Derbyshire,” concerning which Mr. Leyland has written a highly interesting book, presents in its vicinity numerous points of attraction. Here is the location of the castle of “Peveril of the Peak,” the hero of one of Scott’s romances. Here are two much more famous residences of the nobility, Haddon Hall and Chatsworth, the latter of which we have chosen as the subject of our present selection.]

IF some have burst into rhapsody in describing the glories of Chatsworth, one can scarcely marvel at their extravagance, for there is in this “Palace of the Peak” and its wooded valley such a rare conjuncture of the fascinating beauties of nature with the finest expressions of art, that language can ill describe the things that are indelibly impressed upon the memory. The placid Derwent, here flowing gently between the meads on which the fallow deer are wont to herd; the graceful slopes bestudded with many a noble tree, whose spreading boughs cast down a wide expanse of shade; the hills on either hand rising in varied height and contour, crowned with a rich woodland of oak, chestnut, beech, and lime; a palace wherein every art finds most fitting expression, and where the fruits of learning are plenteously upstored,—small wonder, indeed, if here the imagination of many be stirred. As we approach the house from Baslow, crossing the Barbrook, which rises in the heights of East Moor, we enter the great park, and, passing the fruit and vegetable gardens on the right, its varied beauties are gradually unfolded with entrancing effect until Chatsworth itself is seen beyond the trees.

The House may be viewed in its majestic proportions from several points in the valley and on the slopes. From across the classic bridge of three arches, which Caius (Gabriel Cibber (the father of Colley Cibber) adorned with statues, the dignity of its many-pillared façade has an imposing effect. More varied, however, is the view from the slope of the hill to the northward on the right bank of the river, where the later wing, added by the sixth Duke of Devonshire, lies prominently before the spectator, or again farther southward, where the same wing recedes in the perspective. If one would gain a fine prospect of the whole of this part of Derwent, and of the palatial edifice itself, there can be no better way than to climb to the old turreted hunting-tower, which is such a conspicuous object on the eastern hill.

There is nothing in the regular, classic lines of Chatsworth to remind us of that Chetel, the Saxon, who is believed to have given his name to the place in which he dwelt. His homestead and oxgangs of land fell, as Domesday records, to the Crown, and were given in custody to William Peveril, who had also the stronghold at Castleton, as we have seen, with Haddon by the Wye, and many a castle and manor besides. Nothing now remains of these times at Chatsworth, save, perhaps, the grove of venerable oaks, gnarled, shattered, and time-worn, upon the neighboring hill. . . .

Sir William Cavendish and his wife built the first Chatsworth House of which we have any definite knowledge, for there is scanty record of any mediæval structure, and it was she who completed it some time after his death. The extraordinary lady—something of a vixen, we may believe—who was married to four husbands, and discomfited at any rate the last of them, was the builder also of Hardwick Hall, one of the most celebrated houses in

England. The Chatsworth of her time was a quadrangular building of "surprising height," as Cotton says, with an embattled top, and massive angle, and lateral turrets strengthening its many-windowed walls, as may be seen by a painting of it which now hangs at Chatsworth. The third husband of "Bess of Hardwick" (Sir William St. Lo) being dead, she married that powerful nobleman, George, Earl of Shrewsbury; and it was during his lifetime that Chatsworth became the residence of Mary, Queen of Scots, when she was in captivity under his charge. The unhappy prisoner is said to have passed many of her lonesome hours in that moated garden, called Queen Mary's bower, which was laid out on the top of the low square tower or platform, seen by the visitor amid the trees as he approaches the house from the bridge; and certain rooms in the great quadrangle, though they were built long after her day, are still traditionally said to be hers. If the scandal of the Tudor court be true, the lovely queen and her imperious hostess did not well agree, and the story is not hard to believe. At any rate, the bickerings of the lady with her husband, the Earl, are matters of record, notwithstanding that Fuller has said she "was happy in her several marriages." . . .

Queen Mary was brought to Chatsworth in 1570, and was there long afterwards. In that year Cecil visited the house to conduct certain negotiations, and subsequently wrote that Elizabeth was willing her rival should "take y^e ayre about your howss on horsbacke, so that your L. be in company, and not to pass from your howss above one or twoo myle except it be on y^e moores." Several times during subsequent years she was permitted to visit Buxton, for its waters, in company with the Earl and Countess, and it will be remembered that so well did the Earl treat his charge at one time, that he thereby incurred suspicions of

disloyalty to Elizabeth. During the Civil Wars the house was held by both parties. Sir John Gell occupied it for the Parliament in 1643, but, in the December of that year, the Earl of Newcastle captured it, and garrisoned it for the King, and Colonel Shalcross was besieged there in 1645 by the Parliamentary forces, but the leaguer was raised after fourteen days.

The descendants of Sir William Cavendish, and of his celebrated wife, were content, during these years, to preserve Chatsworth as it had been left to them. The present quadrangular building is the work of William, the fourth Earl and first Duke of Devonshire, who was one of those who brought about the Revolution of 1688, and placed the Prince of Orange on the throne. During the reign of James II., the Earl was committed to prison, as it is quaintly said, because he led Colonel Colepepper out of the royal presence-chamber by the nose, whereupon, after sundry difficulties, he betook himself to his estates, and, as a chronicler of the new order of things puts it, in order to prevent his patriotic mind from dwelling unduly upon the woes of his country, rebuilt the south side of Chatsworth. . . .

Whatever the age possessed of skill and merit in every branch of art was employed for the beautification of the new Chatsworth. Caius Gabriel Cibber, the Laureate's father, with Geeraerslius, Augustine Harris, Nost, Davis, Lanseroon, Nadauld, and others, carved the friezes, adorned with rich foliage the door-cases, worked upon many vases and other objects in and about the mansion, and peopled the gardens with nymphs and goddesses. Cibber himself has left notes of some of the sums he received, and it appears that he executed two statues in the pediments, others, both in the round and in relief, heads of Roman emperors, figures of dogs, sphinxes, and such-like. "For two statues

as big as life, I had 35*l.* apiece, and all charges borne, and at this rate I shall endeavor to serve a nobleman in free-stone."

[Many others might be named who helped to give Chatsworth its wealth of carvings, but we shall omit the catalogue of their names.]

So completed, as a noble Palladian quadrangle, divided externally into sections by fluted Ionic pilasters, crested by a balustrade which is adorned with decorative vases, and having on its principal front a fine compartment with a sculptured pediment, Chatsworth remained, even then one of the noblest mansions of its kind in the kingdom, until the sixth Duke of Devonshire (ob. 1858) added to it the great northern wing, containing the magnificent dining-room, the sculpture-gallery, the orangery, and many other chambers, as well as a whole range of offices in the basement. Of this wing, which is three hundred and eighty-five feet in length, Sir Jeffrey Wyatville was the architect, and it will be observed that he has adopted a more broken style, and a somewhat more picturesque method, than that of Talmari, but there are many who think that his addition detracts from the classic character and fitting symmetry of the whole, to which, nevertheless, it must be admitted it gives a greater aspect of grandeur and magnificence.

We shall not here dwell at any very great length upon the many treasures of which Chatsworth is the storehouse, for they are described after the manner of a catalogue in several guide-books. Passing from the Porter's lodge, the visitor, having traversed the whole length of the new wing, arrives at the quadrangle, which is entered through the sub-hall, where the ceiling is painted with a copy of Guido's *Aurora*.

A corridor leads thence to the Great Hall, on the eastern

side of the court-yard, which is a very impressive apartment, with its floor of black and white marble, laid down by the son of Watson, the wood-carver, the fine staircase at its farther end, its walls painted by Verrio and Laguerre with scenes from the life of Julius Cæsar,—among others the crossing of the Rubicon, the passage of the Adriatic, and the assassination by Brutus,—and the great scene of Cæsar's apotheosis on the ceiling, where he goes to join the Immortals. One very noteworthy object in it is the immense slab of Derbyshire encrinitic marble that forms the top of its table. It also contains a great Turkish canoe which the sultan gave to the sixth Duke.

The south corridor, hung with pictures, leads from this hall to the Chapel, one of the most interesting chambers in Chatsworth. Here everything that art could do to lend enchantment to the classic interior has been done. The lower walls are richly panelled with fragrant cedar; above, Verrio and Laguerre have depicted the miracles of our Lord; and on the ceiling is the "Ascension;" over the altar Verrio's "Incredulity of St. Thomas" is regarded as his masterpiece, though the work has been attributed to Laguerre; the baldacchino at the east end is of the choicest marbles and spars of Derbyshire, with figures of Faith and Hope by Cibber; and there are marvellous wood-carvings, probably by Samuel Watson and Thomas Young, but perhaps from the designs or with the assistance of Grinling Gibbons. Passing onward, the Gallery of Sketches is a place where not hours only, but days, might be spent with equal pleasure and profit, a treasure-chamber in which, as it were, the great masters of every school may be seen at their very work. . . .

Entering the state apartments by the dressing-room, with its painted ceiling of the "Mission of Mercury to Paris," its carved marble door-cases, and its *tours de force* in wood,

by Gibbons or Watson, as the case may be, we notice the great vista through the open doors of the suite and pass on into the state bedroom. Here Aurora chases Night on the ceiling; we notice the fine embossed leather on the walls, the canopy embroidered, it is said, by "Bess of Hardwicke," the coronation chairs of George III. and Queen Charlotte, with their footstools, the wardrobe of Louis XVI., and much else. Next we come to the state music-room, which has similar decorations, and a strangely deceptive painting, attributed to Verrio, of a violin on its door. From this we enter the state drawing-room, where Phaeton drives the horses of the sun above us, where the walls are hung with Gobelin tapestry after the cartoons of Raffaele, and where, in the malachite table and other fittings, there is much to attract the attention. In the state dining-room, which is the last of the suite, Verrio has depicted upon the ceiling, in his best manner, the "Fates cutting the Thread of Life." In this luxurious chamber it is hard to think the wood-carving can be by any other than Gibbons, if we regard his characteristic manner; but whoever he may have been, the skilful craftsman has surpassed himself in giving the very touch of nature to these marvellous representations of flowers, fruit, birds, and shells. . . .

Passing into the new wing through the dining-room (rarely shown), which is a grand chamber, simple in its style, but having a coved ceiling of white and gold, and adorned with rare marbles and splendid furniture, including tables of hornblende, porphyritic siennite, and Siberian jasper, hung with family portraits, and having sculptures by Westmacott, and others, we enter the sculpture gallery, which is so well known that we need in this article only say that it contains works by Canova, Thorwaldsen, Schadow, Gibson, Wyatt, Westmacott, and sev-

eral foreign artists. Attention is here drawn to a magnificent vase of the Blue John spar, which is said to be the largest in existence. Having then passed through the orangery, which is filled with sweet-scented blossoms or rich in ripening fruit, we leave the house and enter the gardens.

These stand high among the attractions of Chatsworth, and with their varied character of the natural and the artificial, their terraces and walks, their gay parterres, their fine trees, their fountains and rocks, their great conservatory, and their many other houses stored with choicest exotics, they are certainly among the finest gardens in England.

Few things can be more pleasant, having passed through the luxurious chambers, than to linger in these sweet-scented pathways, which are bordered by rich clusterings of flowers, to listen to the music of the waterfalls, and to see the dark-green trees, and the white-limbed nymphs, reflected in the pellucid basins. We pass down a short flight of steps, between dancing-girls after Canova, and vases of Elfdalen porphyry, and then proceeding through the French gardens, where the pathways are separated from the bright flower-beds by delicate creepers turning about lofty pedestals supporting bust and vases, we reach the great cascade, which pours from a stone water-temple, and rolls foaming down its long flight of formal descents below, to where, amid the rugged rocks at the bottom, it disappears underground.

The water-works, which are by Grillet, and belong chiefly to the old Chatsworth, include a magnificent jet d'eau, rising from a long sheet of water between lime-trees, to a height of about two hundred and sixty feet, and a strange "weeping willow" of copper, which mysteriously pours copious streams of water from every leaf and twig. This last curiosity is in a sequestered gorge,

where the rocks, placed with great labor and ingenuity, lie about apparently in wild confusion, and reared in lofty piles overgrown with moss and creeping plants.

From hence we issue by a curious gate-way of rock, turning upon a pivot, and, passing lofty cliffs over which pour deliciously cool cascades,—being, with much more in the formal gardens, the work of Sir Joseph Paxton,—reach the great conservatory, one of the wonders of Chatsworth. This magnificent house is a parallelogram in form, two hundred and seventy-six feet in length by one hundred and twenty-three feet in breadth, which rises from its basement, by two segmental curves on every side, the apex of the first forming the base of the second, to a height of seventy-six feet. So great is the extent of this wonderful building that, from its portico, which is of Grecian character, a carriage road runs from one end to the other, on either side of which, flourishing, as it were, in the warm air of their native climes, are lofty pines and palms of various kinds, dragon-trees, bananas, and many such tropical growths, with papyrus, lotus, and other water plants in tanks, and gorgeous flowering shrubs, making the air heavy with the rare perfumes of the East. Before descending to the lower gardens, it is well to survey from the terraces near the conservatory, or the quaint old hunting-tower above, the wide prospect of Chatsworth Park, with the palatial house by the Derwent, the picturesque village of Edensor on the slope beyond, and the hills rising, covered with unbrageous groves of trees. Below, in the pleasure gardens, passing many bright parterres, we reach some very fine forest-trees, and notably a magnificent Spanish chestnut, and then, beyond the great Emperor Fountain, pass trees planted by Her Majesty (then Princess Victoria) in 1832, as well as by her mother, the Duchess of Kent, by Prince Albert in 1843, and by the Emperor of

Russia and the Grand Duke Michael in 1816 and 1818. The Italian garden, with its trim flower-beds, edged with privet, its beautiful acacia and other trees, its wall-like hedges, its long still basin and lofty fountain, surrounded by sculptured vases, is, from its very characteristic features, among the most attractive and interesting of the formal portion of the Chatsworth grounds.

We have given a brief and altogether imperfect account of the celebrated gardens, but this is scarcely the place in which to dwell upon the rare varieties of plants that are successfully cultivated there, or upon the scientific skill which has enabled the finest growths of tropical climes to flourish in Derwent Dale. Certainly no visitor who has lingered in these enchanting places will fail to appreciate the graceful compliment that Marshal Tallard, who was taken prisoner by Marlborough in 1704, paid to the Duke of Devonshire on leaving the "Palace by the Peak." "My Lord Duke," he said, "when I compute the days of my captivity in England, I shall omit those I passed at Chatsworth."

KING ARTHUR'S LAND.

J. YOUNG.

[Cornwall, one of the last strongholds of the ancient Britons in their island realm, and famous as the scene of many of the adventures recorded of King Arthur and his Round Table Knights, has much in itself worthy of description, and we give in the following selection some appreciative Cornish notes.]

LARGE and merry was the party with which we sallied forth from Helstone on a beautiful September day to visit the Lizard and Kynance Cove. The drive itself is not

especially interesting, but grand is the expanse of sea and coast which bursts upon you when you come in sight of the Lizard Point, which, be it remarked, is not considered to derive its name from any fancy resemblance between its shape and that of a lizard, or from the variegated color of the geological formation, but from the Cornish word *Liazherd*, a headland.

This is in every way a remarkable piece of coast,—to geologists especially so,—as it is the *one* district in all Great Britain in which the serpentine formation is to be met with, whereas most of the Cornish coast is either granite or slate. Of the peculiar beauty of the serpentine marble one has no occasion to speak, almost every one having seen a specimen of it in one shape or another, either as forming part of the internal decoration of a church, or as worked up into some trinket, as a brooch, bracelet, cross, sleeve-link, or other nicknack. It is of two kinds, the red and the green,—they are, indeed, frequently found intermixed,—the former somewhat resembling porphyry, and the latter verd antique. Frequently a vein of steatite, or soapstone, introduces a lustrous white streak into the serpentine, and occasionally it is crossed by a beautiful purple or lilac band.

The beauty of the serpentine district, especially at the Lizard and Kynance Cove, can scarce be imagined by those who have not visited it, as the perpetual friction of the waves has worn the rocks to such a degree of smoothness as makes crag and cavern appear as if they had been subjected to a high polish. The serpentine formation is said to begin at the Manacles, a chain of rocks near Falmouth; but the marble of the Manacles is not true serpentine, being a much duller green, unrelieved by the bright red and purple tints. Serpentine is extensively employed in the interior decorations of churches, particularly in the

West of England. It is also used for ornamental work in some of the London shops; but any one desirous of seeing it without the trouble of a journey to Cornwall may do so by going to the Geological Museum, Jermyn Street, which contains beautiful specimens of serpentine both in the architectural decorations and among the minerals collected for exhibition.

Among other objects of interest in the neighborhood of the Lizard is Llandewednack Church, famed as being the last edifice in which divine service was ever performed in Cornish. This latter fact is interesting to the philologist, but the naturalist and the epicure may care more to know that Asparagus Island, close to Kynance Cove, is the habitat of that vegetable which we deservedly reckon among the choicest of our spring delicacies. The Lizard Lighthouse and the curious piece of coast about Cadgwith are also worth a visit.

Our head-quarters at the time of making this excursion were at Helstone, rather an interesting old town. One ancient custom still exists there, in the observance of "Furry Day," supposed to be the corruption of "Flora's Day," which festival is annually held on March 9, and is celebrated by the principal inhabitants dancing and carrying flowers up and down the High Street. The entertainment concludes with a ball in the evening at the town hall or one of the inns. Harvest is gathered in with great rejoicings in this part of the country, as in the whole West of England. When the last sheaf is gathered in, the farmer or the principal "hand" cries out, cutting off at the same time a handful of the corn and holding it by the *neck*,—*i.e.*, stalk,—

"I hab 'im! I hab 'im! I hab 'im!"

The answer is,—

"What hab ye? What hab ye? What hab ye?"

And the rejoinder,—

“A neck! A neck! A neck!”

A handful, called collectively “the neck,” is preserved, decorated with flowers and ribbons, in farm-kitchen or hall of manor-house, as it may be, until the next harvest. There can be little doubt that we see in these old customs the traces of some long forgotten heathen observances.

Near Helstone is the Looe Pool, the largest lake of Southwestern England, and believed by some to be the lake described by Tennyson in the “Morte d’Arthur,” though the Rev. Mr. Hawker, in his “Footprints of Former Men in Old Cornwall,” claims the honor for the Dozmere or Dermery Pool in North Cornwall. If the mysterious mere into which the magic sword Excalibur was thrown by Sir Bedivere at the dying king’s command, and caught by the wondrous arm

“Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,”

was but a creature of the poet’s own brain, we fancy Dozmere Pool must have been the spot intended, the laureate being, we believe, better acquainted with northern than with western Cornwall. But if Tennyson founded his descriptions of the passing away of Arthur on old chronicles or romances partly handed down by tradition, we give our vote in favor of the Looe, which, like the lake in the idyll, has on its bank the remains of an ancient chapel, and in which the poet’s description of

“The long wave lapping on the shingly beach,”

is completely realized.

It is also comparatively near to Land’s End; and “the land of Lyonesse,” so often alluded to in the legends of King Arthur, is said to be a district now submerged by the sea, but formerly lying between Land’s End and Scilly.

All these are but conjectures, however. More reliable records of the past are to be found in the traces of charcoal-burning in the woods round the Looe, which bear evidence of the sacrifice of their trees made by the then owners of the property to the royal cause during the civil wars. The Cornishmen were mostly Royalists. Though the Looe is always spoken of as a *lake*, it is, in fact, only divided from the sea by a narrow neck of land called the Bar, which once in about every three years is cut through with a great amount of ceremony, the mayor of Helstone asking permission of the lord of the manor, and presenting him, as immemorial custom enjoins, with three halfpence.

Porthleven, the little port or watering-place of Helstone, may be interesting to Londoners as the shipping-place of much of the granite used in building the Thames embankment.

Between the Lizard and Mount's Bay is a fine rugged piece of scenery, the grandest headland of which is called Trewarvas Point. From it can be seen the three noble capes of Mullion, Helzephron, and the Lizard; and at Trewarvas itself are some romantic fantastic-shaped rocks, one of which, from some fancied resemblance to an ecclesiastic in his robes, has obtained the name of the "Bishop."

From Helstone we went to Falmouth, the enchanting beauty of the scenery round which place is little known to those who have merely paid a flying visit to that dirty seaport, and perhaps inspected the harbor. Falmouth itself, as we suppose most persons know, is not a particularly ancient town. Sir Walter Raleigh was the first to discover its great advantages of situation, and it was at his recommendation that Queen Elizabeth had the town and harbor built. But, comparatively modern as is Falmouth itself, its neighborhood abounds in the associations of antiquity. A gentlemen's seat on the shore of the

beautiful creek known as Helford River still bears the name of Gyllindune,—*i.e.*, "William's grave," from being a traditional burial-place of Prince William, son of Henry I., and lost in the wreck of "The White Ship." This tradition goes far to contradict a statement we met with in a number of a popular magazine, to the effect that while the French popular mind retains many legends of the highest antiquity, in England popular tradition does not stretch back to a period more remote than the civil wars of the seventeenth century. . . .

The scenery in the neighborhood of Falmouth, especially on the banks of Helford River, is beautiful in the extreme. Rugged wildness contrasted with fertility, tropical foliage, and an endless succession of romantic creeks and headlands, combine to form an earthly paradise. After several delightful weeks in this picturesque region, we proceeded northwards to the little town of Liskeard, in East Cornwall, in which we had been recommended to pass a couple of days, on account of its extreme quietude and seclusion. Our surprise may be easily imagined, therefore, when we found, on reaching this tranquil spot, that we were in the midst of Vanity Fair. We had not known, previously to our arrival, that the second and third of October were the grand saturnalia of the inhabitants of Liskeard and neighborhood, the annual honey fair, or St. Matthew's Fair.

St. Matthew's Day, indeed, takes place a fortnight previously, but doubtless the fair dates from a period antecedent to the alteration of the style. The sale of honey, cattle, etc., only occupies the morning of the first day; the afternoon, and, indeed, the night until a late hour, and the whole of the second day, being devoted to pleasuring. Sweetmeats of various kinds, particularly a sticky-looking kind of taffy, called, we believe, "clidgy," seem the staple commodity of the pleasure fair. Some of the little

baskets and other ornaments made out of these appetizing comestibles are really very elegant. Another great feature is the "Cheap Jack," or rather "Cheap Jill," a young lady who, with untiring lungs, sells by auction the whole day long fancy articles, of which bead fly-traps seem by far the most numerous. Could not this branch of female employment be suggested to those interested in enlarging the sphere of women's occupations, as one especially appropriate to the fair sex? The two qualifications most necessary for a "Cheap Jack," volubility and mercantile smartness, are usually considered, even by her detractors, as especial *fortes* of women.

From the windows of our hotel we saw, as from a stage-box, the humors of the fair, and especially did we obtain an excellent view of "The Enchanted Temple of Science and Mystery," and similar enlivening exhibitions. The wrestling booth was, as might be expected in this muscularly Christian country, a favorite resort. A peep within this gladiatorial arena, however, only revealed very mild-looking athletes, and spectators as grave as judges, looking much more as if they were at meeting than at a fair. It must be stated, to the credit of the Liskeard revellers, that everything went on with the utmost decorum and order. It shows the primitive simplicity of these west country folks that they can still find so much pleasure in these unsophisticated amusements, but it must be borne in mind that Liskeard is a town usually so quiet, not to say sleepy, that it has been declared by a resident that he could fire a gun down the street without hitting any one! . . .

The Cornish folk are, as a rule, earnest in their religious convictions, though, like other Kelts, occasionally inclined to fanaticism. All traces of the savagery which distinguished them in the rough days of the wreckers, have, of course, entirely passed away under light of advancing

civilization. The Cornishmen are extremely hospitable, and the county dainties of cider, clotted cream, potato cake, griddle or girdle cakes (baked upon the hearth), and fish or squab pies, are luxuries not to be despised any more than the *figgadowdy* (Anglice, plum-puddings). Like all the inhabitants of remote districts, the Cornish folk are extremely clannish, and think much of the ties of kindred, the proverbial expression "A Cornish Jack" showing how every individual endeavors to prove himself everybody else's "Cousin John." They are very superstitious, though whether they yet retain the old beliefs mentioned by Polwhele, such as that of the ghost of a shipwrecked mariner announcing his fate by calling his own name on the rock, and that when the wind roars boisterously it is the wicked giant Tregeagle roaring, we cannot, of course, say.

Many names of places bear witness to the widely scattered traditions connected with King Arthur. One group of rocks of various sizes goes by the name of "King Arthur's cups and saucers," a name involving a bold anachronism, for one hardly imagines saucers to have been much used before the introduction of tea and coffee, beverages, as every one knows, not brought into use in this country for more than a thousand years after the supposed period of King Arthur.

The belief in fairies has not yet gone out in this remote shire, and we have been in an old house said to be haunted by the ghost of a cow.

The fauna and flora of Cornwall are much the same as in other parts of Western England, except, of course, that some shrubs and other plants usually found only in warm climates or in greenhouses grow here freely out of doors. The Cornish chough among birds, and among plants the Cornish heath, are, as the names show, indigenous here. It

is strange that the little harebell, so universal in Scotland and in most parts of England, should be here a great rarity. We recollect how, on our excursion to the Lizard, a lady of the neighborhood of Helstone had been entreated by a friend unable to accompany her to bring home a harebell, if she found any, as none grew near her own residence.

Those travelling in a country new to them are often more struck by some feature of the landscape different to what they have been accustomed to, than by the grander outlines of the scenery. Who, for instance, that has ever travelled in Western Cornwall, can fail to recollect the milestones in the shapes of obelisks, or the substitutes for stiles formed by narrow openings in the hedges with stepping-stones placed at equal distances, like the ploughshares in the ordeal by fire, for foot passengers to pass across. The little cabbage-plantation or mound of *débris* in the centre of a field is another characteristically Cornish institution. Any account of Cornwall would be incomplete without some allusion to the pilchard fishery, next to mining, the great industry of the country. Innumerable quantities of this fish are annually salted and exported to the Roman Catholic countries of Southern Europe to be eaten during Lent. The popular Cornish name of the pilchard, "Fair Maid," is said to be from the Spanish *fumado*, —i.e., "smoked fish."

THE ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT.

AMELIA BARR.

[The lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland, England, possess a double attraction to the tourist, the one being for their intrinsic beauty and charm, the other for their fame as the loved haunts of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, and other famed writers. They have become a place of pilgrimage to the devotees of poetry, and we give their story in the words of one who saw in them this double charm.]

WHILE dinner was being prepared, we strolled to the bridge which spans the Leven,—at this point a swift, shallow stream, with an inconceivable sparkle, scarcely deep enough to float the light skiff in whose shadow a great trout was posing himself against the crystal water. In half an hour we had a couple of his fellows in a napkin, deliciously browned. It is worth while mentioning that Loch Lomond in Scotland and Lake Windermere in England discharge by rivers of the same length and name; but the Scotch Leven passes through a bleak, uninteresting country, while the English Leven ripples and dances through a vale of sylvan beauty, full of the music of many cascades.

We hired a row-boat to take us up Windermere to the Ferry Inn; and here, as an old Laker, I may say, have nothing to do with a *sail*; take a row-boat, and you are safe; but all these mountain-locked waters are subject to what is known in the district as a “bottom-wind;” and the sail-boat caught in that passionate gust will need the most skilful handling.

As we neared Storrs Hall, all the bright loveliness of the lake broke upon us, as it did upon Scott in 1825, on that

memorable day when Southey, Wilson, Wordsworth, and Canning met him here, and Windermere glittered with all her sails in honor of the great Northern minstrel. The Bailie had the whole passage from Lockhart's *Life of Scott* by heart,—the brilliant cavalcades through the woods, the boatings on the lake by moonlight, the music and sunshine, the flags and streamers, the gay dresses and beautiful women, the hum of voices, the cheers of the multitude, and the splash of innumerable oars: he recalled for us the whole scene of the flotilla, as it wound among the beautiful isles of the loveliest lake in the world, half a century ago.

We had sent our luggage on to the Salutation Inn at Ambleside, for we had determined to stay one night at the Ferry Inn, nearly opposite Bowness, and about half-way up the lake. I had wonderful memories of this charming old hostelry, and many a time, when thousands of miles away, I had heard the pleasure-skiffs fret their cut-waters against the pebbly shore, many a time in dreams dripped silver from my oars in the moonlight, or wandered in the groves of laurel and lilacs and laburnums behind it.

Then it was a perfect old English inn, with a kitchen whose Homeric breadth and bright cheerfulness made it a constant picture. Then there was on one side of it a curiously carved and twisted oaken dresser, extending from the floor to the ceiling, black with age and bright with labor. Mugs and tankards of bright pewter stood out against this dark background; huge hams and sad-colored herbs descended from the rafters. A great wood-fire always blazed on the hearth. Lassies in snow-white jackets and linsey-woolsey petticoats went in and out about their duties. The handsome, motherly landlady looked after every guest; and Arnold, the jolliest landlord that ever lived, sat smoking in the ingle, chatting with some traveller, or listening to the yarn of a lake fisherman.

As we approached the little bay, I saw that the Ferry Inn had gone; a grand modern hotel stood upon its site. I refused to be disenchanted. Perhaps Arnold was dead also. Nothing could be as it had been, and I asked to cross over at once to Bowness. But, while I am speaking of Arnold, I may tell again a story he was very fond of telling about Wordsworth.

"Knaw'd Wadswuth?" he would say, with a merry twinkle. "I did, a few. This wuz the way I comed to knaw him, so as I shan't forget 'n again in a hurry. When I wuz guard of the Whitehaven mail, as we wuz a-slapping along, and just coming to a sharpish turn,—the earner near the bridge, this side Keswick,—what should we see but sumthin' uncommon tall and grand, tooling along a little pony-shay!

"'Oh, Lord! here's a smash,' said I, and afore the words wuz out of my mouth, crash went the shay all to smith-erins, and slap went the driver over a wall into a plantation, arms out and great-coat a-flying. We thought fur sure 'twas all over with 'n; but presently he picked hisself up uncommon tall again, and sez he, 'I'll have this matter thoroughly investigated.' With that he walked off towards the public.

"'Bill,' said coachee to I, very down like, 'who de think that is?'

"'Well, who be 't, Jem?' sez I.

"'Why, who but the powit Wadswuth.'"

Then he would add, "If you goes to Keswick, just by the bridge you'll see the place *where we spilt the powit!* Ay, often and often since that, when I've a-seen the grand fowks draw up to the Mount, I've a-said sly like to myself, 'Ah, gentlemen, you be going to see the powit, but you never had him to call upon you, unexpected like, on a fly-ing visit over a wall.'"

Windermere at Bowness is like what the Thames is at Richmond. Bowness is the pleasure-village of the lake country. There yachtsmen flourish and beauties linger. The band makes music in the grounds of the Royal Hotel, and the crowds promenade or float gracefully past in the dreamy waltz. Every window is open, the balconies are full of life and color, lovely faces peep out from among the clustering clematis, twinkling lights and soft strains are on the lake until midnight, and flowers, flowers, flowers touch you everywhere.

Two men, as dissimilar as possible, I can always see in the streets of Bowness—the handsome Professor Wilson, poet and athlete, whom the Westmoreland people so aptly described as “strang as a lion, lish as a trout, *wi’ sich antics as niver*,” and the little, plain-faced, serious Wilberforce, —Wilson joyous and strong, and settling all things “*wi’ the waff o’ his hand*,” Wilberforce sauntering along, as he tells us in his diary, comforting himself by repeating the one hundred and nineteenth Psalm. Wilson lived at Elleray, now close to Windermere railway-station, and Wilberforce had a residence among the stately woods of Rayrigg, just outside Bowness.

The next morning we started for Ambleside, taking on the way the village of Troutbeck. Troutbeck is a funny misnomer for the rivulet so named, for not a trout has ever been found in it. But for a typically exquisite village, no dream of painter or poet can rival it. The cottages, with their numerous gables, seem to have been built on some model conceived by the rarest poetical genius. They are of the stone and slate of the country; age has given them “a green radiance” and bathed them in the lustre of lichens. The porches are of meeting tree-stems or reclining cliffs, and are dripping with roses and matted with virgin bower. Nowhere else in the world is there “a mile-long congrega-

tion of such rural dwellings, dropped down just where a painter or poet would wish them, and bound together by old groves of ash, oak, and sycamores, by flower-gardens and fruit-orchards rich as those of the Hesperides." . . .

There are places we visit and forget, but this is never the case with Ambleside; walk through its streets, and they become forever a part of the spirit's still domains. John Ruskin, in his "*Characteristics of Nature*," has referred to the peculiar influence which is exerted upon people who live in a neighborhood where granite is abundant; and Wordsworth tells us that

"One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach us more of man,
Of moral evil, and of good,
Than all the sages can."

If this be true, then what influence must be morally exerted over those who dwell in such a bower of Paradise as Ambleside!

The vale of Windermere is watered by two little rivers, the Rothay and Brathay. They unite a few yards above the head of the lake, and enter it together. In the spawning season a singular sight may be witnessed at this spot: the trout and char, for which Windermere is famous, separate where the rivers meet; the char go up Brathay to spawn, the trout all go up Rothay.

The most charming way to see the vale of Ambleside is to saunter about it; to walk to Stock Ghyll Force and look at the old mill made famous by the painting of Birket Foster; to lean over Rothay Bridge and Pelter Bridge and dream away the hours on the shores of the wildly-sylvan Rydalmere; or to go into Rydal Park and lose ourselves among the cooing of cushats and the shrill cries of black-birds. Stock Ghyll Force is worth seeing. The word

"force" is one of the few words of the past still lingering in secluded places: it signifies to "rush thoroughly:" the waters fall from a height of seventy feet, and make a terrific noise as they rush in two channels down the rocky gorge.

The slopes are covered with the rarest ferns, probably most of them indigenous to the soil, for we were told that few of them lived if transplanted from it. The path leading to the falls now belongs to the town of Ambleside, but a year or two ago it was in the possession of a gentleman who purchased the property at an auction. It had always been free and open to the public, but this speculative individual bought up the waterfall and hemmed it in with a fence. He then made a charge for admission. The townspeople were indignant; a sum of a thousand pounds was raised, and the man bought out at double the amount. The toll for the present is charged, but it will be abolished as soon as the other thousand has been collected,—a consummation fully expected during the present year.

The spirits of the great and good walk the lovely lanes and climb the hills with us, for all around Ambleside is haunted ground. Just outside is the ivy-covered house so long the home of Harriet Martineau, one of the bravest and hardest-working women that ever lived.

"Day by day our memory fades
From out the circle of the hills,

but the memory of the invalid deaf lady, so loving, so simple, so neighborly, so old in years, so young in heart, is one that will not soon be forgotten, even in the land of Wordsworth and Southey and Arnold.

A little farther, Fox How nestles at the foot of a craggy height. This was for many years the home of Dr. Arnold; and not far away is Fox Ghyll, a beautiful villa belonging

to the Right Honorable W. E. Forster, who, it will be remembered, married a daughter of Dr. Arnold's. Mr. Forster spends a great deal of his time here, glad to escape the "madding crowd" and the bickering and fever of political life.

A lovely drive through "a spot made for nature by herself" brought us to Rydal Mount, so long the home of Wordsworth. He went there in 1813, and at that time the lakes were hardly known. The poet Gray was the only eminent Englishman who visited them before the present century, and he complained that "the great forests and the total want of communication was a barrier he could not surmount." Upon Goldsmith they made no impression; and Tickell, born within a mile of Derwentwater, has not a line in their praise, though he wrote a long poem on Kensington Gardens. But in 1813 Englishmen were compelled to travel in their own country, for Napoleon had closed the continent of Europe to them, or, as a Westmoreland woman expressed it, "there was sic a deal of uneasiness i' France."

And here I may notice, in passing, the peculiar habit of *understating* everything, so characteristic of Westmoreland people. Where a Yorkshire man would say unequivocally, "The fellow is a scoundrel," the Westmoreland man would remark, "There were a deal o' folks more partieler about doin' reet nor him." A bad man is a bad man all the world over, except in Westmoreland: there he is "a varra moderate chap." All over the world, when it rains as hard as it can, people do not scruple to say, "It rains hard;" but a Westmoreland man only admits, "It's softish." . . .

At Rydal Mount, Wordsworth lived nearly forty years, roaming over the mountains or sitting down by some lonely tarn to write his "solemn-thoughted idylls;" for he seldom wrote in doors. A visitor once asked to see his

study, and a servant showed her a room containing a number of books. "This is the master's library," she said: "his study is out o' doors and up on t'hill tops." The house is a lovely spot now, but it owes much to Wordsworth. I have a drawing of it, made soon after he removed there, which represents only a very plain stone house, standing on a natural terrace of turf. The interior has been often described, for no visitor with a respectable claim on the poet's attention was ever turned away. But it is now in the possession of a man who suffers no one to approach it. In fact, he has taken care to post conspicuously the following notice: "No person is allowed in these grounds under any circumstances." In 1850, Wordsworth died at Rydal Mount,—a sweetly-solemn death, which gave to his mourning heart the glad assurance that he was "going to Dora," his dearly beloved daughter, whose death on the threshold of a beautiful and happy womanhood he had never ceased to mourn.

On the road which skirts Rydal Water is Nab Cottage, forever associated with De Quincey and poor Hartley Coleridge. Standing before it, how easy it was to imagine the small, fragile Opium-Eater, with his wrinkled face and arched brows loaded with thought, and those haunted eyes peering out from their dark rings! How vividly we could see him in the small parlor, with its five thousand books and bright fire and decanter of laudanum, or imagine him rambling through the summer nights upon the hills, in solitary possession of the whole sleeping country, when that fine expression he applied to Coleridge in similar situations might so well designate himself,—“an insulated son of ‘revery’”!

[The traveller next set out for a tramp to the top of Helvellyn, the loftiest mountain of the lake district. On their way thither they came upon an interesting pastoral scene.]

The farm-yard went straight up the hill, but was surrounded by buildings of every kind. What a busy, merry, picturesque gathering was in it! The old men, in clean, white shirt-sleeves, with long clay pipes in their mouths, were wandering about the yard, watching the shearers, who were working with a silent rapidity that showed a very keen contest. For these "shearings" are a kind of rural Olympics; and proud is the young farmer who has finished his sixscore sheep in a day.

There were seven shearers present, wonderfully handsome, stalwart fellows. Each sat upon a bench, their pillar-like throats uncovered, their arms bare to the shoulder; and, as the sheep were brought to them, they lifted them on to the bench, turned them with the greatest ease, and cut off the wool with amazing rapidity, rarely allowing the shears to injure the animal. If such an accident occurred, it was a blemish on the shearer's fame.

At a long impromptu table women were just as rapidly folding the fleeces ready for market. Some were handsome matrons, some were young lasses, but all wore the snow-white kirtle and the short, striped linsey petticoat that showed their slender ankles and trimly-shod feet. Pearls of merry laughter and shafts of harmless satire flew from them to the shearers, who were far too busy to answer just then, but who doubtless promised themselves future opportunities. In a small enclosure at the extreme end there was perhaps the merriest group of all.—about a dozen school-lads, whose duty it was to bring the sheep to the shearers. How the heated air quivered above the panting creatures, and how the lads laughed and shouted and tugged and pulled and pushed and dragged, their brown faces glowing to crimson, their parted scarlet lips and intense blue eyes making them perfect pictures of splendidly healthy, happy boyhood!

And with what indulgent tolerance the sheep-dogs watched them! I am sure the good-natured ones laughed quietly to themselves at all the unnecessary fuss, while others lay with their heads between their paws and opened their eyes sarcastically at the whole affair. They would have taken a sheep by the ear and walked it up to the bench without a bark. It was a perfect idyllic picture, in which every age of manhood and womanhood blended.

At sundown over six hundred sheep had been sheared, and a number of visitors arrived. Then a feast was spread for more than fifty people, and after it the fiddlers took the place of honor, and dancing began. No one could resist the mirthful infection, and, after a slight hesitation, Christina drew on her gloves and allowed herself to be persuaded to open the ball with "the master." She was just stepping daintily down the middle, with a smile on her face, when the Bailie looked in at the open door. He professed to be "vera weary;" but in half an hour he was taking his part in "Moneymusk" with a lively agility that won him much admiration. "Such hours dinna come every day," he said. And so we stayed until the dancing ceased and the company scattered at the fell foot into parties of twos and threes.

[From Grasmere they made their way to Keswick, the capital town of the lake district, and the home of Southey and Coleridge.]

When Southey came to Greta Hall, in 1803, Coleridge, the "noticeable man with large gray eyes," was living there, delighting the reading world with his vast and luminous intellect and his Miltonic conceptions, reaching "the caverns measureless to man." Here that marvellous boy Hartley ran about, and so charmed Coleridge's landlord that he could scarcely be persuaded to take the rent for Greta Hall, considering the joy of the child's company

a full equivalent. For three years Coleridge and Southey occupied the Hall together; then Coleridge became the slave of that opium-habit which made his comings and goings more uncertain than a comet's. He flitted about between Southey and Wordsworth; and never since Shakespeare's time have three men of equal genius lived on such terms. Landor called them "three towers of one castle." Very soon De Quincey made a fourth in this remarkable group. And two of them were wise, and two of them were stranded on the same poppy-covered coast, the land of the Lotos-Eaters.

We wandered about Keswick, but wherever we went the shades of these great men followed us, and half a mile out of it, on the Penrith road, we were suddenly met by another wraith of genius, for there stood the pretty cottage to which Shelley brought his first wife, the lovely woman of humble birth whom he offended society by marrying. Here they were visited by the Southeys and De Quincey, and the latter in his "Sketches" has a very charming picture of the girl-wife playing gravity before her visitors and running about the garden with Percy when they were tired of the house. Shelley was then nineteen and Southey thirty-seven; and Southey says, "Shelley acts upon me as my own ghost might do; he has all my old dreams and enthusiasms: the only difference is the difference of age."

Many bitter things were said of the handsome, gifted Shelley in his day; but, as Dr. Arnold in his quaint, Luther-like phraseology observes, "Doubtless it is good for a man to have to do with Mr. Posterity," for that impartial judge has done Shelley justice. We bought his "Alastor" as we went back to the hotel, and in the evening twilight read it, remembering the while that it was written "in the contemplation of death, which he felt to be certain and near." . . .

The next day we went around Derwentwater in a boat,—certainly the best way to see it, for the bays and islands and points of interest on this lovely sheet of water can thus be leisurely visited. Soon after leaving Keswick, Skiddaw appears to rise from within a stone's cast of the shore, and continues a magnificent object during most of the way. At the head of the lake the mountains rise, height above height, from the Lodore crags to the lofty summits of Scawfell Pike and Scawfell, the latter the highest mountain in England. Southey had told us how "the water comes down at Lodore," but we wished to see it for ourselves: so we landed at the long wooden pier belonging to the Lodore Hotel, and, guided by the tremendous roar, scrambled a short distance among the crags and boulders, and saw the wild waters

"Retreating and beating, and meeting and sheeting,
Delaying and straying, and playing and spraying,
Advancing and prancing, and glancing and dancing,
Recoiling, turmoiling, and toiling and boiling,
And gleaming and streaming, and steaming and beaming,
And rushing and flushing, and brushing and gushing,
And curling and whirling, and purling and twirling,
And flapping and rapping, and clapping and slapping,
And dashing and flashing, and splashing and crashing,
And so never ending, but always descending,
Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending,
All at once and all over, with mighty uproar,
And this way the water comes down at Lodore."

THE ROMAN WALL OF CUMBERLAND.

ROSE G. KINGSLEY.

[On the borders of Cumberland, at the northern boundary of Roman occupation of England, a wall of defence against the barbarians of Scotland was built, and manned by sturdy legions. This wall still exists, and its present condition is described below.]

HALF an hour's drive brought us to the farm-house at Birdoswald, and here the real interest of our expedition began. We were now on the Roman Wall; and, except Borecivius or Housteads, near the Northumberland lakes, Birdoswald is the most perfect station along its line. It is supposed to be the Roman Ambloganna, which was garrisoned by a strong force of Dacians from Wallachia and Moldavia. The camp is five and a half acres in extent. The eastern gate-way is in very perfect preservation, the large blocks on each side of the double portal being in their original position and still containing the pivot-holes. The arch above the gate-way is gone; but some of the stones which formed it lie strewn about. Close to the gate are the ruins of a guard-house, and a portion of the boundary-wall, six feet in breadth. The western and southern gate-ways and walls are all well preserved, the walls having five or six courses of facing-stones, and being seven to eight feet thick.

In the farm-house the buxom farmer's wife showed us an ancient arch in the wall of the passage, under which lay a collection of curiosities found from time to time about the camp,—a beautiful stone figure with flowing drapery, small stone altars, such as the soldiers used in their private devotions, and so forth. Outside, pinks, lilies, and roses were

filling the air with their perfume, as we made our way through the little garden to the green field where stood the camp. We wandered about round the low stone walls, through the gate-way, where we saw the actual marks of the chariot-wheels on the pavement,—two ruts in the stone. We looked into the remains of the guard-house, where the sweet thyme and delicate clover now creep over stones against which Dacian warriors rested their heavy heads. We tried to trace out the course of streets, temples, and barracks among the grass-grown heaps in front of the farm-garden; and then I went out to the brow of the hill to see what was there.

What a surprise! The green field fell away abruptly in a great cliff, and down below the Irthing foamed over its stony bed, twisting and winding in sinuous curves of silver along the narrow valley, among wooded slopes and rocky crags. Green ridge and brown fell in endless succession led the eye away into the far distance, where Skiddaw loomed up in the south.

The late Lord Carlisle, in his "*Diary in Turkish and Greek Waters*," compares this view to the first sight of Troy after crossing the tame low plain of the Troad. It was certainly a grand point of vantage which, with their usual wisdom, the Romans pitched upon. The one thing one does not see at first is, where they got their water; and this was always one of the first points they considered in choosing a site. The river is too far off, and no spring now appears inside the camp. Last year my friends showed Birdoswald to the learned head-master of one of our most famous public schools. The absence of water puzzled the wise man not a little, and he asked one of the farm maidens who was showing the party round if she knew where the spring had been. She professed entire ignorance; but another lassie standing by reminded her in broad Cumbrian,

"It's where t' goose laid her eggs last soummer." We soon found it out to our cost, as, thanks to the rainy season, the ancient Roman well had formed a little quagmire hidden in long grass, into which we plunged unwittingly and came out with wet boots.

The Roman Wall adapts itself to the northern rampart of the camp, or fort, and runs close to the road for some five hundred yards westward from the farm-house. This wall—seventy-five miles long—has been the subject of many antiquarian discussions, with which we need not meddle. Those, however, who have gone most thoroughly into the subject now agree that it was erected by the renowned emperor Hadrian, when he came to Britain, in the year 119. The inscribed slabs and altars found at the stations and castles on the line of the wall are undoubtedly of his reign; so are most of the coins that are found with them; and from this fact it appears that the Roman legions received their pay at the wall in his reign.

The conception of this stupendous barrier is singularly simple and effective. The wall, though varying a little in width, according to the nature of the ground it traversed, was about eight feet broad and fourteen feet high. The north side was further crowned by a parapet of four feet, making the total height eighteen feet. The outside stones were regularly-shaped and well-dressed freestone, fifteen to twenty inches long, ten inches broad, and eight inches thick. So well were they cut that one can detect them in an instant in any cottage wall, from their smooth, finely-chiselled face as compared with the coarser dressing of modern stones. Most of them have a wedge shape, tapering towards the end which is set into the wall. Dr. Bruce thinks that stones of this shape would have been conveniently carried on the backs of "the poor enslaved Britons." The present dwellers along the wall say that they were all

brought in an old woman's apron and the wall built in one night. Mr. Jenkinson, on the contrary, in his charming and learned guide-book to Carlisle and the Roman Wall, thinks "both these modes of conveyance are too romantic for the practical Romans, who were not unacquainted with horses and carts."

The inside part of the wall consists of rubble-stone, like that found in the massive walls of Caesar's Tower at Kenilworth and many other old castles. The stones, evidently picked up on the spot, while the dressed stone for the wall was brought in many instances from a great distance, were cemented together as hard as a rock by pouring fresh lime mixed with sand and gravel upon them.

Every four miles along the wall there was a fortified camp or station, like that at Birdoswald, each capable of containing from six hundred to one thousand foot- or horse-soldiers, as the case might be. "They were generally," says Mr. Jenkinson, "close to the wall, on the southern side, and appear from the remains existing to have formed almost a square, containing three to six acres, surrounded by high thick walls, provided with four gate-ways, and laid out in streets, barracks, temples, baths, etc., some of the buildings having massive and occasionally beautifully-sculptured stones. Outside these stations are heaps of grass-grown rubbish, from which it is inferred that there also existed suburbs, where dwelt natives and camp-followers."

Between the stations were *castella*, or mile-castles, about a mile apart. These were sixty feet square, built also on the south side, of solid masonry, about the same height and thickness as the wall itself. In each of these were stationed a company of some twenty men, who were yet further distributed singly in stone turrets, or watch-towers, used as sentry-boxes, of which there were four between each mile-castle, about three hundred and fifty yards apart.

The sentries, being within call of each other, could thus keep up a complete system of communication along the line, and, as soon as danger threatened, troops could be concentrated at once on any spot from the stations or camps. Unluckily, none of these turrets remain, though Hodgson says that he saw one opened so lately as 1833, about three hundred yards west of Birdoswald.

Along the northern face of the wall the Romans still further strengthened it by making a ditch below, thirty-six feet wide and fifteen feet deep. It was evidently a dry ditch, as it follows the line of the wall up hill and down dale. In some places the solid rock has been excavated to make it, and occasionally the earth dug from it has been thrown up into a bank on its farther side, thus making a third line of defence. To the south of the stone wall, at a distance perpetually varying from a few yards to half a mile, runs the *vallum*, or earthwork, consisting, where most perfect, of three ramparts and a fosse. The origin and use of the *vallum* has also been a moot point among antiquaries. But now there seems little doubt that the *vallum* was the ancient Roman road running inside the wall. Pavements have been found upon it in various places. At Gilsland, exactly on the spot where the *vallum* would have to cross the Poltross Burn, the abutment of a Roman bridge has been lately discovered; and the highest authorities are now agreed, from these and many other indications, that this dispute may at last be laid to rest.

Climbing once more into our "heaven chariot," we bade farewell to Birdoswald and its many memories and drove due west along the line of the wall. For five hundred yards it ran close beside us on the left, about seven feet high and seven feet broad,—the stones in some places untouched since the day the Roman legions laid them one on another, clear cut as when they came out of the quarry.

The short turf had clothed the top of the ancient barrier with a fragrant carpet, and in crevices where the cement had weathered away, the honeysuckle found root-hold; a tall purple foxglove reared its proud head as if it were acting sentry to the Border, and the fresh green lady-fern brushed the rugged stones lightly with waving plumes.

After a time the wall grew lower, and finally disappeared. Our road, which had been running straight as a bee-line, rose and swerved a few feet to the left, and we found that we were actually driving along the top of the wall. For nearly five miles we followed it. There it ran as straight as an arrow over every obstacle, with the great green ditch to our right and the great earth-bank beyond it, a type of the resistless determination of the great people who made it. High moorland pastures, reclaimed from the Waste, lay on either side. In some, the sweet hay was being cut, and the buzz of an American mowing-machine brought our wits with a sudden shock out of the by-gone ages where they had been wandering. In others, herds of polled Galloways, the sleek black cattle of the Border, were grazing peacefully, without fear of moss-troopers or cattle-thieves. Here stood a mile-castle, —four rude grass-grown banks marking its outline,—its stones being used to build a little cottage crouching in one corner. There an old lime-kiln, like some troll's dwelling, broke the endless swell of green and brown. The few cottages at the hamlet of Banks Head looked forlorn and dreary, as if they had been dropped by mistake on the desolate wild. They are all built of stone from the wall, which has proved an invaluable quarry to the whole neighborhood, and, in consequence, has been ruthlessly destroyed. A hideous fashion prevails about here. Most of the houses are whitewashed, the stones round the doors and windows are painted black, and, with their cold gray slate roofs or

dilapidated thatch, they but add to the dreary look of this district. It is a dismal land up there on the Waste,—a sad, hard country, with its stone walls and boggy uplands, that must have bred a sad, hard race, one would think. But if one looks beyond the dreariness close at hand, what a wondrous view stretches away all round! East, are the greenish swells and conical crests of the Northumberland Fells; south, lie Tindale, Talkin, and Castle Carrock Fells across the valley of the Irthing, which is marked by a line of wood, and beyond them rise the noble group of Lake mountains. Helvellyn and the two giants Saddleback and Skiddaw, looming up veiled in mystery and golden haze; northward, the line of the Cheviot Hills shows that we are looking right into Scotland; westward, across the fertile plain, where park and pasture, river and forest, are bathed in sunshine, Criffel rears his head above Melrose Abbey; and there, right under the western sun, gleams a line of silver in the flat, extremest distance,—the Solway Firth.

It was with the feeling of parting from a friend that we bade adieu to the Roman Wall and turned downward from the bleak moorland into the rich vegetation of the valley. The glamour of the Roman period had laid hold upon us. We longed to follow up the course of this great barrier, to know more of its builders, of their lives, their works, their history, than we had ever done before. This monument of their almost superhuman power must awaken some kind of enthusiasm in the dullest mind, and one can echo Sir Walter Scott's words in "Guy Mannering:" "And this, then, is the Roman Wall. What a people, whose labors even at this extremity of their empire comprehended such space, and were executed upon a scale of such grandeur! In future ages, when the science of war shall have changed, how few traces will exist of the labors of Vauban and Coehorn, while this wonderful people's remains

will even then continue to interest and astonish posterity! Their fortifications, their aqueducts, their theatres, their fountains, all their public works, bear the grave, solid, and majestic character of their language; while our modern labors, like our modern tongues, seem but constructed out of their fragments."

ENGLISH RURAL SCENERY.

SARAH B. WISTER.

[For a country rich in its verdant beauty and perfect in its grooming, England is unsurpassed. While containing little of the grand, it has much of the charming, and is abundantly calculated to rest the eyes of the sight-weary traveller. We append an enthusiastic description of this garden-land from an American visitor.]

WHEN we got into the country we grudged the time we had spent in London. The true English landscape has a great and peculiar charm until the stranger learns its secret and wearies of its sameness. Never shall I forget the journey from Southampton to London on the day we landed. Something must be allowed for the delight of eyes that had been looking over endless ridges of sea-waves to the blank horizon for so long; but what a blushing, smiling land it was that greeted them! The verdure was the first thing that struck us,—very different from ours. There is more blue and less yellow in it, resting and refreshing the eyes with a cooler, deeper tone; the trees are denser in foliage too, and fuller in form; the whole scene had a boskiness and boweriness due to innumerable hedges, orchards, shrubberies, and plantations. Woodland, strictly speaking, there was none,—only here and there little triangular bits, not an acre in extent, for game-covers, or lines of tall feathery elms with bushy heads along the hedge-

rows, clipped close that they might not shut out the scanty sunshine from the farmer's field. The hawthorn was covered with its pink-and-white blossoms, May as they call it; acres of the gently-rolling country were crimson with Dutch clover; the laburnum, a small, graceful tree, was full of drooping strings of delicate yellow flowers; the banks were ablaze with scarlet poppies and golden broom.

Low-arched stone bridges spanned small brimming streams; quaint old gate-ways opened into shady avenues; thatched cottages, beautiful ancient parish churches with gray towers, pretty, quiet hamlets peeped out from the luxuriant leafiness; comfortable, solid, old-fashioned farm-houses reigned among their outbuildings and orchards; in the distance were grand country-places, scarcely visible in the depths of their stately parks; and, what raised our enthusiasm to the utmost, we passed a beautiful Gothic ruin half hidden in ivy. Everything looked trim and orderly; not an inch of ground wasted; all turned to account for use or beauty; little vegetable-gardens on the slopes of the railway-embankments and along the edges of the track; little flower-gardens on both sides the station-houses, and roses and honeysuckle trained over their porches.

This is the genuine, characteristic English scenery, and it is found in perfection in Warwickshire. About Leamington, thanks to the contiguity of several large estates, parts of the country are heavily wooded, and a deep rural seclusion pervades the whole neighborhood. We were there in July: the earlier flowers were gone, but in the green embowered lanes the banks were rich with purple foxgloves; pale, shadowy bramble-roses were blossoming in the hedges, over which climbed woodbine and a pure white convolvulus; the gaudy poppies still held their own, as they do, though with thinner ranks, to the end of the season; and

the splendid gorse spread over the uncultivated hill-sides like yellow flame. Many birds make their home here. We came too late for the nightingales, and it was elsewhere that we heard a cuckoo once or twice in a distant thicket, for it is silent after June; but larks warbled in mid-air, and thrushes filled the lanes with their liquid notes, besides a host of little unknown birds who sang their simple song very sweetly all day.

One of the finest country-seats in the county was originally a Cistercian abbey, founded in the reign of Henry II.: a noble gate-way of that period, half shrouded in ivy, still remains, but nothing more except fragments of the cloisters embedded in the main building, which is partly Elizabethan, but chiefly in Queen Anne's style. Uninteresting and tasteless as the latter is, it produces more effect by its solid mass and unbroken façade than Tudor gables or castellated towers. Within are great lofty square rooms, a fine hall and staircase,—all on a scale which with us would be seen only in a public building,—and a whole series of family portraits, priests, knights, courtiers, and dames, by all the famous painters from Henry VIII.'s time to Queen Victoria's.

The gardens of this place are beautiful, but most artificial-looking, the shorn grass and geometrical flower-beds producing the effect of a worsted pattern; stone steps, balustrades, fountains, statues, urns, vases, and clipped hedges and shrubbery giving them a formal and stately air in keeping with the house itself: not a blade of grass, not a leaf, not a pebble, is out of place. From these one passes into the park, where for miles the undulations of the land form a succession of lovely knolls and dells shaded by magnificent oaks, imperial trees, and groves of lindens and chestnuts hardly less grand, while underfoot all is fern and soft turf. Herds of dappled deer browse beneath

these lordly trees or come down to drink at the Avon, a slow little stream which winds through the sylvan glades. Since then I have seen a number of great places, some of them finer than this, but with its legends and associations it is not a bad type of them all. It was the first I saw, and will always be first in my recollection.

Besides the beauty of that region, it is full of interest. There are the romantic ruins of Kenilworth; there are Warwick Castle (partly burnt) and Warwick town, with Leicester's Hospital, and St. Mary's Church, and the Beauchamp Chapel, one of the gems of ecclesiology, with stained-glass windows five hundred years old, and splendid tombs with effigies in brass and alabaster. There is Coventry with all its traditions, from the Lady Godiva to Mary Queen of Scots. The procession of the Lady Godiva still takes place every few years. Last summer there was a celebration: the lady engaged to perform the part of "the woman of a thousand summers old" was not forthcoming in time, and some other eligible female was caught up, clapped on horseback and sent forth: at the same moment the first one arrived, and the consequence was a lawsuit.

Stratford-on-Avon, too, belongs to this part of the country,—a little old-world town, where the bust of Shakespeare looks down upon you from every coign of vantage. Mysterious being! who sprang from impenetrable obscurity in that quiet village to light the beacon of an immortal fame, and sink back into the uncertain shades of his native place until he rests definitely in the beautiful parish church, so still among its trees, with the Avon laving the wall of the churchyard.

Anne Hathaway's cottage remains in good preservation, a picturesque object among the fields; Lucys still live at Charlecote; but too many people have written of these

things,—nobody better than Geoffrey Crayon, whose sketch I read over as we waited for luncheon at the Red Horse Inn in the little room called Washington Irving's parlor. Something ought to be said about that luncheon, which, when good, is the best of English meals, dinner as a rule being too heavy and monotonous. On a table-cloth of the traditional whiteness of all napery which is written about, were set out a lordly cold round of beef, a jug of home-brewed ale, a substantial loaf of home-made bread, a smaller one of simple cake, a currant-pie, a rich country cheese, and a pitcher of thick cream. There were three of us: we ate as much as we liked, and paid seven shillings, less than two dollars, but I do not give either the bill of fare or the bill of costs as a sample of ordinary luck.

We saw nothing in England proper prettier than the shady lanes and green foot-paths of Warwickshire. The view from Harrow Hill and the country around Malvern are greatly admired, but they are exceedingly tame, merely an extent of rather flat land seen from an insignificant height, without water, too patchy to have breadth, which is the strong point of flat scenery; there are no stretches of field or forest-land; it is all broken up like a checker-board by hedgerows and high-roads. We thought the Fen country roads more striking: it has been reclaimed, and is now a fine agricultural district. The eye ranges over wide expanses of cultivation: great plains of pale green bean-vines and yellow grain, alternating with the rich brown of the peat soil, whose pungent odor fills the air, stretch away to the horizon, unbroken save by now and then a row of Lombardy poplars or a line of low willows; the ditches by which the land is drained and divided are marked by long lines of brighter green, and full of graceful waving marsh-grass; and at long intervals a broad, straight, shining path of water takes its way to the sea.

Here and there a solitary windmill reminds one of Holland, but it is altogether finer than Holland. With all the teeming fertility there is something which recalls the original desolation: it is very sparsely settled; one seldom sees a house, and then it is not clustered about with outbuildings, but stands up alone against the horizon, and makes one think of Mariana's moated grange. In the midst of these flats rises the majestic tower of Ely, seen for many a mile.

We passed from this into a wild waste in Norfolk, whose sandy hillocks were clad in purple heath and green fern, with an occasional pine wood, dark and mysterious-looking, for in England even the pine is not the scrubby, scraggy tree of our barrens. This country has a picturesque, original character of its own, and is somewhat thinly settled too, but among the heaths and pines we saw more beautiful ruined churches than in any district south of the Tweed. The unfailing ivy is there, but it does not grow with over-luxuriance, as it does elsewhere in England, making a lovely covering for an ugly building or an unsightly stump, but sometimes muffling and hiding the beauties of finer architecture, and disguising delicate Gothic outlines like a thick hood.

[Our traveller follows this description of scenery with an account of what she saw in the great cathedrals of England, including Westminster, Winchester, Worcester, and Gloucester. Her description of these is too extended for our space.]

Besides these, we saw Chester, Peterboro', York Minster, Wells, Ely, Canterbury: for the first three I cared less than for the others, though Peterboro' is very fine, especially the west front, which is a miracle of richness and proportion; and York is grand from its size and the harmony which reigns throughout, all the additions and restorations having been made in such perfect accordance with

the original design that it looks as if it were the work of the same century. Besides the fine monuments, there are superb stained-glass windows, one very old, and called the "Five Sisters," said to have been the gift of five maiden ladies, each of whom bestowed a compartment designed from her own embroidery; for which *vide* "Nicholas Nickleby." We went down into the crypt to see the remains of the old Norman church and some fragments of a Saxon one, most ancient of all: there, among those venerable, those sacred stones, was a steam-engine, contrived to blow the huge bellows of the organ; and there were the gas-pipes by which the cathedral is now lighted: a number of jets were flaring in the vaults; the steam-engine blew and heaved in a horrible manner; there were heaps of coal lying between the grand broken Norman pillars; the light and smell of gas pervaded the whole place. It was like the cellar of a manufactory, and we went up-stairs with outraged sensibilities. Ely is glorious within and without; Wells is the loveliest of cathedrals; Canterbury is Canterbury.

Besides cathedrals, almost every parish in England has at least one beautiful church. The most interesting of them to us was the Holy Sepulchre at Cambridge. It belonged to the Knights Templars, and is circular, like most of their churches, in imitation of our Saviour's tomb at Jerusalem. It is very small, very low, very massive, with short round pillars, round arches, decorated only with the simple, effective zigzag moulding peculiar to the early Norman style; corbels running down from the domical vaulted roof (still recalling Moslem architecture), and ending in strange faces, military yet melancholy in expression,—probably portraits of the knights by whom it was founded in the year of our Lord 1101. The Temple Church in London is much larger and handsomer, but not nearly so curious and striking.

Almost all the old churches in England suffer exceedingly either from the defect of the stone of which they are built or the action of the atmosphere upon it: they looked honeycombed, worm-eaten; their tracery is obliterated, their mullions are wasted as if by wear and tear. The interiors, protected from the weather, fare best, but even the cloisters, which are open on one side, are often in a ruinous condition, and the stone peels and crumbles under the touch like rusty iron. Chester Cathedral is an extreme instance: its dilapidation amounts to disfigurement. It is one of the least imposing and interesting, yet for an American just landed it is a profound revelation; and as Chester is close to Liverpool, one cannot do better than stop there for a day.

The old city is full of quaint characteristics, too well known to need description here. One of the gates is called by the odd title of the Pepper-gate. In the sixteenth century there was a mayor named Pepper, who had a young daughter in her middle teens. One evening, as she was playing ball with her companions near this gate, an impetuous youth rushed in, snatched her up, and carried her off through it. The mayor caused the gate to be closed, which gave rise to the saying, "When the daughter is stolen shut the Pepper-gate." Chester is the only city in England which has preserved the entire circuit of its walls: the town has spread far beyond them in every direction, except where they are washed by the Dee, but they form an unbroken round, and are used as a public walk, from which one looks into many a queer corner. Following its course, one comes upon a small turret rising from the battlements, on which is the inscription, "From this tower, on September 27, 1645, King Charles saw his army defeated at Rowton Moor." How much of anguish and doom lies in those few words! No doubt Sir Walter Scott

is much to blame, but he can hardly be held answerable for all the sentiment with which we trace the footsteps of the Stuarts, dogged by fanatical hatred and murderous revenge, upheld by adventurous, daring, romantic loyalty and chivalrous self-devotion.

THE "OLD TOWN" OF EDINBURGH.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

[From one of the most notable of Scotland's literary sons we extract the following attractive description of the famous capital city of that land, the source of our selection being Stevenson's "Edinburgh: Picturesque Notes." The "Old Town" section of the city is particularly limned for us in the selection here given.]

THE ancient and famous metropolis of the North sits overlooking a windy estuary from the slope and summit of three hills. No situation could be more commanding for the head city of a kingdom, none better chosen for noble prospects. From her tall precipice and terraced gardens she looks far and wide on the sea and broad champaigns. To the east you may catch at sunset the spark of the May light-house, where the Firth expands into the German Ocean; and away to the west, over all the carse of Stirling, you can see the first snows upon Ben Ledi.

But Edinburgh pays cruelly for her high seat in one of the vilest climates under heaven. She is liable to be beaten upon by all the winds that blow, to be drenched with rain, to be buried in cold sea fogs out of the east, and powdered with snow as it comes flying southward from the Highland hills. The weather is raw and boisterous in winter, shiftY and ungenial in summer, and a downright meteorological purgatory in the spring. The delicate die early,

and I, as a survivor, among bleak winds and plumping rain, have been sometimes tempted to envy them their fate. For all who love shelter and the blessings of the sun, who hate dark weather and perpetual tilting against squalls, there could scarcely be found a more unhomely and harassing place of residence. Many such aspire angrily after that Somewhere-else of the imagination, where all troubles are supposed to end. They lean over the great bridge which joins the New Town with the Old—that windiest spot or high altar in this northern temple of the winds—and watch the trains smoking out from under them and vanishing into the tunnel on a voyage to brighter skies. Happy the passengers who shake off the dust of Edinburgh, and have heard for the last time the cry of the east wind among her chimney-tops! And yet the place establishes an interest in people's hearts; go where they will, they find no city of the same distinction; go where they will, they take a pride in their old home.

Venice, it has been said, differs from all other cities in the sentiment which she inspires. The rest may have admirers; she only, a famous fair one, counts lovers in her train. And, indeed, even by her kindest friends, Edinburgh is not considered in a similar sense. These like her for many reasons, not any one of which is satisfactory in itself. They like her whimsically, if you will, and somewhat as a virtuoso dotes upon his cabinet. Her attraction is romantic in the narrowest meaning of the term. Beautiful as she is, she is not so much beautiful as interesting. She is pre-eminently Gothic, and all the more so since she has set herself off with some Greek airs, and erected classic temples on her crags.

In a word, and above all, she is a curiosity. The Palace of Holyrood has been left aside in the growth of Edinburgh, and stands gray and silent in a workmen's quarter

and among breweries and gas-works. It is a house of many memories. Great people of yore, kings and queens, buffoons and grave ambassadors, played their stately farce for centuries in Holyrood. Wars have been plotted, dancing has lasted deep into the night, murder has been done in its chambers. There Prince Charlie held his phantom levées, and in a very gallant manner represented a fallen dynasty for some hours. Now, all these things of clay are mingled with the dust; the king's crown itself is shown for sixpence to the vulgar; but the stone palace has outlived these changes.

For fifty weeks together it is no more than a show for tourists and a museum of old furniture; but on the fifty-first, behold the palace reawakening and mimicking its past. The Lord Commissioner, a kind of stage sovereign, sits among stage courtiers; a coach and six and clattering escort come and go before the gate; at night the windows are lighted up, and its near neighbors, the workmen, may dance in their own houses to the palace music. And in this the palace is typical. There is a spark among the embers; from time to time the old volcano smokes. Edinburgh has but partly abdicated, and still wears, in parody, her metropolitan trappings. Half a capital and half a country town, the whole city leads a double existence; it has long trances of the one and flashes of the other; like the king of the Black Isles, it is half alive and half a monumental marble. There are armed men and cannon in the citadel overhead; you may see the troops marshalled on the high parade; and at night, after the early winter even-fall, and in the morning before the laggard winter dawn, the wind carries abroad over Edinburgh the sound of drums and bugles. Grave judges sit bewigged in what was once the scene of imperial deliberations.

Close by in the High Street perhaps the trumpets may

sound about the stroke of noon; and you see a troop of citizens in tawdry masquerade, tabard above, heather-mixture trouser below, and the men themselves trudging in the mud among unsympathetic by-standers. The grooms of a well-appointed circus tread the streets with a better presence, and yet these are the Heralds and Pursuivants of Scotland, who are about to proclaim a new law of the United Kingdom before twoscore boys, and thieves, and hackney-coachmen. Meanwhile, every hour, the bell of the University rings out over the hum of the streets, and every hour a double tide of students, coming and going, fills the deep archways.

And lastly, one night in the spring time—or say one morning rather, at the peep of day—late folk may hear the voices of many men singing a psalm in unison from a church on one side of the old High Street, and a little after or perhaps a little before, the sound of many men singing a psalm in unison from another church on the opposite side of the way. There will be something in the words about the dew of Hermon, and how goodly it is to see brethren dwelling together in unity. And the late folk will tell themselves that all this singing denotes the conclusion of two yearly ecclesiastical parliaments,—the parliaments of churches which are brothers in many admirable virtues, but not specially like brothers in this particular of a tolerant and peaceful life.

Again, meditative people will find a charm in a certain consonance between the aspect of the city and its odd and stirring history. Few places, if any, offer a more barbaric display of contrasts to the eye. In the very midst stands one of the most satisfactory crags in nature,—a Bass Rock upon dry land, rooted in a garden, shaken by passing trains, carrying a crown of battlements and turrets, and describing its warlike shadow over the liveliest and brightest

thoroughfare of the new town. From their smoky beehives, ten stories high, the unwashed look down upon the open squares and gardens of the wealthy; and gay people sunning themselves along Prince's Street, with its mile of commercial palaces all beflagged upon some great occasion, see, across a gardened valley set with statues, where the washings of the old town flutter in the breeze at its high windows.

And then, upon all sides, what a clashing of architecture! In this one valley, where the life of the town goes most busily forward, there may be seen, shown one above and behind another by the accidents of the ground, buildings in almost every style upon the globe. Egyptian and Greek temples, Venetian palaces and Gothic spires, are huddled one over another in most admired disorder, while, above all, the brute mass of the Castle and the summit of Arthur's Seat look down upon these imitations with a becoming dignity, as the works of Nature may look down upon the monuments of Art.

But Nature is a more indiscriminate patroness than we imagine, and in no way frightened of a strong effect. The birds roost as willingly among the Corinthian capitals as in the crannies of the crag; the same atmosphere and daylight clothe the eternal rock and yesterday's imitation portico; and as the soft northern sunshine throws out everything into a glorified distinctness,—or easterly mists, coming up with the blue evening, fuse all these incongruous features into one, and the lamps begin to glitter along the street, and faint lights to burn in the high windows across the valley,—the feeling grows upon you that this also is a piece of nature in the most intimate sense; that this profusion of eccentricities, this dream in masonry and living rock, is not a drop-scene in a theatre, but a city in the world of every-day reality, connected by railway and tele-

graph-wire with all the capitals of Europe, and inhabited by citizens of the familiar type, who keep ledgers, and attend church, and have sold their immortal portion to a daily paper. By all the canons of romance, the place demands to be half deserted and leaning towards decay; birds we might admit in profusion, the play of the sun and winds, and a few gypsies encamped in the chief thoroughfare; but these citizens, with their cabs and tramways, their trains and posters, are altogether out of key. Chartered tourists, they make free with historical localities, and rear their young among the most picturesque sites with a grand human indifference. To see them thronging by, in their neat clothes and conscious moral rectitude, and with a little air of possession that verges on the absurd, is not the least striking feature of the place.

And the story of the town is as eccentric as its appearance. For centuries it was a capital thatched with heather, and more than once, in the evil days of English invasion, it has gone up in flame to heaven, a beacon to ships at sea. It was the jousting-ground of jealous nobles, not only on Greenside or by the king's stables, where set tournaments were fought to the sound of trumpets and under the authority of the royal presence, but in every alley where there was room to cross swords, and in the main street, where popular tumult under the Blue Blanket alternated with the brawls of outlandish clansmen and retainers.

Down in the palace John Knox reproved his queen in the accents of modern democracy. In the town, in one of those little shops plastered like so many swallows' nests among the buttresses of the old Cathedral, that familiar autocrat, James VI., would gladly share a bottle of wine with George Heriot the goldsmith. Up on the Pentland Hills, that so quietly look down on the Castle with the city lying in waves around it, those mad and dismal fanatics, the Sweet

Singers, haggard from long exposure on the moors, sat day and night with tearful psalms to see Edinburgh consumed with fire from heaven, like another Sodom or Gomorrah. There, in the Grass-market, stiff-necked, covenanting heroes offered up the often unnecessary, but not less honorable, sacrifice of their lives, and bade eloquent farewell to sun, moon, and stars, and earthly friendships, or died silent to the roll of drums. Down by yon outlet rode Grahame of Claverhouse and his thirty dragoons, with the town beating to arms behind their horses' tails,—a sorry handful thus riding for their lives, but with a man at the head who was to return in a different temper, make a dash that staggered Scotland to the heart, and die happily in the thick of fight. There Aikenhead was hanged for a piece of boyish incredulity; there a few years afterwards, David Hume ruined Philosophy and Faith, an undisturbed and well-reputed citizen; and thither, in yet a few years more, Burns came from the plough-tail, as to an academy of gilt unbelief and artificial letters. . . .

The Old Town occupies a sloping ridge or tail of diluvial matter, protected, in some subsidence of the waters, by the Castle cliffs which fortify it to the west. On the one side of it and the other the new towns of the south and of the north occupy their lower, broader, and more gentle hill-tops. Thus, the quarter of the Castle overtops the whole city and keeps an open view to sea and land. It dominates for miles on every side; and people on the decks of ships, or ploughing in quiet country places over in Fife, can see the banner on the Castle battlements, and the smoke of the old town blowing abroad over the subjacent country. A city that is set upon a hill. It was, I suppose, from this distant aspect that she got her nickname of *Auld Reekie*. Perhaps it was given her by people who had never crossed her doors: day after day, from their various rustic Pisgahs,

they had seen the pile of building on the hill-top, and the long plume of smoke over the plain; so it appeared to them; so it had appeared to their fathers tilling the same field; and as that was all they knew of the place, it could be all expressed in these two words.

Indeed, even on a nearer view, the Old Town is properly smoked; and though it is well washed with rain all the year round, it has a grim and sooty aspect among its younger suburbs. It grew, under the law that regulates the growth of walled cities in precarious situations, not in extent, but in height and density. Public buildings were forced, wherever there was room for them, into the midst of thoroughfares; thoroughfares were diminished into lanes; houses sprang up story after story, neighbor mounting upon neighbor's shoulder, as in some Black Hole of Calcutta, until the population slept fourteen or fifteen feet deep in a vertical direction.

The tallest of these *lands*, as they are locally termed, have long since been burnt out; but to this day it is not uncommon to see eight or ten windows at a flight; and the cliff of building which hangs imminent over Waverley Bridge would still put many natural precipices to shame. The cellars are already high above the gazer's head, planted on the steep hill-side; as for the garret, all the furniture may be in the pawn-shop, but it commands a famous prospect to the Highland hills. The poor man may roost up there in the centre of Edinburgh, and yet have a peep of the green country from his window; he shall see the quarters of the well-to-do fathoms underneath, with their broad squares and gardens; he shall have nothing overhead but a few spires, the stone top-gallants of the city; and perhaps the wind may reach him with a rustic pureness, and bring a smack of the sea, or of flowering lilacs in the spring. . . .

One night I went along the Cowgate after every one was a-bed but the policeman, and stopped by hazard before a tall *land*. The moon touched upon its chimneys, and shone blankly on the upper windows; there was no light anywhere in the great bulk of the building; but as I stood there it seemed to me that I could hear quite a body of quiet sounds from the interior; doubtless there were many clocks ticking, and people snoring on their backs. And thus, as I fancied, the dense life within made itself faintly audible in my ears, family after family contributing its quota to the general hum, and the whole pile beating in tune to its time-pieces, like a great disordered heart. Perhaps it was little more than a fancy altogether, but it was strangely impressive at the time, and gave me an imaginative measure of the disproportion between the quantity of living flesh and the trifling walls that separated and contained it.

There was nothing fanciful, at least, but every circumstance of terror and reality, in the fall of the *land* in High Street. The building had grown rotten to the core; the entry underneath had suddenly closed up, so that the scavenger's barrow could not pass; cracks and reverberations sounded through the house at night; the inhabitants of the huge old human bee-hive discussed their peril when they encountered on the stair; some had even left their dwellings in a panic of fear, and returned to them again in a fit of economy or self-respect; when, in the black hours of a Sunday morning, the whole structure ran together with a hideous uproar and tumbled story upon story to the ground. The physical shock was felt far and near, and the moral shock travelled with the morning milkmaid into all the suburbs.

The church-bells never sounded more dismally over Edinburgh than that gray forenoon. Death had made a

brave harvest, and, like Samson, by pulling down one roof destroyed many a home. None who saw it can have forgotten the aspect of the gable: here it was plastered, there papered, according to the rooms; here the kettle still stood on the hob, high overhead; and there a cheap picture of the Queen was pasted over the chimney. So, by this disaster, you had a glimpse into the life of thirty families, all suddenly cut off from the revolving years. The *land* had fallen; and with the *land* how much! Far in the country, people saw a gap in the city ranks, and the sun looked through between the chimneys in an unwonted place. And all over the world, in London, in Canada, in New Zealand, fancy what a multitude of people could exclaim with truth, "The house that I was born in fell last night!"

IN THE LAND OF ROB ROY.

NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

[From Willis's "Famous Persons and Places" we select an interesting description of some Scottish scenes which the works of Scott have rendered famous, including the home of Rob Roy and the lakes Lomond and Katrine, the latter the scene of the "Lady of the Lake." Passing many famous places on his way north, the traveller at length reached the "fir-famed and much-boasted valley of Glencoe," which he describes in the chapter following.]

WE passed the head of the valley near Tyndrum, where McDougal of Lorn defeated the Bruce, and were half way up the wild pass that makes its southern outlet, when our Highland driver, with a shout of delight, pointed out to us a red deer, standing on the very summit of the highest mountain above us. It was an incredible distance to see

any living thing, but he stood clear against the sky, in a relief as strong as if he had been suspended in the air, and with his head up, and his chest towards us, seemed the true monarch of the wild.

At Invarenden, Donald McPhee begged for the discharge of himself and his horse and cart from our service. He had come with us eighty miles, and was afraid to venture farther on his travels, having never before been twenty miles from the Highland village where he lived. It was amusing to see the curiosity with which he looked about him, and the caution with which he suffered the hostler at the inn to take the black mare out of his sight. The responsibility of the horse and cart weighed heavily on his mind, and he expressed his hope to "get her back safe," with an apprehensive resolution that would have become a knight-errant guiding himself for his most perilous encounter. Poor Donald! how little he knew how wide is the world, and how very like one part of it is to another!

Our host of Invarenden supplied us with another cart to take us down to Tarbot, and having dined with a waterfall looking in at each of our two opposite windows (the inn stands in a valley between two mountains), we were committed to the care of his eldest boy, and jolted off for the head of Loch Lomond.

I have never happened to see a traveller who had seen Loch Lomond in perfectly good weather. My companion had been there every summer for several years, and believes it always rained under Ben Lomond. As we came in sight of the lake, however, the water looked like one sheet of gold leaf, trembling, as if by the motion of fish below, but unruffled by wind; and if paradise were made so fair, and had such waters in its midst, I could better conceive than before the unhappiness of Adam when driven forth. The sun was just setting, and the road de-

scended immediately to the shore, and kept along under precipitous rocks, and slopes of alternate cultivation and heather, to the place of our destination. And a lovely place it is! Send me to Tarbot when I would retreat from the world. It is an inn buried in a grove at the foot of hills, and set in a bend of the lake-shore, like a diamond upon an "orbed brow;" and the light in its kitchen, as we approached in the twilight, was as interesting as a ray of the "first water" from the same. We had now reached the route of the cockney tourists, and while we perceived it agreeably in the excellence of the hotel, we perceived it disagreeably in the price of the wines, and the presence of what my friend called "unmitigated vulgarisms" in the coffee-room. That is the worst of England. The people are vulgar, but not vulgar enough. One dances with the lazzaroni at Naples, when he would scarce think of handing the newspaper to the "person" on a tour at Tarbot. Condescension is the only agreeable virtue, I have made up my mind.

Well—it was moonlight. The wind was south and affectionate, and the road in front of the hotel "fleck'd with silver," and my friend's wife, and the corresponding object of interest to myself, being on the other side of Ben Lomond and the Tweed, we had nothing for it after supper but to walk up and down with one another, and talk of the past. In the course of our ramble we walked through an open gate, and, ascending a gravel walk, found a beautiful cottage, built between two mountain streams, and ornamented with every device of taste and contrivance. The mild pure torrents were led over falls and brought to the threshold of bowers, and seats, and bridges, and winding paths were distributed up the steep channels in a way that might make it a haunt for Titania. It is the property, we found afterwards, of a Scotch gentleman, and a

great summer retreat of the celebrated Jeffrey, his friend. It was one more place to which my heart clung in parting.

Loch Lomond sat still for its picture in the morning, and after an early breakfast we took a row-boat, with a couple of Highlanders, for Inversnade, and pulled across the lake with a kind of drowsy delightfulness in the scene and air which I had never before found out of Italy. We overshot our destination a little to look into Rob Roy's cave, a dark den in the face of the rock, which has the look of his vocation; and then pulling back along the shore, we were landed, in the spray of a waterfall, at a cottage occupied by the boatmen of this Highland ferry. From this point across to Loch Katrine is some five miles, and the scene of Scott's novel of Rob Roy. It has been "done" so often by tourists that I leave all particular description of the localities and the scenery to the well-hammered remembrance of readers of magazines, and confine myself to my own private adventures.

The distance between the lakes is usually performed by ladies on donkeys, and by gentlemen on foot, but being myself rather tender-toed with the gout, my companion started off alone, and I lay down on the grass at Inversnade to wait the return of the long eared troop, who were gone across with an earlier party. The waterfall and the cottage just above the edge of the lake, a sharp hill behind, closely wooded with beech and fir, and, on a greensward platform in the rear of the house, two highland lassies, and a laddie, treading down a stack of new hay, were not bad circumstances in which to be left alone with the witcheries of the great enchanter.

I must narrate here an adventure in which my own part was rather a discomfiture, but which will show somewhat the manners of the people. My companion had been gone half an hour, and I was lying at the foot of a tree, listen-

ing to the waterfall and looking off on the lake, and watching by fits the lads and lassies I have spoken of, who were building a haystack between them, and chattering away most unceasingly in Gaelic. The eldest of the girls was a tall, ill-favored damsel, merry as an Oread, but as ugly as Donald Bean; and after a while I began to suspect, by the looks of the boy below, that I had furnished her with a new theme. She addressed some remark to me presently, and a skirmish of banter ensued, which ended in a challenge to me to climb upon the stack. It was about ten feet high, and shelving outward from the bottom, and my Armida had drawn up the ladder. The stack was built, however, under a high tree, and I was soon up the trunk, and, swinging off from a low branch, dropped in the middle of the stack.

In the same instant I was raised in a grasp to which I could offer no resistance, and, with a fling to which I should have believed the strength of few men equal, thrown clear of the stack to the ground. I alighted on my back, with a fall of perhaps twelve feet, and felt seriously hurt. The next moment, however, my gentle friend had me in her arms (I am six feet high in my stockings), and I was carried into the cottage, and laid on a flock bed, before I could well decide whether my back was broken or no. Whiskey was applied externally and internally, and the old crone, who was the only inhabitant of the hovel, commenced a lecture in Gaelic, as I stood once more sound upon my legs, which seemed to take effect upon the penitent, though her victim was no wiser for it. I took the opportunity to look at the frame which had proved itself of such vigorous power, but, except arms of extraordinary length, she was like any other equally ugly, middle sized woman. In the remaining half-hour before the donkeys arrived we became the best of friends, and she set me off

for Loch Katrine with a caution to the ass-driver to take care of me, which that sandy-haired Highlander took as an excellent joke, and no wonder!

The long mountain glen between these two lakes was the home of Rob Roy, and the Highlanders point out various localities, all commemorated in Scott's incomparable story. The house where Helen McGregor was born lies a stone's throw off the road to the left, and Rob Roy's gun is shown by an old woman who lives near by. He must have been rich in arms by the same token, for, besides the well-authenticated one at Abbotsford, I have seen some dozen guns and twice as many daggers and shot-pouches which lay claim to the same honor. I paid my shilling to the old woman not the less. She owed it to the pleasure I had received from Sir Walter's novel.

The view of Loch Lomond back from the highest point of the pass is incomparably fine; at least when I saw it, for sunshine and temperature and the effect of the light vapors on the hills were at their loveliest and most favorable. It looks more like the haunt of a robber and his caterans, probably, in its more common garb of Scotch mist, but, to my eye, it was a scene of the most Arcadian peace and serenity. I dawdled along the five miles upon my donkey, with something of an ache in my back, but a very healthful and sunny freedom from pain and impatience at my heart. And so did *not* Baillie Nicol Jarvie make the same memorable journey.

The cottage inn at the head of Loch Katrine was tenanted by a woman, who might have been a horse-guardsman in petticoats, and who kept her smiles for other cattle than the Sassenach. We bought her whiskey and milk, praised her butter, and were civil to the little Highlandman at her breast; but neither mother nor child were to be mollified. The rocks were bare around, we were too tired for a pull

in the boat, and three mortal hours lay between us and the nearest event in our history. I first penetrated, in the absence of our Hecate, to the inner room of the sheiling. On the wall hung a broadsword, two guns, a trophy or two of deer's horns, and a Sunday suit of plaid, philibeg and short red coat, surmounted by a gallant bonnet and feather. Four cribs, like the berths in a ship, occupied the farther side of the chamber, each large enough to contain two persons; a snow-white table stood between the windows; a sixpenny glass, with an eagle's feather stuck in the frame, hung at such a height that, "though tall of my hands," I could just see my nose; and just under the ceiling on the left was a broad and capacious shelf, on which reposed apparently the old clothes of a century,—a sort of place where the gude-wife would have hidden Prince Charlie, or might rummage for her grandmother's baby linen.

The heavy steps of the dame came over the threshold, and I began to doubt from the look in her eyes whether I should get a blow of her hairy arm or a "persuader" from the butt of a gun for my intrusion. "What are ye wantin' here?" she *speered* at me, with a Helen-McGregor-to-Baillie-Nicol-Jarvie sort of an expression.

"I was looking for a potato to roast, my good woman."

"Is that a' ? Ye'll find it ayont, then !" And pointing to a bag in the corner, she stood while I subtracted the largest, and then followed me to the general kitchen and receiving-room, where I buried my *improrista* dinner in the remains of a peat fire, and congratulated myself on my ready apology.

What to do while the potato was roasting! My English friend had already cleaned his gun for amusement, and I had looked on. We had stoned the pony till he had got beyond us in the morass (small thanks to us if the dame knew it). We had tried to make a chicken swim ashore

from the boat, we had fired away all my friend's percussion-caps, and there was nothing for it but to converse *a riguer*. We lay on our backs till the dame brought us the hot potato on a shovel, with oatcake and butter, and with this Highland dinner the last hour came decently to its death.

An Englishman with his wife and lady's maid came over the hills with a boat's crew, and a lassie who was not very pretty, but who lived on the lake, and had found the means to get "Captain Rob" and his men pretty well under her thumb. We were all embarked, the lassie in the stern-sheets with the captain, and ourselves, though we "paid the scot," of no more consideration than our portman-teaus. I was amused, for it was the first instance I had seen in any country (my own not excepted) of thorough emancipation from the distinction of superiors. Luckily, the girl was bent on showing the captain to advantage, and by ingenious prompting and catechism she induced him to do what probably was his custom when he could not better amuse himself, point out the localities as the boat sped on, and quote the Lady of the Lake with an accent which made it a piece of good fortune to have "crammed" the poem before hand.

The shores of the lake are flat and uninteresting at the head, but towards the scene of Scott's romance they rise into bold precipices, and gradually become worthy of their celebrity. The Trosachs are a cluster of small, green mountains, strewn, or rather piled, with shrubs and mossy verdure, and from a distance you would think only a bird, or Ranald of the Mist, could penetrate their labyrinthine recesses. Captain Rob showed us successively the Braes of Balquidder, Rob Roy's birth- and burial-place, Benledi, and the crag from which hung, by the well-woven skirts of braid cloth, the worthy bailie of Glasgow; and, beneath

a precipice of remarkable wildness, the half-intoxicated steersman raised his arm, and began to repeat, in the most unmitigated gutturals,—

“ High o’er the south hung *Benvenue*,
Down to the lakes *his* masses threw,
Crag, knowls, and mounds *confusedly* hurl’d
The fragments of an earlier *wurru*ld.”

I have underlined it according to the captain’s judicious emphasis, and in the last word have endeavored to spell after his remarkable pronunciation. Probably to a Frenchman, however, it would have seemed all very fine,—for Captain Rob (I must do him justice, though he broke the strap of my portmanteau) was as good-looking a ruffian as you would sketch on a summer’s tour.

Some of the loveliest water I have ever seen in my life (and I am rather an amateur at that element to look at) lies deep down at the bases of these divine Trosachs. The usual approaches from lake to mountain (beach or sloping shore) are here dispensed with; and straight up from the deep water rise the green precipices and bold and ragged rocks, overshadowing the glassy mirror below with tints like a cool corner in a landscape of Ruysdael’s. It is something (indeed, on a second thought, exceedingly) like Lake George; only that the islands in this extremity of Loch Katrine lie closer together, and permit the sun no entrance except by a ray almost perpendicular. A painter will easily understand the effect of this,—the loss of all that *makes a surface* to the water, and the consequent far depth to the eye, as if the boat in which you shot over it brought with it its own water and sent its ripple through the transparent air. I write *currente calamo*, and have no time to clear up my meaning, but it will be evident to all lovers of nature.

Captain Rob put up his helm for a little fairy green

island, lying like a lapful of green moss on the water, and, rounding a point, we ran suddenly into a cove sheltered by a tree, and in a moment the boat grated on the pebbles of a natural beach perhaps ten feet in length. A flight of winding steps, made roughly of roots and stones, ascended from the water's edge.

"Gentlemen and ladies!" said the captain, with a hiccup, "this is Ellen's Isle. This is the gnarled oak" (catching at a branch of a tree as the boat swung astern), "and—you'll please to go up them steps, an' I'll tell you the rest in Ellen's bower."

The Highland lassie sprang on shore, and we followed up the steep ascent, arriving breathless at last at the door of a fanciful bower, built by Lord Willoughby d'Eresby, the owner of the island, exactly after the description in the *Lady of the Lake*. The chairs were made of crooked branches of trees and covered with deer-skins, the tables were laden with armor and every variety of weapon, and the rough beams of the building were hung with antlers and other spoils of the chase.

"Here's where she lived!" said the captain, with the gravity of a cicerone at the Forum, "and *noo*, if ye'll come out, I'll *show* you the echo!"

We followed to the highest point of the island, and the Highlandman gave a scream that showed considerable practice, but I thought he would have burst his throat in the effort. The awful echo went round, "as mentioned in the bill of performance," every separate mountain screaming back the discord till you would have thought the Tro-sachs a crew of mocking giants. It was a wonderful echo, but, like most wonders, I could have been content to have had less for my money.

There was a "small silver beach" on the mainland opposite, and above it a high mass of mountain.

"There," said the captain, "gentlemen and ladies, is where Fitz-James *blew'd* his bugle, and waited for the 'light shallop' of Ellen Douglas; and here, where you landed and came up *them* steps, is where she brought him to the bower, and the very tree's still there,—as you see'd me tak' hold of it,—and over the hill, yonder, is where the gallant gray giv' out, and breathed *his* last, and (will you turn round, if you please, them that likes?) yonder's where Fitz-James met Red Murdoch that killed Blanche of Devon, and right across this water *swum* young Greme that disdained the regular boat, and I s'pose on that lower step set the old Harper and Ellen many a time a-watching for Douglas,—and now, if you'd like to hear the echo once more——"

"Heaven forbid!" was the universal cry; and, in fear of our ears, we put the bower between us and Captain Rob's lungs, and followed the Highland girl back to the boat.

From Ellen's Isle to the head of the small creek, so beautifully described in the "Lady of the Lake," the scenery has the same air of lavish and graceful vegetation, and the same features of mingled boldness and beauty. It is a spot altogether that one is sure to live much in with memory. I see it as clearly now as then.

The whiskey had circulated pretty freely among the crew, and all were more or less intoxicated. Captain Rob's first feat on his legs was to drop my friend's gun-case and break it to pieces, for which he instantly got a cuff between the eyes from the boxing dandy that would have done the business for a softer head. The Scot was a powerful fellow, and I anticipated a row; but the tremendous power of the blow and the skill with which it was planted quite subdued him. He rose from the grass as white as a sheet, but quietly shouldered the portmanteau with which he had fallen, and trudged on with sobered steps to the inn.

We took a post-chaise immediately for Callender, and it was not till we were five miles from the foot of the lake that I lost my apprehensions of an apparition of the Highlander from the darkening woods. We arrived at Callender at nine, and the next morning at sunrise were on our way to breakfast at Stirling.

THE ISLAND OF STAFFA AND FINGAL'S CAVE.

BERIAH BOTFIELD.

[The islands adjoining the Scottish Highlands have much in them to interest the traveller, both in the character and habits of the people and the aspects of nature. As respects natural phenomena, the scenery of the island of Staffa and Fingal's Cave is of especial interest, the development of columnar basalt rocks here being unequalled in extent and perfection. From Botfield's "Journal of a Tour through the Highlands of Scotland during the Summer of 1829" we select the following description of Staffa and the adjacent coast and islands.]

THE full moon shone in cloudless splendor upon the tranquil waters of the bay and the dark shore of Morven. Lights were occasionally seen to gleam from the motionless vessels, and, in the stillness of the night, the distant waterfalls were heard to pour amidst the woody recesses of Drumfin, the romantic residence of McLean, the laird of Coll, on the opposite side of the bay. Beyond the mouth of the harbor, across the Sound of Mull, appeared the rugged coast and wild hills of Morven, so celebrated in the heroic strains of Ossian, upon which, whatever may be the opinion of the spectator as to the authenticity of these celebrated poems, it is impossible to look, at such a time as this, without the deepest emotion. Indeed, the celebrated traveller, Dr. Clarke, who ever regarded them as an in-

genious fiction, blended with a very scanty portion of traditional information, confessed that he could not, nevertheless, avoid feeling some degree of local enthusiasm as he passed the shores upon which so vast a superstructure of amazing but visionary fable had been erected. . . .

At daybreak we were summoned on board the steam-boat, whence we enjoyed a pleasing prospect of the woods and waterfalls surrounding the handsome modern mansion of Drumfin, the residence of McLean, "the chief of the sandy Coll," situated under a range of woody cliffs, upon the margin of a lovely lake, at the eastern point of the Bay of Tobermory. Upon emerging from this harbor, the opening of Loch Sunart, an arm of the sea which deeply indents the rugged coast of Morven, and separates it from the still more wild and rugged district of Ardnamurchan, appeared on our right. . . .

Upon the wild mountain-shore of Ardnamurchan, immediately upon the edge of the sea, the castle of Mingarry appeared, "sternly placed," being surrounded by a polygonal wall, whose edges coincide with those of the ledge of rocks on which it stands; and though it can no longer be said "to overawe the woodland and the waste," yet it is an object of striking interest both from its situation and ancient history. The cliffs which bind this rude shore scarcely rise beyond sixty or one hundred feet in height, but are of a peculiarly savage character, which, combined with the prevailing swell of the mighty Western Ocean, renders any attempt at landing both difficult and dangerous.

[As they proceeded, a long chain of islands was passed, while on the coast at length appeared Caileach Head, so called from the extremely close resemblance of a portion of the rock to the human head. Thence they gained a magnificent view of the coast of Canna, and saw, beautiful in the distance, the dark-blue mountains of the island of Skye, while other islands gemmed the waters nearer at hand.]

Upon this beautiful view of these islands we longed for winged feet to leap from isle to isle; and though the number of the Western Islands exceeds two hundred, our flight of fancy would not

“pause till perched on Kilda’s steep,
The last fair daughter of the Western deep.”

On emerging from the Sound of Mull, and passing the stormy cape of Cailleach Head, we observed the bold rocks of the western coast of Mull, veined with trap, and frequented by flocks of sea-fowl. As we proceeded down the strait, between the islands of Coll and of Mull, the little archipelago of the Treshanish Islands came in sight. As we drew near these singular islands, consisting of Fladda, Linga, Bach, and the two Cairnburgs, we gradually discerned their columnar structure, which, though not so decided as that of Staffa, yet appeared sufficiently evident to warrant the supposition that these are similar rocks of basalt emerging from the deep, and just sufficiently clothed with verdure to merit the appellation of islands. Upon the larger of the Cairnburgs we saw, upon our right, as we approached its shore, a ruined fortalice, used as a place of refuge by the warlike and turbulent McLeans of Duart. This was a place of strength in the Norwegian times, but is now only tenanted by a few wandering sheep, as are also Fladda and Bach, which last, from its singularly oval shape, has obtained from mariners the name of the Dutchman’s Cap.

This little chain of islets, with their treble summits and varied forms, appeared under a thousand different aspects as we advanced between them and the coast of Mull. Engaged as our attention had been by these interesting objects, it was effectually diverted when we beheld, for the first time, the celebrated island of Staffa, so justly esteemed

one of the greatest natural curiosities the world can boast, and well worth all the perils of the voyage; since no description, however eloquent, no picture, however vivid, can portray this admirable demonstration of nature's power as it is seen and felt by the beholder.

Beyond Staffa we discerned, as yet indistinctly, the tower of the cathedral upon the Isle of Iona; and, more distantly to the extreme west, the island of Tiree; while close upon our left appeared the range of rocky precipices which render the coast of Mull so interesting. . . . In the distance rose proudly to heaven the lofty summit of Ben More, and the lesser mountain of Mamelachaig, in Mull.

Little islets, some of them bearing vestiges of ancient forts, are scattered over the face of the deep, between Ulva and Staffa, to which island, as we approached, our gaze was eagerly directed; and as we beheld its unrivalled columnar structure more distinctly, we were enabled to appreciate more justly the far-famed wonders of this precious gem of the sea. Having stayed our course underneath its most precipitous and attractive side, fronting the southwest, we instantly got into the boat, and rowed off for Fingal's Cave, over unusually quiescent water.

As the tide was ebbing fast, we landed at the entrance of the cave underneath the most magnificent arch it is possible to conceive; the mouth of the cave being seventy feet high and about forty-two broad. We scrambled on without difficulty along its eastern side, over the flat tops of the broken yet upright pillars, which form an excellent causeway, into the interior of the cave, and there contemplated, with infinite awe and admiration, this magnificent temple of the God of Nature. . . .

This celebrated cave is entirely composed of basaltic pillars, having from five to six sides in general, but vary-

ing to seven or eight, the ends of which are generally about two feet in diameter, accurately corresponding with each other at the roof and bottom of the cavern, which has been formed, it may be conjectured, by the action of the sea undermining the jointed columns, and thus producing the excavation, which gradually diminishes in breadth to its termination, two hundred and twenty-seven feet from its entrance. This majestic vault is poetically termed in Gaelic, *Uiamh Binn*—the Musical Cave—from the echo of the waves within its mighty recesses, and somewhat unaccountably has obtained the name of Fingal, though tradition has not connected it in any way with the illustrious exploits of that Ossianic hero.

As the tide never entirely leaves the cave, the only floor it has is the beautifully translucent green wave of the sea, reflecting from its bosom those tints which vary and harmonize the darker hues of the rock, and often throwing on the basaltic columns the flickering lights which its undulating surface receives from the rays of the sun without.

The roof of the cave is extremely curious and beautiful, the interstices between the pillars being filled up by stalactites of varied hue, whose beautiful tints have the fine effect of greatly enriching this natural mosaic work. The murmur of the swelling tide, mingling with the deep-toned echoes of the vault, which grandly reverberated to the repeated reports of our double-barrelled pistol, added to the stupendous magnificence of the columns, and the splendid singularity of the scene, produced emotions in the mind which defy description, and which future impressions will never be able to obliterate.

Reluctantly quitting the Cave of Fingal, we proceeded in our boat under the highest part of the magnificent colonnade of basaltic pillars, which rise to the height of one

hundred and twelve feet above high-water mark, between Fingal's Cave and a square dark aperture in the lowest stratum of the rock called the Boat Cave, because it is accessible by that mode alone, and runs in the rock one hundred and forty feet, like the gallery of a mine. The columnar structure of the trap-rock is extremely evident above and around this cave, and continues equally so as far as the Cormorant's or McKinnon's Cave to the west, which derives its former name from the feathered race that inhabit it, and of which a fine specimen flew over our heads as we approached the spacious entrance of the cave.

This singular aperture is peculiarly striking from the simplicity and regularity of its form. The columns are extremely perfect, and rise immediately from a black amorphous mass of indurated matter, through which are dispersed nodules and fragments of a still darker rock, altogether closely resembling the scoriæ of a volcano, strongly corroborative of the igneous origin of basaltic rocks. The height of this cave is fifty feet, its breadth forty-eight, and its length two hundred and twenty-four feet. The range of columns over its front is extremely beautiful, being hollowed or bent into a concave recess, while the upper part presents a curious and regular geometric ceiling of a striking and unusual appearance.

Repassing the Boat Cave and the range of columns above it, we landed below the echoing arch of the great cave, and availing ourselves of the natural steps afforded by the gigantic causeway, which rises step by step up to the base of the grand colonnade, walked to the detached rock called Buachaille (*Bonzólos*), or the Herdsman. This noted rock rises about thirty feet above the waves, consisting of an agglomeration of columns resting against each other, and meeting, until they form a conical body, which ap-

pears to lie upon a bed of singularly curved horizontal columns visible only at low water,—an advantage which we fortunately enjoyed, and found several sea anemones in the hollows of the rocks.

Passing a rugged point where the causeway projects considerably, we came suddenly upon the Scallop or Clamshell Cave, so justly esteemed one of the most wonderful features of this famous island. This cave is a large rent or fissure in the rock, one hundred and thirty feet long, thirty in height, and eighteen in breadth at its entrance, where it presents on one side the singular phenomenon of the curved and contorted, yet as usual polygonal, columns of basalt, bent so as to form a series of ribs, each forty or fifty feet long, without a joint, their ends standing up and terminating abruptly, not unlike the inside view of the timbers of a ship. On the opposite side of the cave the broken ends of the pillars are so disposed as to bear a general resemblance to the surface of a honeycomb. The lateral dimensions of this cave gradually contract until they terminate in a long, narrow fissure in the rock. By the continued basaltic causeway on the northern side access is obtained to the table-summit of the island, upon which black cattle find good pasturage, though a ruined hut and an extensive prospect are all that can be expected in requital of the fatigue of the ascent.

This celebrated island, it may be remarked, lies in the same longitude with the Giant's Causeway on the northern coast of Ireland.

Returning from the Clamshell Cave round the point of the causeway, we regained the Buachaille rock, under which, in the narrow channel between it and the causeway, just sufficient to allow it to swim, we found our boat, and were conveyed in it back to the steamboat, whence we surveyed, with unsated curiosity, the wonderful island we

had just explored, and had ample opportunity of appreciating the truth of its Norwegian derivation from *staff*, a stave, to which those barbarians likened its columns. The grand southern façade of the island is formed of three beds of trap-rock of unequal thickness; the lowest being a conglomerate tufaceous trap, about fifty feet thick on the western side, but, in consequence of its inclination, disappearing under the sea a little to the westward of the great cave. The middle bed is composed of basaltic columns, placed vertically on the plane of their bed, and of unequal depth, varying from thirty-six to fifty-four feet. The upper stratum consists of amorphous and tufaceous trap, intermixed with small basaltic veins and columns, and by its inequality and depth forms the contour of the island, whose surface is covered with turf, and presents nothing remarkable. The cliffs upon the northern shore of the island are very rugged and irregular, and contain about five caves of lesser note, being remarkable only for the resounding of the waves upon breaking into them, resembling much "the cannon's opening roar."

[Not far removed from Staffa is the famous isle of Iona, celebrated as the place where Columba, an Irish sixth century saint, founded a monastery and converted the inhabitants from Druidism to Christianity. The establishment founded by him flourished for centuries, and the ruins of the cathedral and other antique buildings still remain. One of these, "the Reilig Ouran, to the south of St. Oran's Chapel, was for centuries the ordinary burial-place of the Scottish kings, whose tombs, to the number of forty-eight, form a long and continuous series of oblong narrow stones, laid flat side by side, and bearing scrolls and effigies, but no inscriptions."]

Tradition has recorded Fergus the Second as the earliest monarch of the line, having been entombed about 420 A.D., and included among the number his successors down to Macbeth; though Macculloch conjectures, from the circum-

stance of the body of Alexander II., who died at Kerrera, having been conveyed to Melrose for burial, that Iona did not enjoy so great a reputation as the burial-place of kings as it is commonly said to have done in the earlier ages of the Scottish monarchy. However, our conductor, parallel to the royal tombs of Scotland, pointed out to us a similar line, containing eight Norwegian princes or vice-roys of the island, during the remote period when that barbarous people exercised sovereignty over the Isles of the Gael. These tombs are chiefly distinguished by the Runic knots and curious representations of vessels rudely sculptured upon the oblong pieces of primitive rock which cover their graves. Adjoining these, a row of four similar stones indicate the graves of as many Irish kings, near to which is said to lie one king of France. Altogether they constitute perhaps the most extensive association of crowned heads in the habitable globe.

[The latter "kings" were perhaps but chiefs, and here, near the royal tombs, are buried most of the insular Highland chieftains, the Macdonalds, the Macleans, and others of ancient days.]

IRELAND AND ITS CAPITAL.

MATTHEW WOODS, M.D.

[Among recent books of travel few have attained more immediate and flattering success than Dr. Woods's "Rambles of a Physician," the racy story of a run through Ireland, Britain, and the continent of Europe. The author has keen powers of observation and fluency in description, and has put on record much that other travellers fail to mention. We give his *résumé* of his run through Ireland and his telling description of what he saw in the people's quarter of Dublin.]

I HAVE been strolling at leisure through the streets, and find myself at the end of the long twilight perplexed instead of pleased by what I have seen. Why is it so difficult to get at the truth about Ireland? Why is it that, when a man begins to talk about even its beauty, he exaggerates it beyond recognition, and that the very few who do give the plain facts are not believed? Why do I read in a little book that I have just found on the parlor table, and which explains the origin of the name "Emerald Isle," the following words, paraphrased from a popular history: "The name Emerald Isle is generally supposed to have been derived from the *evergreen appearance of her shores*, whereas it really originated from the ring which was set with the words 'Optimo Smaragdo,' and which Pope Adrian sent to King Henry IV. as the instrument of his investiture with the dominion of the land." Now, the truth is, Ireland's shores are not "evergreen;" not green at all, but brown and barren, with occasional patches of bright yellow when the *prussach's* in bloom, and bronze when the blossoms fall.

From Queenstown to Cork there is, I admit, a refreshing verdure, especially attractive because of the monotony of the recently-crossed sea, and the houses, too, in this strip, are enveloped in flowers; but this is not because they are in Ireland, but is rather due to their being occupied by English or Scotch or their descendants, who sing thus "the Lord's song in a strange land." Yet from Cork to Killybegs, by the Prince of Wales route, you rarely see a bit of verdure; not a flower by the roadside, nor in a window, nor the slightest attempt at the beautification of a home, or to make the best of little. For part of the way not a green field, nor a tree, nor a shrub, nor a weed, nor a blade of grass, nor the song of a bird, nor the hum of an insect,—nothing, absolutely, but brown, barren desolation, associated

with a sort of solitude that but intensifies the gloom. Occasionally a narrow belt of potatoes encircling a cabin, always built without mortar, as there is no sand in Ireland, is the only relief from the depressing waste until you reach Glengariff, where you find the English idea again, which has covered the barren rocks with flowers and fruit, comfortable homes and waving grain, the contrast, indeed, making the most taciturn eloquent in praise. From Glengariff to Killarney the same sterile desolation. Miles and miles without a bit of pleasant vegetation to rest the weary eyes. The district suggesting rather some of the dismal places described by Dante or Virgil, Ariosto, Tasso, or Milton, as the abode of souls condemned, rather than districts occupied by living men.

After passing through these regions of perpetual misery and despair, these birdless and treeless wastes, you get to regard any little bit of green as a godsend. You have, perhaps, closed your eyes to shut out the depressing melancholy of the apparently anathematized place; you cannot shut out all thoughts of the wretched and benighted men that relentless fate seems to have anchored on these more relentless shores. You have for some time past been ascending the side of a whin-spangled mountain; having reached the summit, the vehicle stops,—you look abroad, and behold the Islands of the Blest, Civitas Solis, Utopia, the New Atlantis, Paradise, what you will; otherwise, Killarney is at your feet, and you feel

“Like stout Cortez when, with eagle eyes,
He stared at the Pacific,—and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise,—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.”

It was here that, when we sought O'Holleron [an enthusiastic Irish patriot of the party], who had suddenly

disappeared, we found him with bent head, tears running down his cheeks, and sobbing. You descend from this Pisgah to the lakes, and remain for a few days, until you have exhausted your collection of exclamations, and have repeated them again in writing to your friends, when you proceed.

From here to the Liffy the country is not so brown as the region through which you have passed, but still unattractive in the extreme. It is not green, but greenish, with most of the small fields, as is the mode here, enclosed within thick walls of stone, built without mortar, and void of vegetation. Farms small (average size about six acres), tumble-down houses, no inspiring legends nor traditions, intellects dead, no past, present, nor future, nothing but the same dreary lament, in which everything participates,—the emigrant, landlord, tenant; the very clouds weep over it; hardly ever cease. At every cluster of houses, at a cross-road, the number of bare-limbed women, wearing but two garments, one of them a petticoat, coming only below the knees, makes you think of Gros's remark, that "Irishwomen have a dispensation from the pope to wear the thick end of their legs downward." . . .

Visitors here find the country so ludicrously, or rather so mournfully, different from what they have been taught to expect—the Isle of Saints; the Emerald Isle; "the land of chaste women and brave men;" the hospitable land; "a kind-hearted people;" "a people of sobriety and industry," are some of the epithets used—that, unless sickened into silence by the humiliating reality, they think of what they have read and heard as a joke, and, to keep the tears back, joke too; and this I believe is the origin of many of the hilarious things written about Ireland.

You might think the birth of the Duke of Wellington and Oliver Goldsmith here would have raised this part

of the island above the commonplace, as that of Burns did Ayr; of Shakespeare, Stratford; of Gray and Penn, Stoke Poges; of Goethe, Frankfort; or of Emerson, a few white houses upon a New England plain; but no, there are no memorials in this district at all, except the scant fragments left by the old pagan and semi-christianized natives before the land was the home of thriftlessness and whiskey.

The picture is the saddest of all the sad pictures of modern retrogression, with no prospect of the advent of a mind capable of suggesting the proper remedy.

[Certainly one cannot but say, after this depressing picture by one "to the manner born," that Ireland needs regenerating. We give next his impressions of Dublin, which are no more enlivening in tone.]

But about Dublin. What of it? It is certainly a place of handsome municipal buildings, and others, too, built in an imposing manner, and yet all there is architecturally great in the whole city you see at a glance, the moment you cross O'Connell's Bridge. The first view, therefore, is impressive in the extreme; the buildings magnificent, splendidly proportioned, symmetrical. You can see them all at once, and are delighted; but penetrate those vistas, and behold them,—a suit of sixteenth-century mail for man and horse on Sancho Panza and his mule, or a gracefully painted window that shuts off an ugly view,—all that you see at the first glance is all that there is.

To be sure, there are many churches,—perhaps one hundred,—including Methodists, Moravians, Friends, Baptists, Unitarians, Presbyterians, Jews, besides those belonging to the two religious bodies most numerous here,—the Churches of Ireland and Rome; some of them of great beauty; ostentatious, to be sure, as if they were competing with each other in display; and yet with all this the city has none of those pleasant surprises that you expect in old

towns, and that you find even with us [in America], and more so, I judge, in towns on the Continent; that is to say, narrow, clean streets opening into wide courts, having buildings with carved fronts and pillars, and the like, or sudden bends in a street, where the commonplace becomes magnificence. There is nothing of this in Dublin,—no curious doors or windows, no “jutting frieze” nor “coign of vantage.” Very often an attempt at grandeur, but marred by defective details. The interiors, too, as far as I could penetrate, indicating more the desire for elegance than the capacity,—gay-colored window-shades, but torn; door- and window-curtains, but faded; window-boxes, broken and hanging askew, with flowers withering, either from the smoky atmosphere or neglect; everything black from coal-dust, and no flowers at all. No wonder Moore wrote so touchingly about the last rose of summer.

Plants, to my sorrow, were not in abundance. I searched the grounds of Trinity and everywhere else in vain for a rose or anything else that bloomed, and feel, therefore, as if Tom Moore’s rose must have been the last of its race; but what Dublin lacks in flowers it makes up in taverns. Myriads—to quote again from Adam Clarke—of grogeries and distilleries; one of these so large that it looks as if the muddy river that runs through the city was dug there merely to carry its barges of stout to people at the other end. It appears also here, like home, as if these same gentry, who become rich on the drunkenness of the people, were rather important factors in municipal affairs. One of these, Guinness,—I feel, though, like apologizing for mentioning his name in connection with liquor-dealers, as his commodity is stout,—however, is the philanthropist of Dublin, the restorer of St. Patrick’s, the supporter of missionaries, the insurer of all his employes’ lives, etc., and not only has a monument here by Foley, but was also

knighted during the present reign. You remember Dickens,—“The nobility can brew, but they can't bake.”

The streets are ornamented with many good statues, including Goldsmith, Moore, Burke, Grattan, Stokes, Lords Carlisle, Corrigan, Eglinton, Smith O'Brien, and others; but the University, the gift of that friend of learning, Queen Elizabeth, is perhaps the chief glory of the town; while “the Liberties,” a portion of which I explored to-day, is probably her greatest disgrace. From the lanes and alleys that penetrate this malodorous district emerge the most curious race, I would judge, that has ever been found in a civilized town. Here you find illustrations in abundance, not only of the “philosophy of clothes,” but of the comedy and tragedy as well; this tendency to wear other people's garments being one of the characteristics of the tribe, and the city being very liberal in the matter of supplying them with shops where they may procure their wares.

In Cork the chief articles of *petit* commerce are cast-off clothing and “bits of mate,” especially tails of things piled up on stalls, the clothing spread on the streets; while in Dublin it is second-hand clothing and bones, sold in mouldy dens,—“bone warehouses,”—twelve feet wide, yawning like Elijah's cave after the ravens had been doing the generous thing by him for months. In turning a corner, a fellow, standing on his knees (stumps) near one of these, accosted me, asking for money to help pay for a pair of cork legs, his own blown off in a dynamite “experiment.” Why not Dublin legs? I thought. “He needed but five shillings more,” he said; “they were already made, but the thief of a maker would not let him have them until he had paid every penny.” Looking up into my face in a sort of confidential aside, he added, “True enough, sir; he's giving them to me at cost.”

In the act of contributing to the needed balance, a young lally of perhaps thirty-five autumns, and dressed in a crape hat, linen duster, split down the back, and who had heard the pitiful story of the descendant of Simon Tappertit, approached and said, "Don't give him a ha'penny, sir; he has one pair of legs in pawn already; and he has two wives and nine children that beg for him besides. If you have anything to spare, give it to me, sir; I'm an orphan."

What could not Herr Diogenes Teufelsdröckh say about such a pandemonium of rags as are to be found here? "Happy he who can look through the clothes of man into the man." No difficulty here in being happy, if holes can help you. You are among a colony of savages, as much in conceit with their parti-colored wardrobe as a Mohawk with his beads. Everything, from the "goodly Babylonish garments—the mantles of Shinar, from Assyrian looms," down to the cast-off tarpaulin of discharged or disgraced tars, are on the backs of the denizens of the Liberties. No one is wearing the clothes made for him. The unexpected is the most common. One fellow had on the cast-off coat of a policeman, too small to reach across his naked body, with a pair of trousers with scarlet stripes, billowing down to the uppers of his soleless shoes. Another barefooted man had nothing on but an ulster; another, daintily picking his way across the street to one of the rag and bone shops that are as thick here as leaves in Vallambrosa, and between his trousers and short-waisted coat, with long tails, was a yawning gulf of dark flesh, that a crimson sash tried in vain to conceal. Another had on an overcoat with but one sleeve; a hole in the back large enough for him to thrust his head through; fastened down the front by having bits of the coat pulled through the button-holes, and kept from slipping back by butchers' skewers.

Knee breeches, red coats, cocked and battered stove-pipe

hats, swallow-tailed coats, costumes of every clime, together with the official garments of the army in rags, are found here on the backs of scoundrels that look as if they would run from a bit of soap as if it were the plague,—if, indeed, they would *run* from anything. The women, like the men, indescribable. The saddest part of it, the children; scores of half-naked little souls, swarming around and looking as if all they ever had to eat they picked up in the streets; have nothing of childhood about them but its seriousness; children that have never been combed or washed; boys having nothing on but the trousers of men, the waist-band tied about their necks, their arms thrust through the pocket-holes, and the legs rolled up like the coat-sleeves of “the Artful Dodger.” One little fellow wore a swallow-tailed coat and stockings, nothing else; the strange thing about it, they are not aware how curious they look; but the ladies! the very exuberance of grotesque finery they exhibit silences my modest pen. . . .

P.S.—You know that it is a custom among the subjects of England to conclude all public meetings, especially of a secular nature, by singing “God save the Queen.” The only exception to this rule, I believe, are the Irish Nationalists; they don’t want God to do anything of the sort, and have consequently substituted for the National Anthem a song entitled “God save Ireland,” which they sing in season and out of season. You can always tell the politics of a district by the number of fiddlers, *prima donnas*, tin whistle and jews-harp performers that play this new vent for patriotism.

À propos of this, in coming home this evening I read on a great sign, at the door of a dingy little drug-shop near the Liberties, the following combination of enterprise and patriotism (which struck me as being odd, and which, for your amusement, I transcribed), punctuation points and all:

“Prepared Castor Oil a penny a dose !
God Save Ireland ?
Epsom salts 4 doses for a half-penny !
God Save Ireland ?
Seidlitz Powder 6 pence a box !
God Save Ireland ?”

and so on, all the way to the bottom, until God had saved Ireland, I think, some fifteen or sixteen times, but always after a powerful physic ; the last line of the placard was,—

“Home Rule Forever !
God Save Ireland ?”

FROM CORK TO KILLARNEY.

SARAH J. LIPPINCOTT.

[Mrs. Lippincott, the favorite “Grace Greenwood” of former American readers, was the author of several works of European travel. The following selection is from her “Haps and Mishaps of a Tour in Europe,” and includes her interesting description of Blarney Castle, Killarney, and the country between.]

THE passage from Holyhead to Kingstown was accomplished in four hours ; but throughout the trip I felt that I would sooner cross the Siyx to the Plutonian shores than attempt it again. I thought that I had sounded the lowest depths of mortal suffering in the way of sea-sickness, but I found that my Atlantic experiences were but a faint prelude to a mild suggestion of this.

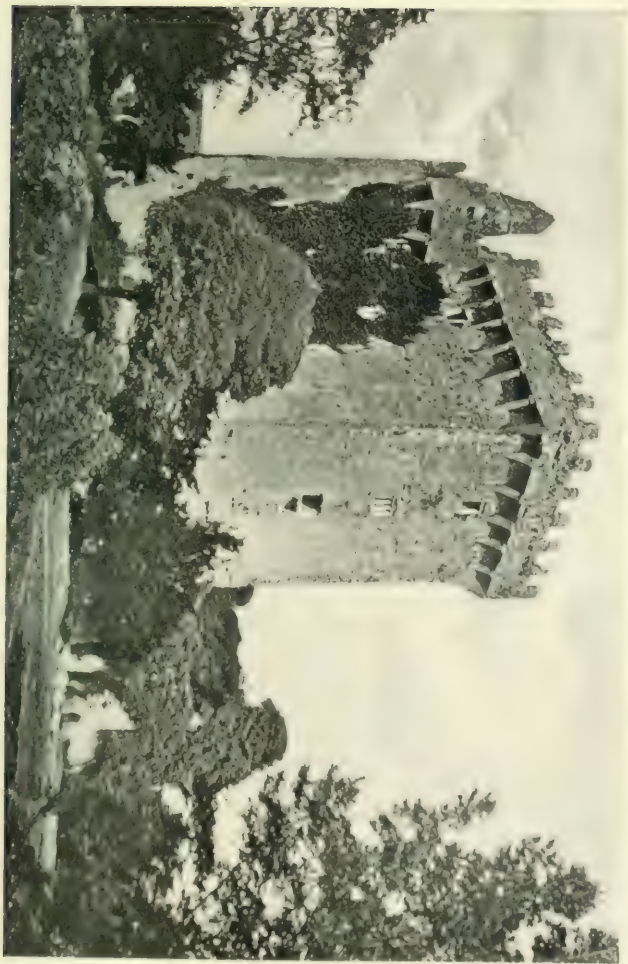
A gentleman at Cork told me an anecdote of a company of emigrants who were observed passing back and forth on one of the ferry-boats during an entire day, and when questioned in regard to their strange movements, answered,

they were bound to America in the next ship, and were "practising at say-sickness, just." So the tourist in the utmost he may endure on an Atlantic voyage, before crossing the Irish Channel, may have the consolation of knowing that he is but "practising at say-sickness."

At Kingstown we were treated to a taste of nationality in the shape of a bit of a row between two carmen. At the Dublin station we took that peculiar and distinctive Irish vehicle, an outside jaunting-car, which has the merit of giving you a variety in the way of exercise,—joltings, backward, forward, and sidewise,—a vigilant and vigorous endeavor to keep yourself and your luggage on, and an alert watchfulness to keep other vehicles off. There are two kinds of jaunting cars, which are thus distinguished by the Irish carmen: "The outside car, yer honor, has the wheels inside, and the inside car has the wheels outside." . . .

The route from Dublin to Cork leads mostly through a barren, boggy, miserable country, with here and there an oasis of waving green and gold, telling of careful cultivation and wise husbandry. There are some fine old ruins along the way, among which I best remember those of Kilmallock, Kildare, where the pious nuns once kept the holy fires burning "through long ages of darkness and storm," Loughman Castle, and the Rocks of Dunamore and Cashel. But all along the line the ruins are almost countless. You grow mortally weary of crumbling turrets, tumble down gate-ways, battered arches, and staggering towers, all standing out boldly in the sun and storm, for the absence of trees and shrubbery is a marked feature in the agricultural districts of Ireland. Indeed, the larger part of this ill-fated isle seems, in contrast with fruitful, prosperous, beautiful England, a wild, weary, shadowless waste, scathed, peeled, desolated, and abandoned.

On the following morning [after a night spent at Cork],



BLARNEY CASTLE.

amid golden sunshine and silvery showers, we drove to Blarney Castle, and wandered through those umbrageous grounds immortalized by the poet in the famous song of the "Groves of Blarney." The castle itself is a noble old ruin, and its situation and surroundings are remarkably picturesque and curious. There are natural subterranean passages leading down to the lake, and a black dungeon, where, according to our guide, "Cromwell, the bloody nagur," confined his prisoners. The lake is small, but, according to the above-mentioned authority, quite bottomless. He told us, with a grave face, that the late "Lady Jeffers," having taken a whim into her head to draw it off, had a drain dug full three feet below the surface, but not a drop would run out,—a sturdy, conservative old lake.

We ascended the great tower, at the top of which we all kissed the new Blarney stone,—it being morally and physically impossible for ladies to salute the real Simon Pure, which is outside the wall some feet from the summit. The gentlemen who accomplish this feat must be held by the feet over the wall, one hundred and twenty feet from the ground, by a stout guide, who is liable to be seized with a sudden weakness, and to call out that he must stop "to spit on his hands,"—that he can *howld* on no longer, unless his fee is double; and the unhappy dog in suspense pledges himself to a treat. Our guide assured me that the new Blarney stone was quite as good as the "rale,"—that a certain "widdy lady" made a pilgrimage all the way from the north of England, kissed the spurious stone most rapturously, and made a great match soon after. The question arises, Lay the virtue in the stone, or in the pilgrim's faith?

Our return drive was very charming,—the rain was past and sunlight and fresh breezes poured beauty and gladness on our way. I cannot remember to have seen any-

where within so short a distance so many wild flowers. The shrubbery was more luxuriant, the trees finer and more abundant, than we had ever seen,—everything on our path was beautiful and gracious save the *humanity*, which was wretched and poverty-stricken in the extreme. From the miserable little mud huts along the road ran scores of children, of all sizes, bare-headed, bare-footed, and bare-legged, with rags of all imaginable hues and textures fluttering in the wind, and attached to their bodies by some unknown and mysterious law of attraction, certainly by no visible bond or support. With faces begrimed by smoke, and wild eyes overhung with wilder locks, they stretched out their dirty beseeching palms, and assailed us on all sides of our outside car,—most assailable of vehicles,—fit contrivance for a beggared land.

Irish carmen are a race of Jehus,—driving with eccentric flourishes of the whip, and when more than usually excited, with strange barbaric whoops and hellos, making their odd little vehicles jump along at an astonishing rate. They are commonly communicative and amusing, though by no means the quaint, cunning, delightful, inimitable wags and wits your Lovers and Levers, your Edgeworths and Halls, have pictured. It is a singular thing that, though they are from the first free and easy in word and manner, they are never offensively so. Native tact, good humor, and warmth of heart take from their advances all appearance of boldness or impertinence. Our driver on this occasion was disposed to be particularly sociable, though not in the jocular way. He was a man of much intelligence for his station, of a serious, even sad expression of face, and he talked powerfully and with intense bitterness of the wrongs and sorrows of the Irish peasantry. I was struck by hearing him ascribe most of their sufferings not to the English government but to the *native*

Irish proprietors, who, he averred, had revelled in heartless, wasteless extravagance, while the people starved, until, since the failure of the potato, many of them have been reduced to absolute want. It was almost fearful to mark the wild gleam in the man's eye as he spoke his fierce joy in this retributive justice. . . .

On the morning of August 16 we left Cork for Killarney, by way of Bantry and Glengariff. After a short run on the rail we took a stage-coach, choosing outside seats, like enthusiastic tourists as we are, though the day was dark and showery. There was little in the scenery, and less in the condition of the country and people, to repay us for our exposure to wind and weather till we reached Bantry. I can never forget the forlorn unmitigated wretchedness of the people who thronged around us at the little town of Dunmanway. Among the crowd appealing to us, in all possible variations of the whine mendicous and mendacious, we saw not one man or woman in the national costume and cover-all,—the double cape great-coat and the hooded cloak; all was squalor and tatters soul-sickening and disgusting. Here was infancy, nude and needy, reaching out its dirty little hands; and second childhood bent and tottering, with palsied palm extended, eying you with all the mute wistfulness of a starved spaniel. There was a full assortment of the halt, the hump-backed, and the crippled,—all degrees of sightlessness and unsightlessness. I turned away from the miserable creatures with a heart heavy with hopeless sympathy and vain pity, and with a conscience stricken for all my own sins of unthankfulness and discontent.

And here I may as well pause to remark briefly on the condition and appearance of the peasants in the south of Ireland. Knowing that I could not fairly judge of this class by the idle and ragged crowd who gather round the

coach or car in the towns and hamlets, I took occasion, during my stay at Cork, to visit several of the country cottages of the working peasants in company with one of the landed proprietors. In but one out of six did I find a regular fireplace and chimney; in but one was there a window of glass, and that consisted of a single pane. The others had—with the exception of the door, and a hole in the roof, from which the smoke, after wandering at its own sweet will through the cabin, found its way out—no opening whatever for light or ventilation. But I forget—we did remark a sort of improvised window in one other. In a low, miserable hovel, belonging to a carman, we found a horse occupying full a third of the scanty room; and above his manger a small hole had been made through the mud wall, the good man having found that the health of the animal required what himself and family lived without,—air.

To the mistress of this unique habitation, whose one apartment served for kitchen, sleeping-room, *stable*, and hall, I said, in horrified amazement, “How is it possible you can live with that horse?” “Sure, miss, he’s no throuble,” she replied; “and it’s little room he takes, after all; for the childer can sleep on the straw under him, just, and creep between his legs, and he never harming them at all, the sensible cratur.” It is a common thing to see hens drying their feathers by the genial peat glow, and pigs enjoying the pleasures of the domestic hearth. In another cabin we found two curious old crones, living together on apparently nothing, who loaded us with blessings in the original tongue, and actually went on their knees to offer up thanksgiving for a few half-pence, which we gave as a consideration for intruding on their retirement.

Yet, though living in low, smoky, ill-ventilated cabins,—often with mouldering thatches, and always with damp

earth floors, with a pool of stagnant water or a dung-hill before the door,—though themselves ill fed and but half clad, it is a singular fact that the peasants of southern Ireland are apparently a healthful and hardy race. You occasionally see fine specimens of manly and childish beauty among them; but a pretty Irish peasant girl we found the rarest of *rara avises*. There are some families of Spanish origin about Bantry, and of these we encountered one or two dark-eyed, olive-cheeked beggar boys, who seemed to have leaped out of one of Murillo's pictures. The policemen everywhere are a particularly fine-looking set of fellows; indeed, none but well-made, tall, and powerful men have any chance of enrolment in this honorable terror-inspiring, omnipresent corps.

The professional beggars of Ireland seem a peculiarly hopeless and irredeemable class,—not because of the poverty of the country alone, but from their own inherent and inherited idleness and viciousness. They are persistent, pertinacious, sometimes impudent, and often quick-witted and amusing. A friend of ours was waylaid by a certain "widdy" woman, with an unlimited amount of ragged responsibilities at her heels. On hearing her doleful story, our friend advised the fair mendicant to take refuge in the poor-house. "The poor house!" she exclaimed; "sure it's meself that keeps the poorest house in all Cork, yer honor." I was amused by an appeal made by an elderly dame to one of our fellow-passengers: "Here's a fine fat gentleman, sure; sure he'll give a sixpence to a poor bony body that hasn't broken her fast at all the day."

If you wish to take a meditative walk among the hills, the chances are that you will return with a considerable ragged retinue; but the larger detachment of this ignoble army of alms-seekers are stationed along the public roads. They make their startling sorties from the most lonely,

wild, and inaccessible places; like Roderick Dhu's men, they leap up from "copse and heath." Every rock hides a waiting mendicant, and every tuft of broom stirs as we approach with a lurking tatterdemalion. They leap on your way from behind walls, and drop down upon you from overhanging trees,—small footpads, or rather *paddies*, who present palms instead of pistols, and blarney and worry you alike out of pence and patience.

After a day of wet and weary travel through a melancholy country, we enjoyed to the utmost the beautiful approach to Bantry, under a clear and sunny sky, and welcomed with enthusiasm the sight of its lovely and famous bay. But even this bright vision was soon eclipsed by Glengariff, where we spent the night. Thus far on my tour I have seen nothing to compare with the glorious beauty of that place. In all the solemn shadows of its wild loneliness, the dark deeps and frowning heights of its grandeur, in all the sweet lights of its loveliness, it lives, and must ever live, in my charmed memory; but I will not attempt to picture it in words.

After dinner, though a light rain was falling, we took a row around the bay, and remained on the water until the night set in. I think we shall none of us soon forget that row over the smooth and silent bay, in the rain and deepening twilight, under the shadows of mountain and rock. The scene would have been too wild, solemn, and awfully lonely but for the peculiar wit and story-telling talent of "Jerry," our guide and helmsman. He entertained us with some wonderful legends of a certain Father Shannon, a priest, and a famous character in this region about half a century ago.

One anecdote illustrative of the holy man's quick-wittedness impressed me as an instance of "cuteness" passing the cuteness of Yankees. "The good father," says Jerry, "was one day fishing, in his boat, on the bay, when he heard a

swarm of bees buzzing about him. Then he begins to rattle with a knife, or spoon, in an iron kettle he had with him in the boat, till he feels that all the bees have settled on his shoulders. Then he slyly reaches back, and takes hold of the tail of his shirt (begging your pardon, ladies!) and he suddenly turns it over his head, bees and all, and puts it into the kettle, which he covers over in a second just; and so he takes the whole swarm to Lord Bantry, and sells them for three pounds, and gets his shirt back, too, yer honor." . . .

The mountain road from Glengariff to Killarney is a splendid specimen of engineering, and leads through scenery wild and beautiful in the extreme. On the sunny morning of our leaving Glengariff, landscape and air were fresh and delicious after the night's abundant rain, and with thrills and palpitations of inexpressible joy my heart responded to the gladness of nature. I shall never forget the childish ecstacy of delight with which I gazed around me, and drank in the fragrant air of the morning.

The three lakes of Killarney descended upon by this road are likely to disappoint the tourist, especially if he be an American, more especially if he be a reader of, and a devout believer in, Mrs. Hall's beautiful and most poetical book, "*A Week in Killarney*." In truth, such fairy sheets of water seem little to deserve the name of lakes at first, but they grow on your respect rapidly as you approach; their beauty is, near or afar, quite exquisite and undeniable, and the mountains which surround them are really very respectable elevations. Our first visit was to the Tore Waterfall, by far the most beautiful cascade I have seen since coming abroad. The fall is between sixty and seventy feet; the glen into which the water comes leaping, and foaming, and flashing is wild and rocky, and overhung with richest foliage. . . .

Our first expedition was to the Gap of Dunloe, a wild and gloomy mountain-pass, especially interesting to the reader of Gerald Griffin's fine novel of "The Collegians" as the scene of poor Eily Connor's happy honeymoon and tragic taking off. Our guide furnished myself and a pleasant English friend with ponies; the remainder of the party took a car.

Though tolerably well mounted, and able to abruptly cut the company of the old, crippled, and blind of the begging fraternity, we found that we had small advantage over the boys; the fleet-footed little rascals kept up with us for miles,—one juvenile Celt, literally *sans culotte*, but in a shirt of elder brotherly dimensions, giving us a sort of Tam O'Shanter chase. A pretty, dark-eyed boy, running by my side, held up a bunch of purple heather and wild honeysuckle, saying, with an insinuating smile, "Plase, my lady, buy these ilegant bright flowers, so like yer honor's self, this beautiful summer morning." What woman could resist such an appeal?

At the entrance of the Gap we were met by a detachment of volunteer guides, and a company of "mountain-dew" girls,—maidens with cans of goats' milk and flasks of "potheen," with which they are happy to treat the traveller, for a consideration. After listening to some grand echoes, called forth by the rich bugle-notes of our guide, we proceeded through the pass. This, by itself, did not equal our expectation; its finest feature is the "Purple Mountain," which in the glorious sunlight of that morning was beautiful beyond conception.

From Lord Brandon's demesne we embarked upon the upper lake, rowed among its fairy islands, and ran down "the long range" to the middle lake, pausing for a little gossip with the echoes of "Eagle Nest," and shooting "Old Wier Bridge" on our way. The bay and mountain of

Glena are the gems of Killarney. Even now, looking back upon the scene through the sobered light of recollection, it is all enchantment,—the shore gorgeous with magnificent foliage, the waters flashing with silver gleams, the sky golden with sunset light; and it is difficult for me to believe that there is under the broad heaven a lovelier spot. Even the echoes from this beautiful green mountain seemed clearer, yet softer and more melodious, than any we had heard before.

We took dinner on shore, in a delicious little nook shadowed by arbutus-trees, dining off a large rock, some seated *à la Turc*, some reclining in the ancient Oriental style. Oh, we had merry times! And what with toasts and songs and legends, and joyous laughter ringing out, peal on peal, over the still water, the wonder is we failed to rouse the great O'Donoghue, who, according to popular tradition, dwells in a princely palace under the lake, and only comes to the surface to take an airing on horseback every May morning. Our row homeward, through the soft lingering sunset light, with the plash and murmur of the blue waves, rising with the rising wind, heard in the intervals between the sweet songs of our guide, was a fitting close to a day of shadowless pleasure.

NORTH OF IRELAND SCENES.

W. GEORGE BEERS.

[We have described a run through the south of Ireland, which to the traveller seemed but a brown and barren commentary on the so-called Emerald Island. The traveller from whom we now quote found the aspect of nature verdant enough fully to justify this title. But the poverty and shiftlessness which appeared so patent to Dr. Woods proved equally evident to Mr. Beers, to whom the lack of snakes in Green Erin seemed more than replaced by the multitude of beggars.]

Up in the fore-castle of an ocean steamer a group of sea-tired souls look away to starboard, where a faint shape lies on the horizon like an early-morning cloud. "It's only a bit of old country fog," mutters the Grumbler, and goes back to his bed. A thrush had been playing for over an hour on the spars and rigging, and we fancied we could smell the land from which it had flown to greet us. And by and by the dim line took a more solid shape, and soon we could see the rough rocks of the northern coast. We were nearing Innistrahull light-house and Malin Head, and the ship's engines stopped, for the first time since leaving the New World, to take on a pilot. A short sail along the rocky coast, passing the ivy-covered ruins of an ancient castle, the green refreshing grass, the hedges, and the white houses, and the beautiful panorama of Moville, at the mouth of the Foyle, was unfolded, and Nature tinged the sea and sky with a masterpiece of sunset. Suddenly a few jaunting-cars came flying down the hill like highway comets, and the Grumbler came up again, in time to find that we were only a hundred yards from shore. "That's Ireland," said he. We felt enlightened. It was not long before we were ashore at Moville, a quiet watering-

place for the people of Derry, Tyrone, and Donegal counties.

Our first reception was from a sturdy beggar, who apologized for the absence of the mayor and corporation. I had heard of this genius of Moville before. He is a character of the place, and one of the most original hypocrites among the begging fraternity. When I was in Queenstown, a few weeks afterwards, I saw a perfect shoal of his kind, of all degrees of dirt, disease, and disaster,—a sort of ragged resurrection through which passengers from an American steamer had to pass. There were beggars with strong lungs and stout legs; beggars with scarce a lung and but one leg; paupers in all the traditional heraldry of rags and wretchedness,—blind, crippled, crooked, and crazy; with bags and babies, sticks and dogs, canes and crutches, all colors of hair and all sorts of disease, real or feigned; some funny, some furious, some bold, some blushing, nearly all overwhelming in benediction.

One sore-eyed veteran, whose apostolical succession from blind Bartimeus I should have been easily disposed to accept, stuck to my heels, and in a tone that would have melted the Blarney stone implored me, "A pinny, yer honor." With New-World innocence of Old-World wickedness, I gave my Irish Moses a sixpence, upon which the crowd came upon me in a ring of blessing, until I pushed through it with some rough epithet. In the twinkling of an eye the circle of sickly saints fell into a close column of renovated sinners, and yelled after me the characteristic south-of-Ireland curses, from the mild "Bad luck to ye!" to the more historical "The curse of Cromwell upon ye!" One crooked old lady had got close to my ear: "Shure, yer honor, I've been bint up like this these twinty year wid the rheumatiz, and me back's bruk and one of me lungs is gone;" but when I shook her off she straightened up like a

giantess and swore at me with as hearty a pair of respiratory organs as any Glasgow fish-wife might boast. I felt as if I had performed a miracle upon the old lady's spine. But I nearly collapsed with laughter when I saw one mild-looking fellow, who had been limping near me with his right leg held up in a wooden crutch and his right hand apparently shrivelled beyond the power of use, holding the crutch, which he had unhitched, under his left arm and shaking the game leg and the lame fist at my back.

Our arrival at the north, however, was less ceremonious. I do not know whether our Movable beggar was the last of the mendicant Mohicans of the coast or had simply stolen a march upon the rest of his fraternity, but there he stood, a monopolist of the art: "Good luck to ye, jintlemen! Ye're welcome to Ireland. Ye'll give me a few pennies for luck, yer honors, won't ye? Jist whatever ye like, jintlemen. Be good to the motherless and sivin small childer, and niver a bite to ate since yesterday mornin'. Jist whatever ye like, jintlemen." Our first Old-World beggar had caught us in the tide of good nature, and the pennies soon grew to shillings. It was our first experience, and we were on the "Green Isle." We learned to be wiser before we had gone much farther, and by the time we left the island we felt as if we could throttle every beggar we met.

"How long have you been begging?" I asked the Movable suppliant.

"I began wid me mother, sir, soon after I was born."

"And do you never work?"

"Work, is it? Shure, sir, I was niver educated to it. And there's too many people working already, sir."

"How long is it since you used soap and water?" said I.

"Now, yer honor, where'd I get soap, when I can't get bread? Me childer would ate it if there was any in the house."

"Well, I'd like to see what you look like when you're clean. There's another sixpence for you,—half for your stomach and half for your skin. If you'll get some soap and go down to the sea there and wash yourself well while we're away, I'll give you sixpence more when we come back."

"Shure," quickly replied the Moville wit, "doesn't yer honor know that ye can't use soap in salt water? But I'll go to the pump, so I will."

It was quite a disappointment afterwards to learn that, like Montaigne's page, our beggar was never guilty of telling the truth, that the "sivin small childer" had yet to be born, and that he considered our party the best fools he had met that season.

We were to drive down to Green-Castle, in the vicinity of which the jarvies said we should be sure to hear the cuckoo. Our first experience of a jaunting-car was pleasant, though precarious. It had the dash of danger which spices adventure. A sober foreigner can seldom keep his seat at first; an Irishman may be so drunk that he walks zigzag on the sidewalk, but he never falls off a car—unless he's sober. At first blush, especially in the cities, the jaunting-car seems an ingenious device to furnish Irish surgeons with amputations. As you go tearing along the streets and flying around corners, your legs hanging over the sides in close proximity to other "highway comets" tearing along the opposite way, you have a choice of death by being dashed to "smithereens" on your face by a jerk or dying in desperate collision with a street car. Our jarvie was a genuine Paddy, full to the brim of wit and song. Between the stretches of his imagination in tale telling (all his native geese were royal swans, and for the one ruin we were approaching he built a score of castles in the air) he made the road lively with local Irish airs. During the winter

these jarvies have little or nothing to do, and one of them, being asked how they spent that season, replied, "Making up stories, sir, to tell the travellers in summer."

However much we were imposed upon in the matter of tale and tradition, there was no deception in the interest of the drive. The sea lay to the right. Along the highway and in many of the fields, though much of the country to the left was barren and hilly, the daisy was peeping up for our first recognition; the primroses lay in rich golden clumps upon the banks; violets, blue, red, and white, little purple bluebells, day-nettles, which the bees and boys love to suck, and many other new and old wild flowers, were pointed out to us as we jogged along. Sometimes we jumped down to pick them, gathering whole handfuls of the faintly-perfumed primroses and burying our noses in their exquisite blossoms in a way to make an emigrant homesick. On we jolted, and soon came within sight of the romantic hamlet, its picturesque castle and fort facing the sea. With a final quick trot and a jerk our driver pulled up at the Green-Castle Hotel, with the artless hint that its champagne for jintlemen and its whiskey for jarvies had no rival from Malin Head to Cape Clear.

[After giving his readers the legendary history of Green-Castle our author proceeds to describe its present appearance.]

The old castle is now a roofless wreck of time and siege, but enough is left of its walls—eight feet thick—and its deep dungeons to show that it was in its time a strong fortress. We walked over the space between the walls, about eighty yards by forty, upon which the sun and the rains descend and where the grass grew knee-deep. Detached bits of wall were covered with splendid ivy. On the walls here and there we saw the little whitlow-grass, and in the crevices of the rocks the lilac flowers of the

toad-flax, which one sees in all such sea-side ruins in Ireland. We climbed the steep crag of the highest portion facing the sea. Many of the stones were loose and slipped out from under our feet. We mounted to the very top of the old battlement,—a glorious spot from which to watch a storm when the great waves roll up in close column and break over the rocks. Creeping from the base of the perpendicular rock a hundred feet below, thick ivy had grown to the very summit, its rootlets and tendrils turning and twisting into and upon each other, binding the stones better than mortar, sucking out the moisture of the wall, and keeping it as dry as punk. Everywhere in Ireland one is struck by the wonderful tenacity of ivy, which creeps along the ground or crawls up and elings to the barest flint. If you lift one of the young shoots, it elings to the earth like a hungry leech to human skin. If you turn it up, you see rootlets, like the legs of a caterpillar, by which it attaches itself to the ground, and which it seems to lose when transplanted to America.

We leaned over on the thick leaves and tendrils to pull the pungent berries, when out flew two scared jackdaws just below. We rustled the tendrils, and away scudded a score or more of birds to tell the sea-gulls of this invasion of their ancient nest. Down near the shore white daisies speckled the green grass like a first snow-fall.

But hark! Is that the mystic cry of the cuckoo we are hearing for the first time? How plaintive and lonely its monotone!—"Cuckoo! cuckoo! cuckoo!" We have never heard that sound in America except from wretched Swiss clocks. What a world of delightful associations thrills through our veins! How the old familiar stories told us of our parents' romps in the green lanes of the old country come to our memories, and the wonder with which in their childhood days they stopped to listen to this classic bird.

There it is again, over in the woodland. Hark! "Cuckoo! cuckoo! cuckoo!" One of our company, born in the old land, and now returned for the first time in thirty years, began to reach the melting-point, when, looking in the direction of the cry, we caught sight of an incautious Irish boy peeping from behind a tree, with one hand to his mouth, just in the act of repeating this old Green-Castle trick of "fooling the people from America who want to hear the cuckoo."

When we came down from the battlement we were told that a drunken sailor of H. M. "Vanguard" had fallen asleep on top of the wall a few weeks before and had rolled off to the bottom, a distance of a hundred feet, but had not been hurt enough to prevent his marriage the day before our arrival. Our informant added that it was the "potheen" that had saved him: "If he'd been sober, sir, shure he'd have wakened up a dead man."

We had a rattling drive back to Moville. The first sight we met on reaching the wharf was our jolly beggar, transformed almost past recognition by soap and water, sneezing and coughing and claiming the promised sixpence: "Shure, yer honor, ye might make it a shillin', for in the washin' I've caught the divil of a cowl'd." When we came back a few months afterwards we missed him. I made up my mind that he had never recovered from that cleansing; but a more recent visitor tells me that he is still alive, as witty and as dirty as ever.

[The traveller next made his way, *via* Londonderry, to Antrim, where stands a celebrated round tower.]

There is perhaps nothing of more puzzling interest to the Irish antiquary than the round towers, of which there are about eighty in the island. Their origin and purpose have been variously guessed at, some maintaining that they

were erected by the Danes as watch-towers and afterwards changed by the Christian Irish into clock- or bell-towers. But why should the Danes confine these structures to Ireland, and not build them in England, Scotland, and other regions where they had a much firmer foothold? Others regard them as fire-temples, where the Druids lit the sacred flame and kept it safe from pollution. This view was accepted for a long time as a settlement of the question, on account of the resemblance of these towers to similar structures found in India and thought to have been used in an extinct form of worship. The Irish Druids followed many Eastern customs in their religious rites, but these may have been mere coincidences. The turrets in the vicinity of Turkish mosques, from the summits of which approaching festivals were proclaimed, suggested the hypothesis that the Irish towers were intended for the same purpose. Others held the theory that they were built by the ancient bishops as strongholds for the sacred articles belonging to the churches. In the neighborhood of many of these towers churches still exist. A very picturesque one forms part of a church in Castle-Dermot, in the county Down. At Drumbo, a few miles from Belfast, the ruin of one stands in the church-yard of a Presbyterian chapel.

The Antrim tower is in fine preservation to the very summit, but no trace has been found to indicate that a church existed in its vicinity. It is ninety-three feet high, and about fifty-three feet in circumference at its base, is built of rough stone, and has a stone flooring, underneath which it is supposed a sepulchre, as at Ardmore, exists. Above the door way is a bas-relief like a Maltese cross. I climbed into the tower through the entrance, two feet by four. Its width inside is about eight feet, but narrows gradually to the top. The ivy which clung affectionately to its outside had grown into several of the windows and

lay in decayed brambles inside. Up at the very top the jackdaws had a gloriously independent life of it all to themselves. The grass outside was as level as a century's care and rolling could make it. And hark! "Cuckoo! cuckoo! cuckoo!" "No, you don't, my dear fellow!" I replied. "You are a relative of our cuckoo of Green-Castle." "Cuckoo!" he replied in denial; and I found out that it was a live cuckoo coaxing me to play at hide-and-seek. I started to accept the challenge,—when "Trespassers will be Prosecuted" stared me in the face as I mounted an innocent stile. Forty jackdaws—the Forty Thieves—got together on the topmost boughs of trees near by and discussed my intentions: Was I loading a gun, or only making a sketch? Was I painter or poacher? I followed the cuckoo's cry in spite of the trespass, but caught no second glimpse of him.

Coming back and crossing a picturesque stream, a short walk brought me to the famous Lough Neagh, the fourth largest lake in Europe, twenty miles in length and fifteen in breadth. In size it seemed a mere pond, compared to the great inland seas of America; but the legend of its buried glories, and the belief of the fishermen that when the water is clear they can see round towers and high steeples and churches of the land below, would waken any one's interest. Wonderful petrifications are found along its margins, referable to some remote geological era, and no doubt these fossil woods gave rise to the fishermen's superstition. On the borders of the lake you see the ruins of the seat of Lord O'Neill, "Shane's Castle," which is surrounded by as much superstition as the lake. The banshee of the O'Neills was a firm article of faith of mine host in Antrim, who told me that his father had heard its wail.

As I came back to the town I saw a characteristic scene which reminded me of Father Prout's remark, that "the

pig is as essential an inmate of the Irish cabin as the Arab steed of the shepherd's tent on the plains of Mesopotamia." At the door of a thatched mud hut there was a fierce tooth-and-nail contest between two pigs. Out sallied the good woman of the house and belabored the nearest one gently with stick, roughly with tongue: "Whist wid ye! Take that, now! *Come into the house wid ye!*" With well-trained docility Piggy obeyed. A short distance away I saw a crowd gathered about a cart covered with a pure white sheet. The look of delight upon the faces of those who had peeped under the cover tempted my curiosity, and I lifted the linen. It was a young pig, as white as snow and as fresh as a daisy.

But I intended only to take a peep at the northern coast of Ireland, and here I am *en route* to Belfast. As you go farther you fare better in the way of fine scenery and interesting people. There is something about the greenness of Ireland which sanctifies its claim to be called the Emerald Isle. I have seen nothing anywhere else to rival the soft luxuriance of nature here. Grass, ivy, and flowers seem as indigenous as hospitable hearts. I was told that if you flung a clean-cut stick in a County Meath meadow, you might pick it up in a day or two covered with young lichens and moss; but this reminded me too much of the crow-bar planted in some other fertile country in the evening which sprouted out tenpenny nails in the morning. The very primroses have a depth of mellow beauty I never saw in England. Walking through the country you get a good insight into its social and political questions, and, whatever preconceptions you may have, you will be sure—if you have no bigotry in your bones and do not excite people about the burning questions of the hour—to carry from Ireland memories of its lovely scenery which nothing on earth can ever dispel.

PARIS AND ITS ATTRACTIONS.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

[The city of Paris, the cynosure of European eyes, and the paradise of good Americans, calls loudly for a description at our hands. It is a call which can readily be answered. We suffer, indeed, from a superfluity of riches. Descriptions of every sort, shape, and complexion are so numerous that it is not easy to select with discretion. We take one that has the quality of enthusiastic admiration from the "Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands" of the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." It begins with her entrance into the city, after passing the easy ordeal of the custom-house officials.]

WE rode through streets whose names were familiar, crossed the Carousal, passed the Seine, and stopped before an ancient mansion, in the Rue de Verneuil, belonging to M. le Marquis de Brige. This Faubourg St. Germain is the part of Paris where the ancient nobility lived, and the houses exhibit marks of former splendor. The marquis is one of those chivalrous legitimists who uphold the claims of Henri V. He lives in the country, and rents his hotel. Mrs. C. occupies the suite of rooms on the lower floor. We entered by a ponderous old gate-way, opened by the *concierge*, passed through a large paved quadrangle, traversed a short hall, and found ourselves in a large, cheerful parlor, looking out into a small flower garden. There was no carpet, but what is called here a parquet floor, or mosaic of oak blocks, waxed and highly polished. The sofas and chairs were covered with light chintz, and the whole air of the apartment shady and cool as a grotto. A *jardinière* filled with flowers stood in the centre of the room, and around it a group of living flowers—mother, sisters, and daughters—scarcely less beautiful. In five min-

utes we were at home. French life is different from any other. Elsewhere you do as the world pleases; here you do as you please yourself; my spirits always rise when I get among the French. . . .

Monday, June 6.—This day was consecrated to knick-knacks. Accompanied by Mrs. C., whom years of residence have converted into a perfect *Parisienne*, we visited shop after shop and store after store. The politeness of the shopkeepers is inexhaustible. I felt quite ashamed to spend a half-hour looking at everything and then depart without buying; but the civil Frenchman bowed and smiled, and thanked us for coming.

In the evening we rode to L'Arc de Triomphe d'Etoile, an immense pile of massive masonry, from the top of which we enjoyed a brilliant panorama. Paris was beneath us, from the Louvre to the Bois de Boulogne, with its gardens and moving myriads, its sports, and games, and light-hearted mirth,—a vast Vanity Fair, blazing in the sunlight. A deep and strangely-blended impression of sadness and gayety sunk into our hearts as we gazed. All is vivacity, gracefulness, and sparkle to the eye; but ah, what fires are smouldering below! Are not all these vines rooted in the lava and ashes of the volcano-side? . . .

Wednesday, June 8.—A day on foot in Paris. Surrendered H. to the care of our fair hostess. Attempted to hire a boat at one of the great bathing establishments for a pull on the Seine. Why not on the Seine as well as on the Thames? But the old Triton demurred. The tide *marched* too strong.—“*Il marche trop fort.*” Onward, then, along the quays; visiting the curious old book-stalls, picture-stands, and flower-markets. Lean over the parapet and gaze upon this modern Euphrates, rushing between solid walls of masonry through the heart of another Babylon. The river is the only thing not old. These waters

are as turbid, tumultuous, unbridled, as when forests covered all these banks,—fit symbol of peoples and nations in their mad career, generation after generation. Institutions, like hewn granite, may wall them in, and vast arches span their flow, and hierarchies domineer over the tide; but the scorning waters burst into life unchangeable, and sweep impetuous through the heart of Vanity Fair, and dash out again into the future the same grand, ungovernable Euphrates stream. I do not wonder Egypt adored her Nile and Rome her Tiber. Surely, the life artery of Paris is this Seine beneath my feet! And there is no scene like this, as I gaze upward and downward, comprehending in a glance the immense panorama of art and architecture,—life, motion, enterprise, pleasure, pomp, and power. Beautiful Paris! What city in the world can compare with thee?

And is it not chiefly because, either by accident or by instinctive good taste, her treasures of beauty and art are so disposed along the Seine as to be visible at a glance to the best effect? As the instinct of the true *Parisienne* teaches her the mystery of setting off the graces of her person by the fascinations of dress, so the instinct of the nation to set off the city by the fascinations of architecture and embellishment. Hence a chief superiority of Paris to London. The Seine is straight, and its banks are laid out in broad terraces on either side, called *quais*, lined with her stateliest palaces and gardens. The Thames forms an elbow, and is enveloped in dense fog and smoke. London lowers; the Seine sparkles; London shuts down upon the Thames, and there is no point of view for the whole river panorama; Paris rises amphitheatrically, on either side the Seine, and the eye from the Pont d'Austerlitz seems to fly through the immense reach like an arrow, casting its shadow on everything of beauty or grandeur Paris possesses.

Rapidly now I sped onward, paying brief visits to the Palais de Justice, the Hôtel de Ville, and spending a cool half-hour in Notre Dame. I love to sit in these majestic fanes, abstracting them from the superstition which does but desecrate them, and gaze upward to their lofty, vaulted arches, to drink in the impression of architectural sublimity, which I can neither analyze nor express. Cathedrals do not seem to me to have been built; they seem, rather, stupendous growths of nature, like crystals, or cliffs of basalt. There is little ornament here; that roof looks plain and bare; yet I feel that the air is dense with sublimity. Onward I sped, crossing a bridge by the Hôtel Dieu, and, leaving the river, plunged into narrow streets, exploring a quadrangular market; surveyed the old church of St. Genevieve, and the new, now the Pantheon; went onward to the Jardin des Plantes, and explored its tropical bowers. Many things remind me to-day of New Orleans and its Levee, its Mississippi, its Cathedral, and the luxuriant vegetation of the Gulf. In fact, I seem to be walking in my sleep in a kind of glorified New Orleans, all the while. Yet I return to the gardens of the Tuileries and the Place Vendôme, and in the shadow of Napoleon's Column the illusion vanishes. Hundreds of battles look down upon me from their blazonry.

In the evening I rested from the day's fatigue by an hour in the garden of the Palais Royal. I sat by one of the little tables and called for an ice. There were hundreds of ladies and gentlemen eating ices, drinking wine, reading the papers, smoking, chatting; scores of pretty children were frolicking and enjoying the balmy evening. Here six or eight midgets were jumping the rope, while papa and mamma swung it for them. Pretty little things, with their flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes, how they did seem to enjoy themselves! What parent was ever far from

home that did not espy in every group of children his own little ones,—his Mary or his Nellie, his Henry or Charlie? So it was with me. There was a ring of twenty or thirty singing and dancing, with a smaller ring in the centre, while old folks and boys stood outside. But I heard not a single oath, nor saw a rough or rude action, during the whole time I was there. The boys standing by looked on quietly, like young gentlemen. The best finale of such a toilsome day of sight-seeing was a warm bath in the Rue de Bac, for the trifling sum of fifteen sous. The cheapness and convenience of bathing here is a great recommendation of Paris life. They will bring you a hot bath at your house for twenty-five cents, and that without bustle or disorder. And nothing so effectually as an evening bath, as my experience testifies, cures fatigue and propitiates to dreamless slumber. . . .

After visiting the Luxembourg, I resorted to the gardens of the Tuileries. The thermometer was at about eighty degrees in the shade. From the number of people assembled, one would have thought, if it had been in the United States, that some great mass convention was coming off. Under the impenetrable screen of the trees, in the dark, cool, refreshing shade, are thousands of chairs, for which one pays two cents apiece. Whole families come, locking up their door, bringing the baby, work, dinner, or lunch, take a certain number of chairs, and spend the day, As far as eye can reach you see a multitude seated, as if in church, with other multitudes moving to and fro, while boys and girls without number are frolicking, racing, playing ball, driving hoop, etc., but contriving to do it without making a hideous racket.

How French children are taught to play and enjoy themselves without disturbing everybody else is a mystery. "*C'est gentil*" seems to be a talismanic spell; and

"*Ce n'est pas gentil ça*" is sufficient to check every rising irregularity. Oh, that some *savant* would write a book and tell us how it is done! I gazed for half an hour on the spectacle. A more charming sight my eyes never beheld. There were gray-headed old men, and women, and invalids; and there were beautiful demoiselles working worsted, embroidery, sewing; men reading papers; and, in fact, people doing everything they would do in their own parlors. And all were graceful, kind, and obliging; not a word or an act of impoliteness or indecency. No wonder the French adore Paris, thought I; in no other city in the world is a scene like this possible. No wonder that their hearts die within them at thoughts of exile in the fens of Cayenne!

But under all this there lie, as under the cultivated crust of this fair world, deep abysses of soul, where volcanic masses of molten lava surge and shake the tremulous earth. In the gay and bustling Boulevards, a friend, an old resident of Paris, pointed out to me, as we rode, the bullet-marks that scarred the houses,—significant tokens of what seems, but is not, forgotten.

At sunset a military band of about seventy performers began playing in front of the Tuileries. They formed an immense circle, the leader in the centre. He played the octave flute, which also served as a baton for marking time. The music was characterized by delicacy, precision, suppression, and subjugation of rebellious material.

I imagined a congress of horns, clarionets, trumpets, etc., conversing in low tones on some important theme; nay, rather a conspiracy of instruments, mourning between whiles their subjugation, and ever and anon breaking out in a fierce *émeute*, then repressed, hushed, dying away, as if they had heard of Baron Munchausen's frozen horn, and had conceived the idea of yielding their harmonies without

touch of human lips, yet were sighing and sobbing at their impotence. Perhaps I detected the pulses of a nation's palpitating heart, throbbing for liberty, but trodden down, and sobbing in despair.

[A *salon* experience is next described, followed by a visit to Versailles. Then our authoress plunges into the world of art at the Louvre.]

At last I have come into dream-land; into the lotos-eater's paradise; into the land where it is always afternoon. I am released from care; I am unknown, unknowing; I live in a house whose arrangements seem to me strange, old, and dreamy. In the heart of a great city I am as still as if in a convent; in the burning heats of summer our rooms are shadowy and cool as a cave. My time is all my own. I may at will lie on a sofa, and dreamily watch the play of the leaves and flowers in the little garden into which my room opens; or I may go into the parlor adjoining, whence I hear the quick voices of my beautiful and vivacious young friends.

You ought to see these girls. Emma might look like a Madonna, were it not for her wicked wit; and as to Anna and Lizzie, as they glance by me, now and then, I seem to think them a kind of sprite, or elf, made to inhabit shady old houses, just as twinkling harebells grow in old castles; and then the gracious mamma, who speaks French or English like a stream of silver, is she not, after all, the fairest of any of them? And there is Caroline, piquant, racy, full of conversation, sharp as a quartz crystal, how I like to hear her talk! These people know Paris, as we say in America, "like a book." They have studied it æsthetically, historically, socially. They have studied French people and French literature, and studied it with enthusiasm, as people ever should who would truly understand. They

are all kindness to me. Whenever I wish to see anything, I have only to speak; or to know, I have only to ask. At breakfast every morning we compare notes and make up our lists of wants. My first, of course, was the Louvre. It is close by us. Think of it. To one who has starved all a life, in vain imaginings of what art might be, to know that you are within a stone's throw of a museum full of its miracles; Greek, Assyrian, Egyptian, Roman sculptors and modern painting, all there! . . .

It was, then, with a thrill almost of awe that I approached the Louvre. Here, perhaps, said I to myself, I shall answer fully the question that has long wrought within my soul. What is art? and what can it do? Here, perhaps, these yearnings for the ideal will meet their satisfaction. The ascent to the picture-gallery tends to produce a flutter of excitement and expectation. Magnificent staircases, dim perspectives of frescoes and carvings, the glorious hall of Apollo, rooms with mosaic pavements, antique vases, countless spoils of art, dazzle the eye of the neophyte, and prepare the mind for some grand enchantment. Then opens on one the grand hall of paintings arranged by schools, the works of each artist by themselves, a wilderness of gorgeous growths.

I first walked through the whole, offering my mind up aimlessly to see if there were any picture there great and glorious enough to seize and control my whole being, and answer at once the cravings of the poetic and artistic element. For any such I looked in vain. I saw a thousand beauties, as also a thousand enormities, but nothing of that overwhelming, subduing nature which I had conceived. Most of the men there had painted with dry eyes and cool hearts, thinking only of the mixing of their colors and the jugglery of their art, thinking little of heroism, love, faith, or immortality. Yet when I had resigned this long-

ing, when I was sure I should not meet there what I sought, then I began to enjoy very heartily what there was.

In the first place, I now saw Claudes worthy of the reputation he bore. Three or four of these were studied with great delight,—the delight one feels who, conscientiously bound to be delighted, suddenly comes into a situation to be so. I saw, now, those atmospheric traits, those reproductions of the mysteries of air and of light, which are called so wonderful, and for which all admire Claude, but for which so few admire Him who made Claude, and who every day creates around us in the commonest scenes effects far more beautiful. How much, even now, my admiration of Claude was genuine, I cannot say. How can we ever be sure on this point, when we admire what has prestige and sanction, not to admire which is an argument against ourselves? Certainly, however, I did feel great delight in some of these works.

One of my favorites was Rembrandt. I always did admire the gorgeous and solemn mysteries of his coloring. Rembrandt is like Hawthorne. He chooses simple and every-day objects, and so arranges light and shadow as to give them a sombre richness and a mysterious gloom. The House of the Seven Gables is a succession of Rembrandt pictures, done in words instead of oils. Now, this pleases us, because our life really is a haunted one; the simplest thing in it is a mystery, the invisible world always lies around us like a shadow, and therefore this dreamy golden gleam of Rembrandt meets somewhat in our inner consciousness, to which it corresponds. There were no pictures in the gallery which I looked upon so long, and to which I returned so often and with such growing pleasure, as these. I found in them, if not a commanding, a drawing influence, a full satisfaction for one part of my nature.

There were Raphaels there which still disappointed me, because from Raphael I asked and expected more. I wished to feel his hand on my soul with a stronger grasp; these were too passionless in their serenity, and almost effeminate in their tenderness.

But Rubens, the great, joyous, full-souled, all-powerful Rubens! there he was, full as ever of triumphant, abounding life; disgusting and pleasing; making me laugh and making me angry; defying me to dislike him; dragging me at his chariot-wheels; in despite of my protests forcing me to confess that there was no other but he. . . .

I should compare Rubens to Shakespeare for the wonderful variety and vital force of his artistic power. I know no other mind he so nearly resembles. Like Shakespeare, he forces you to accept and to forgive a thousand excesses, and uses his own faults as musicians use discords, only to enhance the perfection of harmony. There certainly is some use even in defects. A faultless style sends you to sleep. Defects rouse and excite the sensibility to seek and appreciate excellences. Some of Shakespeare's finest passages explode all grammar and rhetoric like sky-rockets,—the thought blows the language to shivers. . . .

The halls devoted to painting of which I have spoken give you very little idea of the treasures of the institution. Gallery after gallery is filled with Greek, Roman, Assyrian, and Egyptian sculpture, coins, vases, and antique remains of every description. There is also an apartment in which I took a deep interest, containing the original sketches of ancient masters. Here one may see the pen and-ink drawings of Claude, divided into squares to prepare them for the copyist. One compares here with interest the manners of the different artists in jotting down their ideas as they rose, some by chalk, some by crayon, some by pencil, some by water colors, and some by a heterogeneous mixture of

all. Mozart's scrap-bag of musical jottings could not have been more amusing.

On the whole, cravings of mere ideality have come nearer to meeting satisfaction by some of these old mutilated remains of Greek sculpture than anything I have met yet. In the paintings, even of the most celebrated masters, there are often things which are excessively annoying to me. I scarcely remember a master in whose works I have not found a hand, or foot, or face, or feature so distorted, or coloring at times so unnatural, or something so out of place and proportion in the picture as very seriously to mar the pleasure that I derived from it. In this statuary less is attempted and all is more harmonious, and one's ideas of proportion are never violated.

My favorite among all these remains is a mutilated statue which they call the Venus de Milo. This is a statue which is so called from having been dug up some years ago, piecemeal, in the island of Milos. There was a struggle for her between a French naval officer, the English, and the Turks. The French officer carried her off like another Helen, and she was given to Paris, old Louis Philippe being bridegroom by proxy. *Savans* refer the statue to the time of Phidias, and as this is a pleasant idea to me, I go a little further, and ascribe her to Phidias himself.

The statue is mutilated, both arms being gone, and part of the foot. But there is a majesty and grace in the head and face, a union of loveliness with intellectual and moral strength, beyond anything which I have ever seen. To me she might represent Milton's glorious picture of unfallen, perfect womanhood, in his Eve.

Compared with this matchless Venus that of Medici seems as inane and trifling as mere physical beauty always must by the side of beauty baptized and made sacramental, as the symbol of that which alone is truly fair.

TRAVEL IN FRANCE FIFTY YEARS AGO.

CHARLES DICKENS.

[It hardly seems to us, to whom the works of Dickens are household words, that his fame as a writer began more than half a century ago. Yet such is the case. The "Pictures from Italy," from which we make the following selection, was published in 1846, while his first book saw the light ten years earlier. We give here his story of how France and French life appeared to him on a journey southward from Paris.]

On a fine Sunday morning in the midsummer time and weather of eighteen hundred and forty-four it was, my good friend, when—don't be alarmed; not when two travellers might have been observed slowly making their way over that picturesque and broken ground by which the first chapel of a Middle Age novel is usually attained—but when an English travelling carriage of considerable proportions, fresh from the shady halls of the Pantechnicon near Belgrave-Square, London, was observed (by a very small French soldier, for I saw him look at it) to issue from the gate of the Hôtel Maurice in the Rue Rivoli at Paris.

I am no more bound to explain why the English family travelling by this carriage, inside and out, should be starting for Italy on a Sunday morning, of all good days in the week, than I am to assign a reason for all the little men in France being soldiers and all the big men postilions, which is the invariable rule. But they had some sort of reason for what they did, I have no doubt, and their reason for being there at all was, as you know, that they were going to live in fair Genoa for a year; and that the head of the family purposed in that space of time to stroll about wherever his restless humor carried him.

And it would have been small comfort to me to have explained to the population of Paris generally that I was that Head and Chief, and not the radiant embodiment of good-humor who sat beside me in the person of a French courier,—best of servants and most beaming of men. Truth to say, he looked a great deal more patriarchal than I, who, in the shadow of his portly presence, dwindled down to no account at all.

There was, of course, very little in the aspect of Paris—as we rattled near the dismal morgue and over the Pont Neuf—to reproach us for our Sunday travelling. The wine-shops (every second house) were driving a roaring trade; awnings were spreading, and chairs and tables arranging, outside the cafés, preparatory to the eating of ices and drinking of cool liquids later in the day; shoe-blacks were busy on the bridges; shops were open; carts and wagons clattered to and fro; the narrow, uphill, funnel-like streets across the river were so many dense perspectives of crowd and bustle, parti-colored nightcaps, tobacco-pipes, blouses, large boots, and shaggy heads of hair; nothing at that hour denoted a day of rest, unless it were the appearance, here and there, of a family pleasure-party, crammed into a bulky old lumbering cab, or of some contemplative holiday-maker in the freest and easiest dishabille, leaning out of a low garret window, watching the drying of his newly-polished shoes on the little parapet outside (if a gentleman), or the airing of her stockings in the sun (if a lady), with calm anticipation.

Once clear of the never-to-be-forgotten-or-forgiven pavement which surrounds Paris, the first three days of travelling towards Marseilles are quiet and monotonous enough. To Sens, to Avalon, to Châlons. A sketch of one day's proceeding is a sketch of all three, and here it is.

We have four horses and one postilion, who has a very

long whip, and drives his team something like the courier of St. Petersburg in the circle at Astley's or Franconi's, only he sits his own horse instead of standing on him. The immense jack-boots worn by these postilions are sometimes a century or two old, and are so ludicrously disproportioned to the wearer's foot that the spur, which is put where his own heel comes, is generally half-way up the leg of the boots. The man often comes out of the stable-yard with his whip in his hand and his shoes on, and brings out, in both hands, one boot at a time, which he plants on the ground by the side of his horse with great gravity, until everything is ready. When it is—and oh, Heaven! the noise they make about it!—he gets into the boots, shoes and all, or is hoisted into them by a couple of friends; adjusts the rope-harness, embossed by the labors of innumerable pigeons in the stables; makes all the horses kick and plunge; cracks his whip like a madman; shouts "En route—hi!" and away we go. He is sure to have a contest with his horse before we have gone very far; and then he calls him a thief, and a brigand, and a pig, and what not, and beats him about the head as if he were made of wood.

There is little more than one variety in the appearance of the country for the first two days,—from a dreary plain to an interminable avenue, and from an interminable avenue to a dreary plain again. Plenty of vines there are, in the open fields, but of a short, low kind, and not trained in festoons, but about straight sticks. Beggars innumerable there are, everywhere, but an extraordinarily scanty population and fewer children than I ever encountered. I don't believe we saw a hundred children between Paris and Chalons. Queer old towns, drawbridged and walled, with odd little towers at the angles, like grotesque faces, as if the wall had put a mask on, and were staring down into the moat; other strange little towers, in gardens and fields,

and down lanes and in farm-yards; all alone, and always round, with a peaked roof, and never used for any purpose at all; ruinous buildings of all sorts; sometimes a *hôtel de ville*, sometimes a guard-house, sometimes a dwelling-house, sometimes a *château* with a rank garden, prolific in dandelion, and watched over by extinguisher-topped turrets and blink-eyed little casements, are the standard objects, repeated over and over again.

Sometimes we pass a village inn, with a crumbling wall belonging to it, and a perfect town of out-houses; and painted over the gate-way, "Stabling for sixty horses," as indeed there might be stabling for sixty-score, were there any horses to be stabled there, or anybody resting there, or anything stirring about the place but a dangling bush, indicative of the wine inside, which flutters idly in the wind, in lazy keeping with everything else, and certainly is never in a green old age, though always so old as to be dropping to pieces. And all day long strange little narrow wagons, in strings of six or eight, bringing cheese from Switzerland, and frequently in charge, the whole line, of one man, or even boy,—and he very often asleep in the foremost cart,—come jingling past; the horses drowsily ringing the bells upon their harness, and looking as if they thought (no doubt they do) their great blue woolly furniture, of immense weight and thickness, with a pair of grotesque horns growing out of the collar, very much too warm for the midsummer weather.

Then there is the diligence, twice or thrice a day, with the dusty outsides in blue frocks, like butchers; and the insides in white nightcaps; and its cabriolet head on the roof, nodding and shaking like an idiot's head; and its Young-France passengers staring out of window, with beards down to their waists, and blue spectacles awfully shading their warlike eyes, and very big sticks clinched in

their national grasp. Also the malle-poste, with only a couple of passengers, tearing along at a real good dare-devil pace, and out of sight in no time. Steady old curés come jolting past, in such ramshackle, musty, rusty, clattering coaches as no Englishman would believe in; and bony women dawdle about in solitary places, holding cows by ropes while they feed, or digging and hoeing, or doing field-work of a more laborious kind, or representing real shepherdesses with their flocks,—to obtain an adequate idea of which pursuit and its followers, in any country, it is only necessary to take any pastoral poem, or picture, and imagine to yourself whatever is most exquisitely and widely unlike the descriptions therein contained.

You have been travelling along, stupidly enough, as you generally do in the last stage of the day; and the ninety-six bells upon the horses—twenty-four apiece—have been ringing sleepily in your ears for half an hour or so; and it has become a very jog-trot, monotonous, tiresome sort of business; and you have been thinking deeply about the dinner you will have at the next stage; when down at the end of the long avenue of trees through which you are travelling the first indication of a town appears, in the shape of some straggling cottages; and the carriage begins to rattle and roll over a horribly uneven pavement, . . . and here we are in the yard of the Hôtel de l'Écu d'Or. . . .

The landlady of the Hôtel de l'Écu d'Or is here; and the landlord of the Hôtel de l'Écu d'Or is here; and the femme de chambre of the Hôtel de l'Écu d'Or is here; and a gentleman in a glazed cap, with a red beard like a bosom friend, who is staying at the Hôtel de l'Écu d'Or, is here; and Monsieur le Curé is walking up and down in a corner of the yard by himself, with a shovel-hat upon his head, and a black gown on his back, and a book in one hand, and an

umbrella in the other; and everybody, except Monsieur le Curé, is open-mouthed and open-eyed for the opening of the carriage-door. The landlord of the Hôtel de l'Écu d'Or dotes to that extent upon the courier that he can hardly wait for his coming down from the box, but embraces his very legs and boot-heels as he descends. "My courier! My brave courier! My friend! My brother!" The landlady loves him, the *femme de chambre* blesses him, the *garçon* worships him.

The courier asks if his letter has been received. It has, it has. Are the rooms prepared? They are, they are. The best rooms for my noble courier. The rooms of state for my gallant courier; the whole house is at the service of my best of friends! He keeps his hand upon the carriage-door, and asks some other question to enhance the expectation. He carries a green leathern purse outside his coat, suspended by a belt. The idlers look at it; one touches it. It is full of five-franc pieces. Murmurs of admiration are heard among the boys. The landlord falls upon the courier's neck and folds him to his breast. He is so much fatter than he was, he says. He looks so rosy and so well! . . .

The rooms are on the first floor, except the nursery for the night, which is a great rambling chamber, with four or five beds in it; through a dark passage, up two steps, down four, past a pump, across a balcony, and next door to the stable. The other sleeping apartments are large and lofty; each with two small bedsteads, tastefully hung, like the windows, with red and white drapery. The sitting-room is famous. Dinner is already laid in it for three; and the napkins are folded in cocked-hat fashion. The floors are of red tile. There are no carpets, and not much furniture to speak of; but there is abundance of looking-glass, and there are large vases under glass shades filled with artificial

flowers, and there are plenty of clocks. The whole party are in motion. The brave courier in particular, is everywhere, looking after the beds, having wine poured down his throat by his dear brother the landlord, and picking up green cucumbers,—always cucumbers; Heaven knows where he gets them,—with which he walks about, one in each hand, like truncheons.

Dinner is announced. There is very thin soup; there are very large loaves,—one apiece; a fish; four dishes afterwards; some poultry afterwards; a dessert afterwards; and no lack of wine. There is not much in the dishes, but they are very good, and always ready instantly. When it is nearly dark, the brave courier, having eaten the two cucumbers, sliced up in the contents of a pretty large decanter of oil and another of vinegar, emerges from his retreat below, and proposes a visit to the Cathedral, whose massive tower frowns down upon the court-yard of the inn. Off we go; and very solemn and grand it is in the dim light; so dim at last that the polite old lantern-jawed sacristan has a feeble little bit of candle in his hand to grope among the tombs with, and looks, among the grim columns, very like a lost ghost who is searching for his own.

Underneath the balcony, when we return, the inferior servants of the inn are supping in the open air, at a great table; the dish, a stew of meat and vegetables, smoking hot, and served in the iron caldron it was boiled in. They have a pitcher of thin wine, and are very merry; merrier than the gentleman with the red beard, who is playing billiards in the light room on the left of the yard, where shadows with cues in their hands and cigars in their mouths cross and recross the window constantly. Still the thin cure walks up and down alone with his book and umbrella. And there he walks, and there the billiard-balls rattle, long after we are fast asleep.

We are astir at six the next morning. It is a delightful day, shaming yesterday's mud upon the carriage, if anything could shame a carriage in a land where carriages are never cleaned. Everybody is brisk, and as we finish breakfast the horses come jingling into the yard from the post-house. Everything taken out of the carriage is put back again. The brave courier announces that all is ready, after walking into every room and looking all round it to be certain that nothing is left behind. Everybody gets in. Everybody connected with the Hôtel de l'Écu d'Or is again enchanted. The brave courier runs into the house for a parcel containing cold fowl, sliced ham, bread, and biscuits for lunch, hands it into the coach, and runs back again.

What has he got in his hand now? More cucumbers? No. A long strip of paper. It's the bill.

The brave courier has two belts on this morning,—one supporting the purse, another a mighty good sort of leathern bottle, filled to the throat with the best light Bordeaux wine in the house. He never pays the bill till this bottle is full. Then he disputes it.

He disputes it now violently. He is still the landlord's brother, but by another father or mother. He is not so nearly related to him as he was last night. The landlord scratches his head. The brave courier points to certain figures in the bill, and intimates that if they remain there the Hôtel de l'Écu d'Or is thenceforth and forever a hôtel de l'écu de cuivre. The landlord goes into a little counting-house. The brave courier follows, forces a bill and a pen into his hand, and talks more rapidly than ever. The landlord takes the pen. The courier smiles. The landlord makes an alteration. The courier cuts a joke. The landlord is affectionate, but not weakly so. He bears it like a man. He shakes hands with his brave brother, but he don't hug him. Still, he loves his brother, for he knows

that he will be returning that way one of these fine days with another family, and he foresees that his heart will yearn towards him again. The brave courier traverses all round the carriage once, looks at the drag, inspects the wheels, jumps up, gives the word, and away we go!

[And so onward they go, passing Châlons, which excites little comment, and at length reaching Lyons.]

What a city Lyons is! Talk about people feeling at certain unlucky times as if they had tumbled from the clouds! Here is a whole town that has tumbled anyhow, out of the sky; having been first caught up, like other stones that tumble down from that region, out of fens and barren places, dismal to behold! The two great streets through which the two great rivers dash, and all the little streets whose name is Legion, were scorching, blistering, and sweltering. The houses, high and vast, dirty to excess, rotten as old cheeses, and as thickly peopled. All up the hills that hem the city in, these houses swarm; and the mites inside were lolling out of the windows and drying their ragged clothes on poles, and crawling in and out at the doors, and coming out to pant and gasp upon the pavement, and creeping in and out among huge piles and bales of fusty, musty, stifling goods, and living, or rather not dying, till their time should come, in an exhausted receiver. Every manufacturing town melted into one would hardly convey an impression of Lyons as it presented itself to me, for all the undrained, unscavengered qualities of a foreign town seemed grafted there upon the native miseries of a manufacturing one, and it bears such fruit as I would go some miles out my way to avoid encountering again.

In the cool of the evening, or rather in the faded heat of the day, we went to see the Cathedral, where divers old

women, and a few dogs, were engaged in contemplation. There was no difference in point of cleanliness between its stone pavement and that of the streets; and there was a wax saint, in a little box like a berth aboard ship, with a glass front to it, whom Madame Tussaud would have nothing to say to, on any terms, and which even Westminster Abbey might be ashamed of. If you would know all about the architecture of this church, or any other, its dates, dimensions, endowments, and history, is it not written in Mr. Murray's Guide-Book, and may you not read it there, with thanks to him, as I did?

For this reason, I should abstain from mentioning the curious clock in Lyons Cathedral, if it were not for a small mistake I made in connection with that piece of mechanism. The keeper of the church was very anxious it should be shown; partly for the honor of the establishment and the town, and partly, perhaps, because of his deriving a percentage from the additional consideration. However that may be, it was set in motion, and thereupon a host of little doors flew open, and innumerable little figures staggered out of them, and jerked themselves back again, with that special unsteadiness of purpose, and hitching in the gait, which usually attaches to figures that are moved by clock-work. Meanwhile, the sacristan stood explaining these wonders, and pointed them out, severally, with a wand. There was a centre puppet of the Virgin Mary; and close to her a small pigeon-hole, out of which another and very ill-looking puppet made one of the most sudden plunges I ever saw accomplished; instantly flopping back again at sight of her, and banging his little door violently after him. Taking this to be emblematic of the victory over Sin and Death, and not at all unwilling to show that I perfectly understood the subject, in anticipation of the showman, I rashly said, "Aha, the Evil Spirit. To be

sure. Here is very soon disposed of." "Pardon, monsieur," said the sacristan, with a polite motion of his hand towards the little door, as if introducing somebody,—“the Angel Gabriel!”

Soon after daybreak next morning we were steaming down the arrowy Rhone, at the rate of twenty miles an hour, in a very dirty vessel full of merchandise, and with only three or four other passengers for our companions; among whom, the most remarkable was a silly, old, meek-faced, garlic-eating, immeasurably polite Chevalier, with a dirty scrap of red ribbon hanging at his button-hole, as if he had tied it there to remind himself of something; as Tom Noddy, in the farce, ties knots in his pocket-handkerchief.

For the last two days we had seen great sullen hills, the first indications of the Alps, lowering in the distance. Now, we were rushing on beside them; sometimes close beside them; sometimes with an intervening slope, covered with vineyards. Villages and small towns hanging in mid air, with great woods of olives seen through the light open towers of their churches, and clouds moving slowly on, upon the steep acclivity behind them; ruined castles perched on every eminence; and scattered houses in the clefts and gullies of the hills; made it very beautiful. The great height of these, too, making the buildings look so tiny that they had all the charm of elegant models; their excessive whiteness, as contrasted with the brown rocks, or the sombre, deep, dull, heavy green of the olive tree, and the puny size and little slow walk of the Liliputian men and women on the bank, made a charming picture. There were ferries out of number, too; bridges; the famous Pont d'Esprit, with I don't know how many arches; towns where memorable wines are made; Vallence, where Napoleon studied, and the noble

river, bringing, at every winding turn, new beauties into view.

There lay before us, that same afternoon, the broken bridge of Avignon, and all the city baking in the sun; yet with an underdone-pie-crust, battlemented wall that never will be brown, though it bake for centuries.

FROM NORMANDY TO PROVENCE.

DONALD G. MITCHELL.

["Fresh Gleanings; or, A New Sheaf from the Old Fields of Continental Europe," an interesting and appreciative work of travel by the "Ik Marvel" of literary fame, presents us with the following picturesque account of some of the more interesting cities of Normandy and Southern France, which can scarcely fail to prove of interest to readers. Leaving Lyons, our traveller makes a diligence journey to Limoges, in which city we take up the thread of his route.]

WE wish to take our stop at some not too large town of the interior, and which shall it be,—Châlons-sur-Saône, with its bridge, and quays, and meadows; or Dijon, lying in the vineyards of Burgundy; or Châteauroux, in the great sheep plains of Central France; or Limoges, still more unknown, prettily situated among the green hills of Limousin, and the chief town of the department *Haute Vienne*?

Let it be just by the Boule d'Or, in the town last named, that I quit my seat in the diligence. The little old place is not upon any of the great routes, so that the servants of the inn have not become too republican for civility, and a blithe waiting-maid is at hand to take our luggage.

A plain door-way in the heavy stone inn, and still plainer and steeper stair-way, conduct to a clean, large chamber

upon the first floor. Below in the little salon some three or four are at supper. Join them you may, if you please, with a chop nicely done, and a palatable *vin du pays*.

It is too dark to see the town. You are tired with eight-and-forty hours of constant diligence-riding,—if you have come from Lyons, as I did.—and the bed is excellent.

The window overlooks the chief street of the place; it is wide and paved with round stones, and dirty, and there are no sidewalks, though a town of thirty thousand inhabitants. Nearly opposite is a café, with small green settees ranged about the door, with some tall flowering shrubs in green boxes; and even at eight in the morning two or three are loitering upon their chairs and sipping coffee. Next door is the office of the diligence for Paris. Farther up the street are haberdashery shops and show-rooms of the famous Limoges crockery. Soldiers are passing by twos, and cavalymen in undress go sauntering by on fine coal-black horses; and the guide-book tells me that from this region come the horses for all the cavalry of France. . . .

There are curious old churches, and a simple-minded, gray haired verger, to open the side chapels and to help you spell the names on tombs. Not half so tedious will the old man prove as the automaton cathedral-showers of England, and he spices his talk with a little wit. There are shops, not unlike those of a middle-sized town in our country; still, little air of trade, and none at all of progress. Decay seems to be stamped on nearly all the country towns of France, unless so large as to make cities, and so have a life of their own, or so small as to serve only as market-towns for the peasantry. . . .

Wandering out of the edge of the town of Limoges, you come upon hedges and green fields, for Limousin is the Arcadia of France. Queer old houses adorn some of the narrow streets, and women in strange head-dresses look

out of the balconies that lean half-way over. But Sunday is their holiday time, when all are in their gayest, and when the green walks encircling the town, laid upon that old line of ramparts which the Black Prince stormed, are thronged with the population.

The bill at the *Boule d'Or* is not an extravagant one; for as strangers are not common, the trick of extortion is unknown. The waiting-maid drops a courtesy, and gives a smiling *bon jour*, not surely unmindful of the little fee she gets; but she never disputes its amount, and seems grateful for the least. There is no "boots" or waiter to dog you over to the diligence; nay, if you are not too old, or ugly, the little girl herself insists upon taking your portmanteau, and trips across with it, and puts it in the hands of the conductor, and waits your going earnestly, and waves her hand at you, and gives you another "*bon voyage*" that makes your ears tingle till the houses of Limoges and its high towers have vanished, and you are a mile away, down the pleasant banks of the river Vienne.

Shall we set a foot down for a moment in the queer, interesting, busy old Norman town of Rouen, where everybody goes who goes to Paris, but where few stop for a look at what in many respects is most curious to see in all France? The broad, active quays, and the elegant modern buildings upon them, and the bridges, and the river with its barges and steamers, are, it is true, worth the seeing, and exposed to the eye of every passer, and give one the idea of a new and enterprising city. But back from this is another city—the old city—ininitely more worthy of attention.

Out of its midst rises the corkscrew iron tower of the Cathedral, under which sleeps Rollo, the first Duke of Normandy; and if one have the courage to mount to the dizzy summit of that corkscrew winding tower of iron, he will

see such a labyrinth of ways, shut in by such confusion of gables, and such steep, sharp roofs, glittering with so many colored tiles, as that he will seem to dream a dream of the olden time.

And if he have an agricultural eye, it will wander delightedly over the broad, rich plains that there border the Seine, rich in all manner of corn-land and in orchards. And if he have an historic eye, it will single out an old castle or two that show themselves upon the neighboring hills: and the ruins, and the Seine, and the valley, and the town will group together in his imagination, and he will bear away the picture in his mind to his Western home in the wilderness; and it shall serve him as an illustration—a living illustration—to the old chronicles of wars, whether of Monstrelet, or Turner, or Anquetil, or Michelet, down through all the time of his thinking life. So, when he readeth of Norman plain blasted with battle, and knightly helmets glittering in the crash of war, he shall have a scene,—a scene lying clear as mid-day under the eye of steady memory,—in the which he may plant his visions of Joan of Arc, or of stout Henry V., or of drivelling Charles VI., or of *Jean sans peur*; for these—all of them, he knows—have trodden the valley of Rouen.

Whoever may have seen English Worcester or Gloucester will have a foretaste of what comes under the eye at Rouen; but to one fresh from the new, straight thoroughfares of America nothing surely can seem stranger than the dark, crowded ways of the capital of Normandy.

How narrow, how dirty, how cool! for even in summer the sun cannot come down in them—for the projecting balconies and the tallness of the houses; and between the fountains in the occasional open places and the incessant washings it is never dry. There is no pavement for the foot-gear but the sharp, round stones sticking up from side

to side, and sloping down to the sluice-way in the middle. Donkeys with loads of cabbages, that nearly fill up the way, women with baskets on their heads, and staring strangers, and *gendarmes* in their cocked hats, marching two by two, and soldiers, and school-boys (not common in France), and anxious-faced merchants (still rarer out of the North), all troop together under gables, that would seem to totter were they not of huge oak beams, whose blackened heads peep out from the brick walls like faces of an age gone by.

What quaint carving! what heavy old tiles, when you catch a glimpse of the peaked roofs! what windings and twists! There are well-filled and sometimes elegant shops below, with story on story reeling above them.

Away through an opening, that is only a streak of light at the end, appears the ugly brown statue of the Maid of Orleans. There she was burned, poor girl!—and the valet, if you have the little English boy of the Hôtel de Rouen, will tell you how, and when, and why they burned her; and he will ring the bell at the gate of a strange, old house close by, and beckon you into the court, where you will see around the walls the bas-reliefs of the Cloth of Gold. St. Owens too, which, after Strasburg Cathedral, is the noblest Gothic church in France, is in some corner of the never-ending curious streets. And on a fête day, what store of costume on its pavement! What big, white muslin caps,—flaring to left and right! What show of red petticoats, and steeple-crowned hats, and clumping sabots, and short-waisted boys, and little, brown men of Brittany! . . .

Many—many dull diligence—days lie between Rouen and the sunny southern town of Nismes; yet with the wishing we were there at once.

Where was born Guizot,—where are Protestant people,—

where are almost quiet Sundays,—where there is a Roman Coliseum, dropped in the centre of the town,—there are we. On a December day, when I was there, it was as warm and summer-like,—the sunny side of that old ruin,—and the green things peeped out from the wall as fresh and blossoming, as if Merrie May had commenced her time of flowers. And the birds were chattering out of all the corridors, and the brown stone looked as mellow as a russet apple in the glow of that rich southern atmosphere.

The trees along the Boulevard—running here through the town—wore a spring-like air (there must have been olives or evergreen oaks among them), and though I cannot say if the peach-trees were in bloom, yet I know I picked a bright red rose in the garden by the fountain,—the great Roman fountain which supplies the whole town with water,—and it lies pressed for a witness in my journal yet. And there were a hundred other roses in bloom all around,—and a little girl was passing through the garden at the time, with one in her hair, and was playing with another in her hand. And the old soldier who limps, and lives in the little cottage at the gate of the garden, as patrol, was sunning himself on the bench by the door; and a canary-bird that hung over it was singing as blithely in his cage as the sparrows had been singing in the ruin.

And what was there in that charming garden spot of Nîmes, with its wide walks and shade of trees, and fresh with the sound of running water and the music of birds? There was an old temple of Diana, and fountain of the Nymphs. Both were embowered in trees at the foot of the hill which lords it over the town.

The fountain rises almost a river, and alone supplies a city of forty thousand inhabitants. The guide books will tell one that it is some fifty or sixty feet in depth, and surrounded with walls of masonry,—now green with moss

and clinging herbs; and from this, its source, it passes in a gushing flood over the marble floors of old Roman baths, as smooth and exact now as the day on which they were laid. The old soldier will conduct you down and open the door-way, so that you may tread upon the smooth marble where trod the little feet of the unknown Roman girls. For none know when the baths were built, or when this temple of Diana was founded. Not even of the great arena, remarkable in many respects as the Roman Coliseum, is there the slightest classic record. Nothing but its own gigantic masonry tells of its origin.

Upon the top of the hill, from whose foot flows the fountain, is still another ruin,—a high, cumbrous tower. And as I wandered under it, full of classic fervor, and looked up,—with ancient Rome in my eye, and the gold *Ægis*, and the banner of triumph,—behold, an old woman with a red handkerchief tied round her head was spreading a blue petticoat over the edge of the tower to dry.

But from the ground beneath was a rich view over the town and valley. The hill and the garden at its base were cloaked with the deep black green of pines and firs; beyond was the town, just veiled in the light smoke of the morning fires; here peeped through a steeple, there a heavy old tower, and looming with its hundred arches and circumference of broken rocks—bigger than them all—was the amphitheatre of the Latin people, whose language and monuments alone remain. Beside the city—through an atmosphere clear as a morning on the valley of the Connecticut—were the stiff velvety tops of the olive-orchards and the long brown lines of vineyards;—away the meadows swept, with here and there over the level reach an old gray town, with tall presiding castle, or a glittering strip of the bright branches of the Rhone.

But not only is there pleasant December sun and sunny

landscape in and about the Provençal town of Nîmes, there are also pleasant streets and walks; there is a beautiful Roman temple,—*La Maison Carré*,—than which there is scarce a more perfect one through all Italy, among the neat white houses of the city. Within it are abundance of curiosities, for such as are curious about dates and inscriptions that cannot be made out; and there are Roman portals still left in the vestiges of the Roman walls. . . .

There is the Grand Theatre for such as wish a stall for a month; and there is the grander theatre of the old Roman Arène. True, the manager is dead, and the actors are but bats and lizards, with now and then a grum old owl for prompter. But what scenes the arched openings blackened by the fires of barbarians, and the stunted trees growing where Roman ladies sat, paint to the eye of fancy! What an orchestra the birds make at twilight, and the recollections make always!

It was better than Norma, it was richer than Robert le Diable, to sit down on one of the fragments in front of where was the great entrance and look through the iron grating, and follow the perspective of corridors opening into the central arena, where the moonlight shone on a still December night,—glimmering over the ranges of the seats and upon the shaking leaves. And there was a rustle, a gentle sighing of the night wind among the crevices, that one could easily believe was the echo of a distant chorus behind the scenes:—and so it was,—a chorus of Great Dead Ones,—mournful and slow,—listened to by no flesh-ear, but by the delicate ear of Memory.

There are rides about Nîmes. There is Avignon with its brown ramparts and its gigantic Papal towers bundling up from the banks of the Rhône, only a half-day's ride away; and half a day more will put one down at the foun-

tain of Vaucluse; where, if it be summer-time,—and it is summer-time there three-quarters of the year,—you may sit down under the shade of a fig-tree, or a fir, and read—undisturbed save by the dashing of the water under the cliff—the fourteenth Canzonet of Petrarch. . . .

Coming back at nightfall, [the traveller] will have a mind to hunt through the narrow, dim-lighted streets of Avignon in search of the tomb of Laura, and he will find it embowered with laurels and shut up by a thorn hedge and wicket; and to get within this, he will ring the bell of the heavy, sombre-looking mansion close by, when a shuffling old man with keys will come out and do the honors of the tomb. He will take a franc,—not absolutely disdainfully, but with a world of *sang-froid*, since it is not for himself (he says) but for the poor children within the mansion, which is a foundling hospital. He puts the money in his red waistcoat-pocket, suiting to the action a sigh, “*Mes pauvres enfans!*” Perhaps you will add in the overflowing of your heart, “Poor children!”

As you go out of the garden, a box at the gate, which had escaped your notice, solicits offerings in behalf of the institution from strangers visiting the tomb. The box has a lock and key; the old man does not keep the key. You have a sudden suspicion of his red waistcoat-pocket, and sigh as you go out, *Les pauvres enfans!*

Pont du Gard is the finest existing remain of a Roman aqueduct, and spans a quite deep stream, good for either fishing or bathing. Profusion of wild flowers grow about and over it, and fig-trees and brambles make a thicket together on the slope that goes down to the water.

One may walk over the top of the ruin—two yards wide, without parapet or rail—and look over into the depth three hundred feet below. The nerves must be strong to endure it, then the enjoyment is full. Less than half a

day's ride will bring one from the Pont du Gard to the Hôtel du Luxembourg of Nîmes.

Montpellier is in Provence, the city of summer-like winters, and upon the river is Arles, with its Arena, larger even than that of Nîmes, but far less perfect; and its pretty women—famous all over France—wear a mischievous look about them, and the tie of their red turbans, as if coquetry were one of their charms.

It is a strange, mixed-up town, that of Arles,—ruins and dirt and narrowness and grandeur, an old church in whose yard they dig up Roman coffins, and a rolling bridge of boats. Not anywhere in France are there dirtier and more crooked streets, not anywhere such motley array of shops amid the filth, red turbans and meat, bread and blocks, old coins and silks. Within the museum itself are collected more odd scraps of antiquity than can be found elsewhere together; there are lead pipes and stone fountains, old inscriptions and iron spikes, and the noblest monument of all is a female head that has no nose; but the manager very ingeniously supplies with his hand the missing feature.

Opposite the doors of this museum stands an obelisk of granite, which was fished out of the Rhone, and boasts a high antiquity, and upon its top is a brilliant sun with staring eyes. To complete the extraordinary grouping, upon another side of the same square is a church with the strangest bas-relief over its central door-way that surely made-up fancy ever devised. It is a representation of the Last Judgment; on the right, the angels are leading away the blessed in pairs, and on the left a grinning devil with horns, and with a stout rope passed over his shoulder and clinched in his teeth, is tugging away at legions of condemned souls.

There is rare Gothic sculpture within some old cloisters

adjoining, and a marble bas-relief within the church, with a Virgin and Child in glory, was—I say it on the authority of an ingenious *valet de place*—of undoubtedly Roman origin.

Ancient sarcophagi may be seen here and there in the streets, serving as reservoirs at the fountains; and many a peasant of the adjoining country makes the coffin of a Roman noble his water-trough.

There belongs another antiquity to Provence besides that of Roman date,—it is that of the gay, chivalrous times of William IX., Count of Poitou, and all the gallant Troubadours who came after him. Then helmets glittered over the Provençal plains, and ladies wove silken pennants in princely halls. Then the tournament drew its throngs, and knights contended not only with their lances for martial fame but with their songs for the ears of love. Even monarchs—Barbarossa and Cœur de Lion—vied with Troubadours, and the seat of the Provençal court was the great centre of Southern chivalry. Arles had its court of love, more splendid than now, and its *arrêt d'amour* was more binding than the charms of the brightest eyes that shine in Provence to-day.

Little remains of the luxurious tastes of the old livers at Arles. The café, dirty and dim, assembles the chivalry of the city, and a stranger Western knight, in place of baronial hall, is entertained at the Hôtel du Forum, where, with excess of cheatery, they give him for St. Peray a weak, carbonated Moselle.

Let no one judge of the flat sand surface of Provence by the rich descriptions of the mysteries of Udolfo, nor let the lover of ballad poetry reckon upon the peasant *patois* as having the sweet flow of Raymond or Bertrand de Born.

A FRENCH FARMER'S PARADISE.

M. BETHAM-EDWARDS.

[So many woful stories are told us of the penury and strife for bare existence of the agriculturists of Europe that it is pleasant to read of happier scenes and more plentiful larders. M. Betham-Edwards, than whom few are better able to speak of the conditions of life in rural France, has drawn for us, in her "*Holidays in Eastern France*," a cheerful picture of such a scene, which we take pleasure in reproducing. We are here taken out of the beaten track of ordinary travel into "fresh scenes and pastures new."]

How delicious to escape from the fever, heat, and turmoil of Paris during the Exhibition to the green banks and sheltered ways of the gently undulating Marne! With what delight we wake up in the morning to the noise—if noise it can be called—of the mower's scythe, the rustle of acacia-leaves, and the notes of the stock-dove, looking back as upon a nightmare to the horn of the tramway conductor and the perpetual grind of the stonemason's saw! Yes, to quit Paris at a time of tropic heat, and nestle down in some country resort, is, indeed, like exchanging Dante's lower circle for Paradise. The heat has followed us here; but with a screen of luxuriant foliage ever between us and the burning blue sky, and with a breeze rippling the leaves always, no one need complain.

With the cocks and the hens, and the birds and the bees, we are all up and stirring betimes; there are dozens of cool nooks and corners, if we like to spend the morning out of doors, and do not feel enterprising enough to set out on an exploring expedition by diligence or rail. After the mid-day meal every one takes a siesta, as a matter of course, waking up between four and five o'clock for a

ramble. Wherever we go we find lovely prospects. Quiet little rivers and canals, winding in between lofty lines of poplars, undulating pastures, and amber cornfields; picturesque villages, crowned by a church spire here and there; wide sweeps of highly cultivated land, interspersed with rich woods, vineyards, orchards, and gardens; all these make up the scenery familiarized to us by some of the most characteristic of French painters.

Just such tranquil rural pictures have been portrayed over and over again by Millet, Corot, Daubigny; and in this very simplicity often lies their charm. No costume or grandiose outline is here, as in Brittany; no picturesque poverty, no poetic archaisms; all is rustic and pastoral, but with the rusticity and pastoralness of every day.

We are in the midst of one of the wealthiest and best cultivated regions of France, moreover, and, when we penetrate beneath the surface, we find that in manner and customs, as well as dress and outward appearance, the peasant and agricultural population generally differ no little from their remote country-people, the Bretons. In this famous cheese-making country, the "Fromage de Brie" being the specialty of these rich dairy-farms, there is no superstition, hardly a trace of poverty, and little that can be called poetic. The people are wealthy, laborious, and progressive. The farmers' wives, however hard they may work at home, wear the smartest of Parisian bonnets and gowns when paying visits. I was going to say, when at church, but nobody does go there!

It is a significant fact that in the fairly well-to-do educated district, where newspapers are read by the poorest, where well-being is the rule, poverty the exception, the church is empty on Sunday, and the priest's authority is *nil*. The priests may preach against abstinence from church in the pulpits, and may lecture their congregation

in private; no effect is thereby produced. Church-going has become out of date among the manufacturers of Brie cheese. They amuse themselves on Sundays by taking walks with their children, the *pater-familias* bathes in the river, the ladies put on their gala dresses and pay visits, but they omit their devotions.

Some of these tenant-farmers—many of the farms being hired on lease, possessors of small farms hiring more land—are very rich, and one of our neighbors whose wealth has been made by the manufacture of Brie cheese lately gave his daughter one hundred thousand francs as a dowry. The wedding-breakfast took place at the Grand Hotel, Paris, and a hundred guests were invited to partake of a sumptuous collation. But in spite of fine clothes and large dowries, farmers' wives and daughters still attend to the dairies, and when they cease to do so doubtless farming in Seine et Marne will no longer be the prosperous business we find it. It is delightful to witness the wide-spread well-being of this highly-farmed region.

"There is no poverty here," my host tells me, "and this is why life is so pleasant."

True enough, wherever you go you find well-dressed, contented-looking people; no rags, no squalor, no pinched want. Poverty is an accident of rare occurrence, and not a normal condition, every one being able to get plenty of work and good pay. The habitual look of content written upon every face is very striking. It seems as if in this land of Goshen life were no burden, but matter of satisfaction only, if not of thankfulness. Class distinction can hardly be said to exist; there are employers and employed, masters and servants, of course, but the line of demarcation is lightly drawn, and we find an easy familiarity wholly free from impoliteness, much less vulgarity, existing between them.

The automatic demureness characterizing English servants in the presence of their employers is wholly unknown here. There are households with us where the servants might all be mutes for any signs of animation they give, but here they take part in what is going on, and exchange a word and smile with every member of the household, never dreaming that it should be otherwise. One is struck, too, here by the good looks, intelligence, and trim appearance of the children, who, it is plain, are well cared for. The houses have vines and sweet peas on the walls, flowers in the windows, and altogether a look of comfort and ease found nowhere in Western France. The Breton villages are composed of mere hovels, where pigs, cows, and poultry live in close proximity to their owners, a dung-hill stands before every front door, and, to get indoors and out, you have always to cross a pool of liquid manure. Here order and cleanliness prevail, with a diffusion of well-being hardly, I should say, to be matched out of America.

Travellers who visit France again and again, as much out of sympathy with its people's institutions as from a desire to see its monuments and outward features, will find ample to reward them in Seine et Marne. On every side we have evidence of the tremendous natural resources and indefatigable laboriousness of the people. There is one point here, as elsewhere in France, which strikes an agriculturist with astonishment, and that is the abundance of trees standing amid cornfields and miscellaneous crops, also the interminable plantation of poplars that can be seen on every side, apparently without any object. But the truth is, the planting of apple- and pear-trees in fields is no extravagance, rather an economy, the fruit they produce exceeding in value the corn they damage, whilst the puzzling line of poplars growing beside canals and rivers

is the work of the government, every spare bit of ground belonging to the state being planted with them for the sake of the timber. The crops are splendid, partly owing to the soil, and partly to the advanced system of agriculture. You may see exposed for sale, in little towns, the newest American agricultural implements, while the great diversity of products speaks volumes for the enterprise of the farmers.

As you stroll along, now climbing, now descending this pleasantly undulated country, you may see growing in less than an acre, a patch of potatoes here, a vineyard there, on one side a bit of wheat, oats, rye, and barley, with fruit-trees casting abundant shadow over all; on the other Indian-corn, clover, and mangel-wurzel in the green state, recently planted for autumn fodder; farther on a poppy-field, three weeks ago in full flower, now having full pods ready for gathering,—the opium poppy being cultivated for commerce here. All those and many more are found close together, and near them many a lovely little glen, copse, and ravine, recalling Scotland and Wales, while the open hill-sides show broad belts of pasture, corn, and vineyard. You may walk for miles through what seems one vast orchard, only, instead of turf, rich crops are growing under the trees. This is indeed the orchard of France, on which we English folk largely depend for our summer fruits. A few days ago the black currant-trees were being stripped for the benefit of Parisian lovers of *cassis*, a liqueur in high repute.

We encounter on our walks carts laden with plums packed in baskets and barrels on their way to Covent Garden. Later on, it will be the peach and apricot crops that are gathered for exportation. Later still, apples, walnuts, and pears; the village not far from our own sends fruit to the Paris markets valued at one million francs

annually, and the entire valley of the Marne is unequalled throughout France for fruitfulness and abundance.

But the traveller must settle down in some delicious retreat in the valley of the Marne to realize the interest and charm of such a country as this. And he must above all things be a fairly good pedestrian, for, though a land of Goshen flowing with milk and honey, it is not a land of luxuries, and carriages, good, bad, or indifferent, are difficult to be got. A countless succession of delightful prospects is offered to the persevering explorer who, each day, strikes out in an entirely different direction. I have always been of the opinion that the best way to see a country is to make a halt in some good central point for weeks at a time, and from thence "excursionize." By these means much fatigue is avoided, and the two chief drawbacks to the pleasure of travel, namely, hotels and perpetual railway travel, are avoided as much as possible.

Seine et Marne, if not one of the most picturesque regions in France, abounds in those quiet charms which grow upon the sympathetic traveller. It is not a land of marvels and pictorial attractions like Brittany. There is no costume, no legendary romance, no stone array of Carnac to entice the stranger, but, on the other hand, the lover of nature in her more subdued aspects, and the archæologist also, will find ample to repay them. . . .

My rallying-point was a pleasant country house at Couilly, offering easy opportunity of studying agriculture and rural life, as well as of making excursions by road and rail. Couilly itself is charming. The canal, winding its way between thick lines of poplar-trees towards Meaux, you may follow in the hottest day of summer without fatigue. The river, narrow and sleepy, yet so picturesquely curling amid green slopes and tangled woods, is another delightful stroll; then there are broad, richly-

wooded hills rising above these, and shady side-paths leading from hill to valley, with alternating vineyards, orchards, pastures, and cornfields on either side. Couilly lies in the heart of the cheese-making country, part of the ancient province of Brie, from which this famous cheese is named.

[The French *département* of Seine et Marne possesses but two important historical monuments, the Château of Fontainebleau and the Cathedral of Meaux, though it contains archæological remains from the Mediæval to the Celtic Age. Fontainebleau is too well known to need description here, so we shall conclude by following our traveller to Meaux.]

The diligence passes our garden gate early in the morning, and in an hour and a half takes us to Meaux, former capital of the province of La Brie, bishopric of the famous Bossuet, and one of the early strongholds of the Reformation. The neighboring country, *pays Mellois* as it is called, is one vast fruit and vegetable garden, bringing in enormous returns. From our vantage-ground—for, of course, we get outside the vehicle—we survey the shifting landscape, wood and valley and plain, soon seeing the city with its imposing Cathedral, flashing like marble, high above the winding river and fields of green and gold on either side. I know nothing that gives the mind an idea of fertility and wealth more than this scene, and it is no wonder that the Prussians, in 1871, here levied a heavy toll; their sojourn at Meaux having cost the inhabitants not less than a million and a half of francs. All now is peace and prosperity, and here, as in the neighboring towns, rags, want, and beggary are not found. The evident well being of all classes is delightful to behold.

Meaux, with its shady boulevards and pleasant public gardens, must be an agreeable place to live in, nor would intellectual resources be wanting. We strolled into the

spacious town library, open, of course, to all strangers, and could wish for no better occupation than to con the curious old books and the manuscripts that it contains. One incident amused me greatly. The employé, having shown me the busts adorning the walls of the principal rooms, took me into a side closet, where, ignominiously put out of sight, were the busts of Charles the Tenth and Louis Philippe.

"But," said our informant, "we have more busts in the garret,—the Emperor Napoleon III., the Empress, and the Prince Imperial."

Naturally enough, on the proclamation of the republic, these busts were considered at least supererogatory, and it is to be hoped they will stay where they are.

CORDOVA AND ITS MOSQUE.

S. P. SCOTT.

[The following selection we owe to Scott's "Through Spain: A Narrative of Travel and Adventure in the Peninsula," a work of unusual interest, and which reproduces in picturesque language most of the attractions of that favored peninsula. The Moorish inhabitants of Spain have left in that country numerous monuments of their graceful architecture, notably the Alhambra of Granada and the Mosque of Cordova. The latter, to the description of which this selection is mainly devoted, is one of the most magnificent examples of Saracenic architecture extant, and despite the efforts of ecclesiastics to ruin it, still remains a worthy object of pilgrimage for the lovers of art.]

ONCE more we turn our faces southward over the bleak and lifeless plains. Estremadura and La Mancha are soon left behind as the flying train darts through the passes of the Sierra Morena, and descends into the beautiful province



GATE OF ALMODUVAR, CORDOVA.



of Andalusia. It is almost like another world. The country is thickly settled, green fields take the place of the barren steppes, hedges of aloe and cactus enclose the extensive olive plantations, and, here and there, overtopping the orange groves, are seen the feathery branches of the palm. The costumes grow bright and odd, and the people became more swarthy in complexion.

The water-carrier, with her Arab alcarazza lightly poised upon her head, approaches the car window, and deals out the crystal fluid to the thirsty traveller at the moderate price of one-fifth of a cent a drink. A few miles farther, and, entering a long and irregular city, with tortuous streets reeking with villanous smells—each of which seems considerably worse than the one you have just escaped—and squares overrun with indefatigable beggars, all startling specimens of horrible and loathsome deformity, we are informed that this is at last the renowned capital of the Khalifs.

If Cordova at first sight is so unprepossessing, a better acquaintance is hardly calculated to produce a more favorable impression upon the stranger. It is a sleepy old town, substantially paved with stone blocks laid down by the Moors, whose notions of comfort and taste are further manifested in the shady courts surrounded by latticed galleries resting upon graceful horseshoe arches,—peculiarities of the Arab style of architecture. The innumerable canals, aqueducts, and fountains that embellish the various squares reveal the predilection of its ancient citizens for an abundant supply of water, an advantage not recognized by the present inhabitants. The streets are so crooked, and pay such a disregard to the points of the compass, that three minutes after you have left the hotel you are helplessly lost, and wonder whether you will be able to find any one of whom to ask the way. You approach one of the houses

that, barred like so many castles, line the streets, and knock. After some delay the gate opens, and discloses the leather-clad *portero* rubbing his eyes, and half asleep. You explain your misfortune; he laughs, and with a volubility that is perfectly amazing delivers himself of a string of directions intended to be explicit, but which soon involve you more deeply in the labyrinth than before. Then you commit yourself to the tender mercies of a boy who has providentially appeared, and who knows nothing of what you wish to see, but will gladly repel the attacks of the beggars, a service which no one who has had the benefit of will be disposed to underrate.

The bigoted character of the people of Cordova is betrayed by the number of shrines and the swarms of well-fed priests that congregate in the neighborhood of the Cathedral and the parish churches. In the Jewish quarter—where the Hebrews, persecuted by other nations, enjoyed complete liberty of worship, as well as the confidence of their Saracen rulers—stands the mosque. It is on the shore of the Gaudalquivir, and opposite the Alcazar of the Khalifs, which is now a military prison, and destitute of even a suspicion of its ancient grandeur. It is impossible to realize that this spot, now steaming with noxious vapors, smeared with filth of every description, and haunted by ghastly representatives of vice and misery, was once the abode of science and art, the seat of the wealthiest court of mediæval Europe, the refuge of the oppressed of every creed in Christendom, and the home of the most polished society of the age.

The city contains but little to attest its former greatness, whose story reads like an exaggerated romance of the Orient. The mosque remains, indeed, sadly defaced by the hand of religious fanaticism; a few of the baths are intact, though long disused and abandoned; the wheels of the

primitive stone mills are still turned by the rapid current of the Guadalquivir; and the venerable bridge erected by Augustus has survived the uninterrupted traffic and strange vicissitudes of nearly twenty centuries. There are a few handsome palaces, once curious on account of their minute and grotesque ornamentation, but now weather-beaten and decayed. The orphan asylum, built in the sixteenth century, offers the best example of the Gothic, but the churches are abominable, with the exception of San Nicolas, which possesses the only minaret left out of the seven hundred that once adorned the Saracen metropolis. The sight of the crumbling relics of an empire which once overshadowed all Europe with its power naturally recalls the circumstances under which that power was obtained, and suggests a brief notice of the wonderful civilization that, emanating from a people but a few removes from the Bedouins, communicated new life to the nations brought within the sphere of its authority, contributing so much of value to the common stock of human knowledge, and imparting an extraordinary impulse to scientific thought.

[This historical notice we omit, and proceed with a description of the celebrated mosque of Cordova.]

There has probably never been an edifice erected by the piety of any sect whose materials were gathered in as many different countries, or which could boast such a variety of superb decorations, as the *Djalma* of Cordova. The stones for its foundations were transported upon the shoulders of Christian captives from Narbonne in France. Pagan altars and Romish churches were alike despoiled of their precious marbles. Barbary gave her odoriferous woods, Egypt her ivory, Syria her stuccoes, Persia her tapestry, and Constantinople her elegant mosaics.

The expenses of construction were defrayed by the ap-

appropriation of one-fifth of the spoils of battle, which amount, important in itself, was from time to time largely increased by contributions from the wealthy, tribute of conquered nations and munificent gifts from the royal treasury. The building measured six hundred and forty-two feet from north to south by four hundred and sixty-two feet from east to west; the walls were generally thirty-five feet high, except on the side towards the river, where they reached an altitude of seventy feet and a thickness of nearly twenty. They were strengthened by buttresses and crowned by battlements painted in brilliant colors. Over all towered the shapely minaret of Abderrahman III., inlaid with sculptured stone-work and enamelled tiles, and bearing upon its summit three huge gilded apples of bronze rising from the petals of silver lilies, the whole surrounded by a pomegranate of massy gold.

There were twenty-one entrances, encircled by legends from the Koran, interspersed with scarlet and gilded arabesques; the doors were very heavy, and covered with plates of polished brass. A subdued light came through the interstices of marble lattices, carved in fantastic patterns, imparting a mystic solemnity to the vast interior.

A spacious garden or court, called then, as now, the Court of the Oranges, planted with choice exotics and tropical trees, contained the fountains where the Moor performed the ablutions prescribed by his religion. One of these basins, still perfect, is a monolith hewn in the quarries of the distant sierra, and requiring the combined efforts of seventy oxen and hundreds of men to convey it to its present position. The nineteen naves of the mosque opened upon the court,—none of them had doors,—and through the fretted arcades were wafted odors of rose and jasmine, which, mingling with incense and the smoke of perfumed tapers, gave to the fanatical believer a remi-

niscence of Araby the Blest. Some of these tapers weighed sixty pounds, and the largest chandelier, used only during the feast of Ramadan, held fourteen hundred and fifty-four lights. Lamps of gold and silver were suspended from the richly-ornamented ceiling, and among them, memorable trophies of the conquest of Galicia, swung the bells of the church of Santiago.

Stretching around on every side was an endless forest of columns, the horseshoe arches arranged in tiers increasing the resemblance to a grove of palms,—that most primitive of temples,—which evidently served as a model for the interior of the mosque. Not far from the centre was the tribune, where, on Fridays, the Imam called the worshippers to prayer. Elevated a few feet above the floor, it was surrounded by engrailed, interlacing arches, and stood opposite the Kiblah, or point facing Mecca. The latter was indicated by three chapels, the Mihrab being placed in the central one.

The Byzantine mosaics, with which both walls and domes are encrusted, give to this part of the mosque an indescribably gorgeous appearance. They contain no piece larger than the top of a lead-pencil and, being coated with glass like those of the church of St. Mark at Venice, which are of about the same date, have been preserved in all their original beauty. A noble horseshoe arch, opening in the mosaic, forms the entrance to the Mihrab, a little grotto faced with marble slabs, towards which the Moslem always turned to pray, and then made its circuit seven times upon his knees; the evidences of this act of devotion remaining, deeply furrowed in the pavement, after the lapse of six centuries. The Mihrab is hexagonal in shape, and twelve feet in diameter. Exquisitely carved as became its sacred character, and the reverence with which it was universally regarded, the skill of its architects was exhausted upon its

panels and its vaulted ceiling, cut from a single block of snowy marble in the exact representation of a shell. Here was kept the most precious relic of Mohammedan Spain, the Koran written by the Khalif Othman, which he was reading when assassinated. It was studded with jewels of immense value, and was so heavy that it required four men to lift it.

Great and important are the changes that have taken place in the arrangements of the mosque since the Spanish domination.

It was first purged of its heretical pollutions by the assembled clergy, and then lined with chapels presided over by ugly idols glittering with tinsel.

The marble pavement was next removed and replaced by coarse red tiles. The minaret, damaged by a storm in the sixteenth century, has been metamorphosed into an ordinary spire; thirteen of the exterior entrances, and sixteen of those in the Court of the Oranges, have been walled up; and many of the mosaics and stuccoes have been so daubed with whitewash that both colors and designs have disappeared. The carved ceiling was long since removed, and sold to guitar-makers and carpenters; the balustrades, inlaid with mother-of-pearl and tortoise-shell, were utilized as fuel. The outside has suffered less, and there still remain numerous tokens of its Oriental origin,—the flame-shaped battlements of Persia, typical of the adoration of fire; the Syrian ornamentation of the door-ways, where can also be traced familiar symbols of ancient Egypt; and the suastika, or Indian cross, a mysterious emblem of the highest antiquity, which Layard found upon the palaces of Nineveh, Cesnola in the tombs of Cyprus, and Schliemann on the walls of Troy.

But even these "purifications" were not sufficient to satisfy the demands of an orthodox and iconoclastic priest-

hood. In 1523 a zealous bishop of Cordova, named Manriquez, wishing to distinguish himself, determined to build a cathedral in the very centre of the mosque. The people in vain protested against this outrage; the bishop appealed to the emperor, who sustained him; and though Charles afterwards, when visiting Cordova for the first time, sharply criticised the action of the prelate, the remonstrance came with a bad grace from one who had wrought such irreparable mischief in the Alhambra. The church was built, and, though in itself elegant, has destroyed the proportions of the unique structure, once the model of Saracen architecture and the pride of all Islam. . . .

The Moorish city of Cordova was divided into five wards, each isolated by a fortified wall. Beyond these were the twenty-one suburbs, which—as well as the central part of the capital, where were located the palace and the Djalma—were paved and lighted, and furnished with mosques and markets. To accommodate a population that exceeded a million there were nine hundred public baths, more than are now to be found in all Europe.

Of the suburbs, that of Medina-Azzahra was the most celebrated. It enclosed a palace built by An-Nassir for a favorite of his harem, and we are told that its decorations surpassed those of the mosque at the period of its greatest magnificence. The most expensive marbles and jaspers were used in its construction; Byzantine mosaics covered its walls; the ceilings of its pavilions were composed of alternate plates of gold and silver. In the principal hall stood a porphyry basin full of quicksilver, so contrived that it could be agitated by hidden mechanism, reflecting the rays of the sun with dazzling brilliancy, and striking with terror the mystified beholders. Over this curious toy was a miniature temple, with a dome of ebony and ivory, encrusted with pearls and rubies, and sustained by columns

of polished crystal. Attached to the palace were delightful flower-gardens, orchards, labyrinths, lakes, and fountains. There were six thousand three hundred women of all ranks in An-Nassir's harem, who were guarded by an army of twelve thousand eunuchs clothed in silk, and wearing girdles of gold. In the neighborhood of the Khalif's residence stood the villas of the nobility, which, with the houses of their slaves and retainers, constituted of themselves a town of no inconsiderable dimensions.

Having read much of Medina-Azzahra, I was naturally desirous to visit the site of this luxurious retreat of the Khalif's, which is known as "*Cordoba la Vieja*," or Old Cordova; and taking a carriage, the driver of which assured me he was perfectly familiar with the locality, I rode out to the mountains, a distance of about three miles. The carriage stopped; I got out, and, seeing a few steps away a low wall of masonry, evidently the enclosure of a pasture. I asked the driver what place this was.

Touching his hat, he replied, "*This, señor, is Cordoba la Vieja.*"

"But the ruins you promised to show me,—where are they?"

"The ruins, señor—yes—there they are!" And he pointed to a row of dilapidated stables in the centre of the pasture, not far from where a herd of fierce Andalusian bulls were grazing. I would not have crossed that field for all the antiquities in Spain.

"And this is all that is to be seen here?"

"Yes, señor, this is all."

Re-entering the carriage, I returned to the city, with a feeling of disgust, which was not diminished by my honest coachman demanding an enormous fee for his services as guide. . . .

Among the many revolutions which have affected the

manners and formed the society of Europe, none is entitled to more credit, or has been more completely ignored, than the occupation of Spain by the Saracens. This neglect is almost inexplicable, considering the prestige the invaders acquired by their extensive conquests, long a menace to the peace of Christendom, as well as by their invaluable services to literature, whose influence is even now to be traced in the language, the theology, the science, and the laws of distant countries, loath to acknowledge the debt they owe to this most ingenious and polished people. For the ambition and versatility of the Moor were boundless, and he labored with the same persevering energy in the solution of some abstruse mathematical problem as in the prosecution of every useful discovery and the encouragement of every branch of trade.

The importance of his foreign commerce is shown by the wealth and size of his seaports. Of these Almeria stood first in rank; its merchants not only maintained the closest intimacy with the nations of the Mediterranean, but penetrated as far as Persia and China. It employed three thousand eight hundred looms in the fabrication of damasks and brocades; the gardens and plantations of its environs embraced an area of four hundred square miles. Each city had its specialty: Baeza was famous for woollens, Murcia for coats of mail, Valencia for perfumes, Malaga for pottery and glass, Xativa for paper, Toledo and Seville for swords of perfect temper. In the early part of the twelfth century there were six hundred villages engaged in the manufacture of silk. Granada was the chief mart of this industry, and soon after the accession of Charles Fifth, when the Inquisition had already driven thousands of skilful artisans into exile, the crown revenues from this source alone amounted annually to one hundred and eighty one thousand five hundred gold ducats,

or seven hundred and twenty-six thousand dollars of our money.

The luxurious taste of the East caused the introduction of many useful plants and fruits, among them the buck-wheat, the sugar-cane, the peach, and the pomegranate, and the first palm ever seen in Andalusia was brought from Damascus by Abderrahman, in memory of his native land. In his control over water, the most valuable treasure of his forefathers, the Moor displayed a power little short of marvellous, and a reverence as for something peculiarly sacred. Every drop of the precious fluid was utilized, and its distribution protected by a code of stringent regulations, causing its benefits to be felt in the remotest hamlets of the kingdom. This code is still in force in Valencia, and the ancient tribunal of seven judges, chosen from the farmers of the province, holds its sessions in that city every Thursday, the last day of the Mohammedan week, to hear and decide without appeal all questions involving the laws of irrigation.

The rapid progress made by the Spanish Arabs in those arts that tend to diminish the burdens and increase the enjoyments of life, unexampled as it was in history, was not more remarkable than the diligence with which they applied themselves to literary and scientific pursuits, studies destined to exert such lasting effects upon the happiness and well-being of mankind. . . .

In the personal appearance and mode of life of the Andalusians, and particularly in those of the inhabitants of Cordova, can be detected unmistakable signs of their Arab ancestry. Their skins are darker, and the women especially have larger and more lustrous eyes than those of the other provinces of Spain. Their dialect, full of proverbial expressions, and unintelligible by its elision of consonants, seems a barbarous jargon to the Castilian of

Salamanca or Valladolid. The popular cloak is the burrón; the hat of the muleteer a degenerate turban; the haick, under whose folds Eastern jealousy required the features of all females to be concealed, survives in the mantilla, that once covered the face, and does yet in certain towns, as Tarifa, and which has even travelled to Spanish America as the tapada of Lima. The sandal is much worn by the poorer classes, and the silken sash, or girdle, passes yet under its Arab name of *faja*. The irrigating apparatus, the cart, the plough,—which is nothing but a crooked stick,—are all Oriental; the mills were either actually built by the Moors, or modelled after those of that industrious people. Grain is still tramped out by cattle upon the primitive threshing-floor, and winnowed by the wind. The charcoal vender, with his panniers and his scales, is identical in all save costume with the vagrant charbonnier of Cairo.

The clapping of hands to call servants reminds one of the “Arabian Nights;” the seclusion of women savors strongly of the restraints of the harem.

Instances might be indefinitely multiplied to show the derivation of similar customs interwoven with every act of social and domestic life. And, notwithstanding the untold advantages and invaluable practical knowledge—the results of ages of experience—bequeathed by the Saracen to his conqueror, with the ruins of massive castles, and of palaces unrivalled in magnificent decoration, scattered all over the land; with the museums crowded with priceless relics of Arab art; with the fields watered by an ingenious yet simple method of irrigation, yielding prodigious returns with but trifling labor; it is the greatest insult you can offer a Spaniard to call him a “Moor,” or insinuate that in his veins courses a drop of the blood of that despised race whose industry was once the boast, as its neglected souvenirs are now the glory, of his country.

THE SPANISH BULL-FIGHT.

JOSEPH MOORE.

[“Outlying Europe and the Nearer Orient,” by Joseph Moore, Jr., a work devoted to descriptive sketches of Egypt, the Holy Land, and the various countries of Europe, is the source of the following selection, which excellently delineates that ancient, though hardly time-honored, institution of Spain, which has long been its most distinctive form of public recreation. Happily, no other race than the Spanish has adopted this cruel sport.]

Nothing in the popular mind is more closely associated with Spain than the bull-fight. To travel in that country without witnessing the spectacle would imply the loss of an invaluable opportunity to study Spanish life. The people of all classes throughout the kingdom are unremitting in their enthusiasm for this favorite amusement, and no political or social prerogative could be guarded with more zealous devotion.

This species of gladiatorial contest took its origin at a remote period, and long before it assumed its present form exhibition combats of one bull against another were not uncommon. Pictorial sculptures at Beni Hassan and Thebes prove the latter to have been among the sports of the Egyptians nearly three thousand years before the Christian era. Strabo states that the bulls employed on these occasions were carefully trained for the purpose, and the encounters generally took place in the dromos, or avenue of approach to the temples. These displays, however, were probably abandoned under succeeding dynasties, as no such representations exist on walls of later periods. We have reasonable evidence to assume that bull-fights which included men and beasts as combatants were first instituted

by the Thessalians more than three hundred years before Christ. As a people, they were skilled in horsemanship, and the spectacle was not unlike that of modern Spain. Julius Cæsar is believed to have noticed such exhibitions in Thessaly, which led to their appearance in Rome about B.C. 45. In later ages they were generally prohibited in the Latin empire, both by the emperors and the popes. Gibbon, however, describes a feast celebrated at Rome in 1332, which included a bull-fight in the Coliseum, with the Roman nobles as participants. The bull-fight was introduced into the Spanish peninsula by the Moors in the eighth century, and when those people were finally expelled in 1492 by Ferdinand and Isabella, Catholic Spain adopted the cruel sport of her Mohammedan predecessors. In the sixteenth century Pope Pius V. vainly decreed its extinction, and two hundred years later Charles III. practically failed to accomplish the same by persuasion. Late in the last century Charles IV. suppressed the bull-fight, but Joseph Bonaparte soon after restored the privilege to ingratiate himself with the nation whose throne he had usurped. Since then the ancient diversion has flourished despite the unanimous condemnation of the outer world. The present monarch, Alfonso XII., is said to favor its abolition, but such an attempt, it is declared, would be attended with the risk of engendering a revolution.

Bull fights are popular throughout Spain, but, with the exception of Madrid, they are more frequent in the southern provinces. In fact, Seville is regarded as the centre of *taurumatichia*. The season extends from the close of Lent to November, with Sundays and religious *fiestas* as the favorite days. The Plaza de Toros, or bull-ring, is an extensive hypæthral amphitheatre resembling the Coliseum on a reduced scale. The new one at Madrid is located near the driving-park, or Gardens of the Buen Retiro, and will

seat about fifteen thousand people. That at Seville is an older building, situated near the Guadalquivir, and estimated to accommodate from ten to twelve thousand spectators. The stone Plaza de Toros of Jerez is credited with a capacity of thirteen thousand. The seats are of various grades, and the charges for them range from ten reales (fifty cents) to forty-six reales (two dollars and thirty cents). The choicest are those in the shade and in the boxes which form the upper tier. Not unfrequently during holy week in Seville the demand for places is such that speculators will realize fifty pesetas (ten dollars) for a single ticket.

The various breeds of Spanish bulls are easily distinguished by the practised eye, and the entire interest of the Spaniard is centred on the movements of the doomed beast. A savage, aggressive *toro* is an object of admiration, and one of timid demeanor of corresponding reproach. The fiercest of all are those of Andalusian blood. The stock of Navarre and the Castilian bulls on the Jarama, near Aranjuez, are likewise favorites, and the latter are generally used at Madrid. The proceeds of the bull-fights are usually devoted to religious or charitable purposes; those of the capital chiefly supporting the State hospital.

The actors in the bull-fights are of four classes: *matadores*, *banderilleros*, *picadores*, and *chulos*, their relative importance being in the order named. The word *torero* is a general term for bull-fighters on foot, while *torreador* is commonly applied to those on horseback. Before entering the ring a bull-fighter repairs to the chapel or confessional to be prepared for death should the merciless horns chance to reach his life.

Four o'clock in the afternoon is the usual time for the commencement of the spectacle, and but few seats are vacant when that hour approaches. The cheap circles are replete with boisterous humanity of both sexes, who loudly

vent their impatience in case of delay. During the performance any failure of skill is greeted by the lower classes with energetic cries of condemnation, many of the epithets used being of an extremely vulgar character. The choicer sections contain a brilliant assemblage, the *señoritas* in full evening toilettes of delicate tints, white kid gloves, lace veils, fans, and opera-glasses. The *señores* wear a suit of black, except a vest of white, and pearl-colored gloves. Directly on the opposite side of the arena from the *toril*, or bull-door, is the enclosure reserved for the *autoridad*, or one in authority presiding on the occasion, just as a Cæsar did of old in the gladiatorial contests. In Madrid the king and his suite occupy this box, and the nobility cluster in the vicinity.

A few minutes before the performance opens, the floor of the arena is sprinkled to prevent any disturbance of the dust during the struggle. When this operation is completed, music by the band follows, and the king or the president of the day enters the reserved box. The excitement now becomes intense. A trumpeter stands awaiting the command to inaugurate the exhibition, and but a few seconds elapse before the notes are sounded. The band plays a march, a gate swings open, and a procession advances towards the royal loge. There it halts, and every performer salutes the occupant. The men on foot are in the Andalusian costume, richly elaborated,—flat hats, embroidered jackets, bright-colored knee-breeches, white stockings, and black slippers, and with the hair confined in nets. The horsemen are arrayed as Spanish knights of the olden time, with long buckskin breeches, under which the limbs are protected from injury by cork or tin leggings. The spurs of these combatants are provided with most cruel rowels to goad the timorous horses. The lance which the *picador* carries is of the usual length for a horseman, but

the spear-head is purposely too short to inflict a very serious wound. The group of performers consists of six *chulos* on foot, with gay mantles, which they carry on the arm; two *matadores* in green, one with a red-hilted Toledo blade and the other with a mantle; three *banderilleros*, each with a pair of decorated barbed darts called *banderillas*; three *picadores* on blindfolded horses and armed with the lance; and, finally, some minor characters in charge of two brightly-caparisoned teams harnessed to crossbars.

After the salutation the teams withdraw, and the actors dispose themselves at various points in the ring. A horseman clad in black court costume, who has accompanied the procession and is called an *alguazil*, now gallops over to the box containing the authorities to receive the key of the *toril*, or bull-door. This he carries to the person in charge of that gate, and then hurriedly withdraws. The trumpet again sounds, the tumult becomes intensified, the *toril*-door opens, and the bull dashes into the arena. Upon his flank is a bright rosette with long ribbons, the *moña*, which is the prize of the victorious *matador*. For an instant "the lord of lowing herds" halts to survey the situation, but only an instant, and then the game of death commences. One of the *picadores*, mounted on a horse whose ears are filled with tow and whose eye towards the bull is covered, takes a position fronting the enemy, with his blunt spear in rest. The mighty brute hesitates a second, lowers his head, and charges. The spear is buried in the bull's shoulder, and the unprotected horse rears to escape the attack, but the deadly horns gore him, and all fall together. The bull's violence is instantly diverted by a *chulo*, who flaunts the red cape, and the *picador* is quickly extricated by vigilant satellites. The attention of a stranger is now instinctively directed to the horse, to discover the extent of the damage. Perhaps his hip bleeds, or there is a visible rent

in his chest from which the blood jets forth, or a mass of entrails protrudes as he walks. In the first case the wound is stanchèd with clay, and the *picador* immediately remounts. If either of the later happens, the horse is led towards the exit, but before reaching it he staggers and falls, in all probability dead. A subordinate called a *cachetero* then thrusts a stiletto into the brain, as though the bull had not wholly completed the tragedy.

In the mean while the infuriated bovine has been otherwise engaged. A *chulo* or two have flashed their bright-colored mantles in his face to madden him, or another *picador* has stood an attack. Then a *chulo* is pursued, greatly to the delight of the audience, and hastily retreats behind a short fence or refuge, built close to the ring and too narrow to admit the bull. In some *plazas* the refuges are entirely wanting, and instead the nimble actors leap the first of the two barriers. Occasionally the pursuing bull will likewise jump this outer fence, and must then be driven from the intervening circle back to the arena through a gate especially opened for the purpose.

Time passes, and the bull is wearied and bleeding. A *banderillero* now advances with a pair of the *banderillas*, or barbed darts, before mentioned. These instruments are rather less than a yard in length, and when necessary to aggravate a cowardly bull they are sometimes charged with explosives. The *banderillas* are whisked in the brute's face until he charges, which is the result desired. The *banderillero* quickly steps aside, the bull passes, and the javelins are thrust deeply into his shoulders, one on each side of the spine. The movement is as dexterous as it is dangerous, and never fails to excite a shout of admiration. The bull struggles to extricate himself from the darts, and perhaps one falls to the ground. A second adept immediately places a second pair in the bleeding shoulders, and then

still another, making six in all. Now the bull is furious, and accordingly a *picador* again moves into position. A charge is made; all fall, and the horse is gored,—in all probability killed. The *chulos* again flaunt their red lures, and so the struggle continues until the bull retires some distance for a respite. Perhaps he will rest on his haunches, or lie upon the ground in utter exhaustion. A cry from the audience at this juncture is well understood. The skilled *matador* advances with his red-hilted Toledo blade and scarlet *muleta* to ask formal permission of the authority to despatch the foe. A duel ensues to display the dexterity and grace of the *espada*. Frequently but a single step is necessary to remove him from the approaching horns, so great is this actor's composure, and so thorough his mastery of his movements. The *matador*, to employ the technical parlance, "knows when the bull is right to kill;" and finally he deliberately aims a thrust which in an instant displays the sword transfixed almost to the hilt. If one blade is not sufficient, another sinks to the appointed spot.

"Where his vast neck just mingles with the spine,
Sheathed in his form the deadly weapon lies.
He stops—he starts—disdaining to decline;
Slowly he falls, amidst triumphant cries,
Without a groan, without a struggle, dies."

The victorious *matador* salutes the presiding dignitary, and Spain's sons and daughters unite in one mighty outburst of joy and noise. One of the teams is summoned; a rope is attached from the crossbar to the deadly horns; the whips are applied, and the dead monarch of the farm disappears with the galloping horses. Nothing is left of him save the blood-stained track which his weighty corse has marked on the soil. The trumpet again sounds; the toril-door swings on its hinges, and a second bull rushes into

the arena. The entertainment consists of the death of six bulls, all by the original group of men, and is usually of three hours' duration.

A remarkable fact to be noted is that injuries to the human combatants are not frequent, though occasionally one is killed and others are maimed. At Madrid we saw a *matador* thrown by the bull immediately after the sword had been fairly driven to the hilt. While the man lay upon his breast he received three passes from the frantic beast before the mantles of the *chulos* could distract the animal's attention. Strange to relate, the unfortunate performer escaped with no greater injury than bruises, and, indeed, he evinced a disposition to renew the contest; but his companions almost forcibly led him from the arena. An instant afterwards the bull commenced bleeding at the mouth from the internal sword wound, and in less than a minute dropped dead. In another case related by a spectator, a *chulo*, in his attempt to escape, slipped when close to the barrier. Upon falling the man quickly doubled himself into a ball, and, miraculous as it may seem, the bull's horns were driven into the wooden fence on each side of the huddled form, and the actor was saved. In an instant the lure of a brother *chulo* had diverted a second attack. Once when we were present a *cachetero* struck a dying bull with a stiletto before the tenacious vitality was wholly exhausted, and so suddenly did the brute resent the wound that the public butcher had his nether garment rent by the pursuing horns.

Words cannot describe the strange and engrossing excitement which the bull-fight inspires. The brain is probably in a whirl of agitation, when suddenly the heart ceases beating for an instant, as rider, horse, and bull clash in the deliberate encounter. The sympathy for the poor defenceless horse is without bounds, and with it comes a flush of

indignation that so noble an animal should be cruelly butchered to make a Spanish holiday. It is true the horses thus devoted to immolation are of little value; but they are nevertheless horses, and their wanton slaughter will admit of no justification. The destruction of so many bulls is equally to be condemned, and charity for the brute should not be wanting because he employs the weapons and exhibits the propensities with which the Creator endowed him. The stranger is also impelled to contemplate the fact that those of the gentler sex, the famed beauty of Spain, regard these combats with sufficient partiality to insure their presence, and to behold with the utmost composure a death-stricken horse trailing his vitals before their very eyes. In extenuation it must be considered that their training and the traditions of the country pronounce the bull-fight a legitimate amusement. Travellers, however, are almost unanimous in their conclusion that pleasure is vainly sought in frequenting the *corrida de toros*. Yet

“Such the ungentle sport that oft invites
The Spanish maid, and cheers the Spanish swain.”

SEVILLE, THE QUEEN OF ANDALUSIA.

S. P. SCOTT.

[We have already given one selection from Scott's "Through Spain." The work is so worthy that we feel impelled to offer other extracts from its well-filled pages. Seville, in many respects the most attractive city in Spain, offers a charm to the traveller which few can resist, while in respect to the treasure of Moorish architecture, possessed by many of the cities of Spain, it has to show its richly-decorated Alcazar, or citadel, its *Torre del Oro*, or Golden Tower, and its minaret, the Giralda, whose lofty summit looks down in pride upon the modern cathedral. But we must leave this story to our author's pen.]

Of all the cities of Spain, there is none that can compare in general attractiveness with the beautiful Andalusian capital. In the feudal towns of old Castile will be found much of interest to the student of history: in Madrid there can be witnessed the pompous ceremonial of the court; Cordova has her mosque; Merida, her Roman, and Tarragona her Cyclopean, remains; Granada, her peerless Alhambra. But in Seville—inferior to none of these in the number and value of her antiquities—alone can be studied to advantage the singular manners of a society in some respects highly civilized yet in others manifesting unmistakable traces of barbarism, more noticeable here than in any other city of the kingdom.

It is a place of wonderful contrasts. On one side are stately avenues lined with magnificent palaces and gardens; on the other rise gloomy Moorish habitations, reached by winding passage-ways so narrow that an ordinary umbrella, when raised, will barely clear the walls. As in Oriental communities, the different sects are separated; the Jews are restricted to one quarter, the Moors to another, the gypsies to a third, and nowhere outside of Cairo and Damascus is exhibited such an array of outlandish costumes. In the surging crowds of the promenades the uniform of the soldier and the cowl of the friar are especially conspicuous, the one the sign of a jealous military despotism, the other the badge of an order fast passing away.

Seville has the first and grandest bull-fights of the season; her majos are the most extravagant in dress, her women the most witty and beautiful, her religious festivals the most expensive and splendid in the world. It is here, then, that we must look for the characteristic types of Andalusia, that favored land where the ancients placed their Elysian Fields and Garden of the Hesperides.

The city lies very low upon the Guadalquivir, which, overflowing with every freshet, has frequently submerged the streets and seriously damaged buildings situated a long distance from its banks.

The visitor, wandering along the substantial quays, will not fail to notice a curious, isolated tower, whose loop-holes and battlements resemble those of some feudal castle. It is the *Torre del Oro*, or Golden Tower, one of the landmarks of Moorish Seville, and was named from the shining yellow tiles that originally encrusted it, and which Spanish taste has thoroughly "improved" with a coat of plaster. It once guarded a bridge by which the city was supplied with provisions from the *Ajarafe*, the rich territory that extended for fifty miles up and down the river, and was under the most perfect cultivation.

From the Golden Tower, an irregular wall, whose summit is on a level with the roofs of the surrounding houses, can be traced for nearly a quarter of a mile, till it terminates in the Alcazar, or citadel. The date of the foundation of the Alcazar is too remote to be fixed with certainty, although it is known that a palace stood here about the time of the first Saracen invasion. The walls are fifty feet high and in excellent preservation. Within the principal gate is the room where the kadi, and after him Peter the Cruel,—who has left a deeper impress of his individuality upon Seville than any other monarch, Christian or Moslem,—exercised the office of judge. Beyond the grand court, which is large enough for the review of a considerable body of troops, is a smaller one enclosing the façade, erected by Don Pedro in 1364. This, as well as much of the interior, was the work of the finest artists in Granada, sent to Don Pedro by his friend the Moorish king. Successive and ill-advised alterations have modernized the inner apartments, and what vandalism and white-

wash could not accomplish has been effected by the stupidity of those intrusted with repairs, who have awkwardly tried to imitate the delicate tile-work with paint, and have inserted many Arabic inscriptions upside down.

The Patio de las Doncellas was the central court of the seraglio, and the place where the annual tribute of one hundred Christian maidens was delivered by the vassals of the sultan. Its arches are festooned and pointed, or ogive, denoting the period of transition between the horseshoe of Cordova and the symmetrical curves of the Alhambra.

The Hall of the Embassadors, in all probability the most gorgeously decorated chamber in the world, opens upon this *patio*. Its dazzling walls are crowned with a carved wooden dome, or *artesonado*, colored in blue and scarlet, and studded with golden stars. Charles V. and Isabella of Portugal, mother of Philip II., were married here March 12, 1526. . . .

Scarcely a stone's throw from the Alcazar is the cathedral, overtopped by the old Moorish minaret, the Giralda, which was built by the Sultan Yacub Al-Mansur in 1184. It rests upon a triangular base composed of all the statues of pagan deities and other idolatrous fragments of antiquity that could be collected by the zealous iconoclasts who founded it. The tower is fifty feet square, and the original height was two hundred cubits; modern additions, however, have increased it somewhat, and it now measures three hundred and fifty feet from the pavement to the head of the statue. For eighty-seven feet the walls are of polished blocks of stone; above this the material is brick, relieved by tracery and arabesques of the most capricious designs, different on each side, yet so artfully combined and blended that it requires close observation to detect the variations. The interior is lighted by double windows, divided by columns of white marble and alabaster. Tho

Giralda is ascended by a series of ramps, or inclined planes, so wide, and of such easy slope, that two horsemen with lances poised could ride to the top and back again without dismounting, a feat that was more than once accomplished by the wild cavaliers of the Spanish court.

The Campanile of St. Mark's of Venice has similar ramps, the invention being of Byzantine origin. It is curious that the walls increase in thickness as the summit is approached, an anomaly which has never been satisfactorily explained.

Late in the fourteenth century the upper portion of the Giralda was injured by an earthquake, and remained half ruined until 1568, when the present belfry was built. It is encircled by the biblical quotation, "Fortissima turris nomen Domini," and supports a colossal bronze statue of Faith, which acts as a weathercock, moving with the lightest breath of air.

The Court of the Oranges, with the walls enclosing its northern and eastern sides, compose the existing portions of the mosque, upon whose site the cathedral was erected. It contains cool arcades, a grove, and a battered marble fountain, which for three hundred years served the Moor for his ablutions, and where now the sturdy water-carriers fill their kegs, trudging away with their cheerful "*A'ua! a'ua! quien quiere a'ua? templ'a y muy 'uena!*" * a cry that is most welcome upon a sultry day. . . .

A suite of rooms in the upper story of the old mosque contains the precious collection of books and manuscripts bequeathed by Don Fernando Columbus to the cathedral. Of rare interest is this library, the greater number of whose musty volumes, bound in vellum, were once the property of the most renowned of navigators. In a glass case are preserved the original journals of Columbus, partly

* "Water! water! Who wants water? tepid and good!"

written in the dungeons of the Inquisition, and the "Travels of Marco Polo," his *vade-mecum* during his voyages.

This book, which bears evident marks of study and hard usage, is said to be the first that suggested to him the probable existence of another world. There is scarcely a page that is not enriched with notes jotted down from time to time by this wonderful man, whose handwriting is as legible as print, the ink he used being but little faded after a lapse of four hundred years. I should have been glad to have examined these memorials more closely, and tried to induce the custodian to unlock the case; but the tempting bribe I offered failed, to my surprise, to accomplish the desired end, as he sorrowfully informed me that he was not intrusted with the key.

The Cathedral of Seville is worthy of its reputation as the grandest in Spain, and one of the most elaborate ever constructed. Inside the walls it measures three hundred and seventy-nine by two hundred and seventeen feet, the central dome rising one hundred and seventeen feet from the floor. Begun in 1402, it is not yet finished, the delay affording a convenient pretext for continually soliciting funds, which, by a pious fiction, are presumed never to be adequate for the purpose.

The enormous pillars, disposed in groups, impart an air of great solidity to the edifice, whose dimensions, like those of all similar structures, are not at the first glance appreciated. To several of the pillars are attached iron coffers as large as ordinary trunks, for the reception of donations for holy uses. Little is dropped into them now but copper; but, at a time when the treasures of a world were pouring into Seville, they were too small for the piles of doubloons with which returning adventurers hoped to purchase immunity for revolting crimes against God and man.

Just inside the main entrance is the grave of Don Fer-

nando Columbus, the last of his illustrious race, who died in 1539. A simple marble slab covers his remains; the Latin epitaph recites his own and his father's deeds,—deeds that were so ill requited by the jealousy and ingratitude of his sovereign.

The three caravels which achieved the discovery of the Bahamas are sculptured there, with the unique device, a globe belted with the famous motto,—

“A Castilla y a Leon
Nuevo mundo dio Colon.” . . .

Seville possesses many ancient mansions, whose patios, perfumed with the blossoms of choice exotics and vines twining about their marble columns, and echoing to the songs of birds and the music of plashing fountains, afford pictures little to be expected from the severely plain exterior. In general one must be content with a passing glimpse of these luxurious dwellings, for the haughty grandee resents all intrusion, and guards his home with Oriental jealousy. There are, however, two palaces, the hereditary seats of the Dukes of Montpensier and Alba, splendid representatives of their class, where vagabond curiosity may enter and range at will, provided it is well watched. The first is called San Telmo, and is on the Guadalquivir, where the son of Louis Philippe lives in regal state. His halls are full of elegant furniture, costly paintings, and bronzes, embracing elegant masterpieces produced in the palmy days of France and Spain; and his grounds are very extensive, containing, in addition to the rare plants which grow with tropical luxuriance, acres of valuable orange-trees.

The palace of the Duke of Alba is semi-Moorish, and, being in an unfashionable neighborhood, is seldom occupied by its owner. It is approached by a fine gate-way, over which

the arms of the house of Alba, emblazoned in colored tiles, are encircled by flags taken in many hard-fought battles, the insignia of the Golden Fleece, and the significant motto, "Tu in ea ego pro ea." The crest, an angel holding in one hand the globe and cross and in the other a flaming sword, is typical of the position which the bulwark of the monarchy, the oppressor of the Netherlands, and the doughty champion of the Faith, maintained to the last in the affections of the suspicious and bigoted Philip,—

"Wie Gottes Cherub vor dem Paradies,
Steht Herzog Alba vor dem Thron."

The ordinary houses of Seville are Oriental in plan, and well-fitted to resist the scorching heat of the climate. The heavy gates admit to the *zaguan*, a short hall having at the farther end an iron grating opening upon the patio, or court. The *zaguan* is the place where the young ladies receive calls. It would be a fragrant breach of etiquette for the lover to be admitted to the parlor, so he takes his place on one side of the grating, his dulcinea posting herself on the other. No chairs are permitted in this airy drawing-room, for, if they were furnished, the cavalier might never go away. As it is, it is not unusual to see couples standing together at midnight, sometimes with the rain blowing in upon them,—as the *zaguan* affords but slight protection from the weather,—and apparently oblivious of all the world save themselves. These protracted interviews are only allowed after betrothal, and the sighing gallant, at first the embodiment of devotion and sentiment, is usually transformed into the most imperious of husbands before the expiration of the honeymoon, for he never allows himself to forget the amusing proverb of his countrymen, "He who becomes a lieutenant upon his wedding day will never be promoted."

Every court, even those belonging to the dwellings of the most modest pretensions, has one or more fountains and a flower-bed in the centre. Overhead, covering the entire area, an awning—which is frequently sprinkled with water—is stretched during the summer months to temper the burning atmosphere, as the heat is so intense that an omelet can be cooked in a few minutes if exposed to the rays of the mid-day sun. In the old-fashioned Spanish houses the kitchen is always situated near the front door, giving one the full benefit of the garlic and saffron odors as soon as he enters, but preventing their diffusion through the parlors and sleeping-apartments. The latter are constructed with lofty ceilings, have no more windows than are absolutely necessary, and are often paved with white marble, and finished with brilliant *azulejos*, or Moorish tiles. They are delightfully cool in summer, but damp and cheerless at all other seasons. . . .

The great fair, held here in April, is famous, and the people who visit it exhibit the best types of the Andalusian peasantry to be found in the province. A perfect city of booths is raised in the suburb of San Bernardo, each section, or ward, being assigned to a separate class of merchants, as in the bazaars of the East. One quarter is set apart for the nobility, many of whom have their private tents, which, as well as those of the numerous civil and military organizations, are fitted up in the most sumptuous manner.

As the interiors are open to view, the scenes, especially at night, when thousands of colored lamps and gas-jets make everything as light as day, are extremely charming and novel. Dancing, love-making, and flirting are going on on all sides, and down the broad avenues, upon gayly-caparisoned horses, ride troops of majos and majas, the dandies and coquettes of Andalusia, radiant in their beautiful national costume. The click of the castanet mingles

with the music of the bands and the chants of the itinerant singers, who, standing in groups, compose impromptu ballads, like the ancient troubadours; the brazen-lunged showman recounts the wonderful feats of his dwarfs and educated ape, while above all sounds rises the uproar from the canvas theatre, whose tottering seats are packed to their utmost capacity with an appreciative audience that, never tiring of the oft-repeated and not over-decent comedies, regard this day as the brightest of their monotonous existence. It is a veritable pandemonium.

The picturesque gypsies are present in crowds, some wandering from booth to booth telling the *buena ventura* to the credulous, others selling specifics for the evil eye, a superstition whose influence is not limited to the ignorant, and against which holy water, generally so potent, is universally conceded to be of no avail.

These brown-skinned maidens, with their heads wreathed with flowers, occupy one entire avenue, where they range themselves in lines, and solicit all passers-by to taste their *buñuelos*, a kind of insipid doughnuts boiled in olive oil. The presence of Moors and Jews from Tangier and other cities of Morocco, who come for trade, offering so called Oriental curiosities, mostly manufactured in Paris and Birmingham, adds not a little to the attractiveness of the great fair of Andalusia. . . .

The natives of Seville, even in Roman times, were noted for their frivolity, their indisposition to labor, and their love of pleasure, qualities which they have transmitted in an exaggerated degree to their descendants.

Venus was then, as now, their favorite goddess; her image was borne during her festivals upon the shoulders of women of patrician rank, and certain rites of the Phœnician Astarte, her prototype, survive in the ceremonies of modern holidays.

Some strange performances are to be witnessed on St. John's eve, identical with the summer solstice, when numbers of both sexes assemble in the parks and along the promenades, to dance around the fires of Cybele, and leap over them when the clock strikes twelve; and at daybreak run in crowds to gather the mysterious vervain, associated with the religious observances of so many nations of antiquity. The coquettish graces and fascinations of the Sevillian ladies,—

“Skilled in the ogle of a roguish eye,
Yet ever well inclined to heal the wound,”—

the lively, semi-Oriental dances, the groups of grotesque maskers and musicians, the jaunty smugglers and bull-fighters, and the general air of gayety and enjoyment that pervades all classes, make it well worth while to lose a few hours' sleep on the merry eve of St. John.

Seville, the “Queen of Andalusia,” the depository of the glories and crimes of a dozen distinct races, and nearly as many conflicting religions, is slowly emerging from the darkness with which priestly domination and Inquisitorial tyranny have enveloped her for centuries. Her age of discovery and victory, of sentimental gallantry, of chivalric devotion, is past,—the age “when dreams of conquest, and tales of golden lands beyond the ocean, were wafted on every breeze;” the age when Isabella clad in shining armor set forth at the head of her knights to besiege Granada; the age when Alonzo de Ojeda fastened the scarf of the queen upon the dizzy pinnacle of the Giralda, and Ponce de Leon threw himself, sword in hand, into the lion's den, in search of his lady's glove; the age when Cortes and Pizarro, penniless adventurers, sailed upon expeditions destined to immortal fame; the age when Sebastian de Elcano, the lieutenant of Magellan, was received with royal honors after his circumnavigation of the earth.

Of the glorious deeds whose renown once filled the world the fruits were recklessly wasted, the memory alone survives. And now the proud old city, waking from the lethargy in which she has so long slumbered, conscious of her great natural advantages, seems determined to again reap their benefit and, if possible, recover her lost prestige. Her commerce is yearly increasing, fleets of shipping are anchored in the muddy Guadalquivir, and an infusion of foreign blood seems to have imparted new life to the deserted streets, where the treasures of America and Asia were once paraded, and bands of victorious soldiers of fortune landed from the galleons that, freighted with the wealth of Ormus and of Ind, were unloading their precious cargoes at the docks of the chief emporium of Spain.

STREET SCENES IN GENOA.

AUGUSTA MARRYAT.

[“*Genova la Superba*,” the great seaport city of mediæval Italy, and retaining still much of the beauty and grandeur of its days of greatness, is amply worthy of attention in these modern times. We give here, therefore, a picturesque account of what Genoa retains for the eye of the traveller after its centuries of decline.]

THE town of Genoa is bustling and full of movement, and one that grows upon the visitor, since each day discloses new beauties of situation, and he is struck with increased admiration for the splendor of the palaces. The streets are narrow, and the tops of the tall houses nearly meet, so that the sun is jealously kept from even a glimpse of the passers-by, who without other protection than a white muslin covering for the head, or a fan by way of parasol, can walk in safety from its scorching rays. These

streets are too narrow to admit of a carriage, but mules with jingling bells upon their headstalls, and laden with birch brooms, or live kids in panniers on their backs, hustle along with the greatest *sang-froid*, regardless whose toes they may crush in their progress. There is a market held in an open space near the Carignano bridge, where ladies with their heads dressed (and undergoing dressing) in the latest Parisian fashion superintend the sale of peas and potatoes. A brisk trade apparently is done in fowls, as there are baskets and baskets of them on all sides. They are kept in their hampers by means of netting placed over a frame-work of osier, and pass an idle hour, squabble with and peck at one another, and make as much noise as if they were at a show of prize poultry instead of in momentary anticipation of death and the spit.

In the Vico del Duca a lot of girls sit in a row, each having a little *chauffrette*, with a gridiron on it, before her, busily employed frying snails; and if ever martyrdom made canonization deserved the Genoese snail is entitled to that distinction. The poor things are first trimmed with a knife, then crammed into a small bird-cage to prevent their crawling away, and finally set to bubble and frizzle and splutter, as they are roasted alive.

The Cathedral of Genoa very much resembles that of Florence, being built of alternate blocks of black and white marble, and the façade is remarkable for the beauty of its design. Inside some few monuments have survived the fury of the revolution that destroyed so many relics of the republic, but they are much mutilated. Here also is kept the celebrated emerald vase called the Sano-calino, found at Casarea, and chosen by the Genoese, in 1101, in preference to any other spoil. It was broken on its return from Paris, and has since been mounted in gold. It is said to have been presented to Solomon by the Queen of Sheba

(the same queen, the cicerone added, who caused St. John the Baptist's head to be cut off), and was used by our Saviour at the Last Supper. The vase is composed of green bottle glass, and the only extraordinary thing about it is that any people could have labored under such a delusion during seven centuries.

Every one who has ever visited Genoa is familiar with the *Via degli Orifici*,—its quaint small shops, its stalls, and its marvels of elegance in filigree-work, and its wealth of bonbons and cakes. The beautiful mild face of the Madonna in the picture belonging to the Goldsmiths' Company still gazes placidly down from her shrine on the traffic below.

The artist who painted this picture was called Pellegrino Piola, and was a pupil of Castello, who, it is said, caused him to be assassinated from motives of jealousy. A prize had been offered by the Goldsmiths' Company for the best painting of a Holy Family, and Pellegrino, who was only twenty-two years of age at the time, was the one to gain it.

Every shop in the *Via degli Orifici* that is not filled with jewelry is full of sweets; and chemists, grocers, and basket-makers are all confectioners, or sweet-stuff sellers, as well. The little girls in their white dresses and veils, who have just made their first communion, carry baskets of bonbons in their hands, and one, too poor in station, perhaps, to possess so extensive a present, wears a necklace of nuts round her throat, with a cake by way of locket. The owner of the big Bologna sausage, decorated with a pink carnellia, has just placed a small white napkin covered table in the door-way of his shop, so that he may eat his dinner in a position to see and be seen by his friends in the street. The Genoese salesman does not allow his domestic arrangements to interfere with his business; and a young lady who was cooking the mid day meal at a little charcoal

stove has just removed a saucepan from the fire to tell the price of a counterpane.

The lemonade seller has pitched his tent in the sunniest corner of the Piazza delle Fontane Amoroze, and calls aloud to thirsty thousands as they pass, "*Fres-ca, fres-ca.*" His emporium is very like a small four-post bedstead, and its chintz curtains are wreathed with lemons on boughs. And lemons bob up and down in cool-looking tin tanks filled with water, but the lemonade itself seems guiltless of such an article, except for a minute portion of the peel of one which floats in it.

When tired of the gold and silver filigree-work, and the coral ornaments, let the wanderer turn into the Street of Palaces. Here his eyes will not be distracted by stalls of fluttering shawls and handkerchiefs, or his progress impeded by stoves for the roasting of chestnuts or baking of apples, but even in this aristocratic quarter of the town mules will obstinately dispute the right of road with him, and some agility is required to keep clear of them and of the carriages. There are no pavements in Genoa, excepting in the new streets, and the heads of the horses belonging to the grand carriages are so bedecked with long horse-hair tassels and fur trimmings, and their tails tied up with such smart satin ribbons, that they cannot be expected to think of anything besides their personal appearance, much less the pedestrian's feet.

The Serra Palace is famous for its "golden" room, the panels of which are of lapis lazuli. The Brignole is famous for its pictures, especially some wonderfully beautiful Vandykes. This gallery is now joined to that once belonging to the Durazzo Palace, but which by death became the property of the former, and the two are united in the Palazzo Rosso, or Brignole. The Café della Concordia is opposite, and is entered by a flower-shop, up a

marble staircase, and through a court with a fountain and statue and weeping-willows that make a pleasant shade, and where you can sit amidst orange-trees and myrtles and eat your breakfast or dinner, if you prefer it to going inside. The Concordia is the prettiest little place imaginable, and the scent of the flowers and the splashing of the water are very refreshing coming in from the hot dusty street. There is also the Café Mathurin in the Piazza San Carlo Felici, good and reasonable in price, but more bustling and far less romantic than the weeping-willow Concordia. The Royal Palace is handsomely furnished, and contains some valuable pictures amidst a great deal of rubbish. The rooms are fairly proportioned, and the furniture, though somewhat faded, is in good taste. . . .

The once powerful family of Doria are possessed of numerous palaces and villas in and about Genoa. The Palazzo Doria, just outside the Porta di San Tomaso, however, is the one in which the great Andrea Doria lived. It was given to him in 1522, when he rebuilt and improved it. It is now very much out of repair, and the only portions of it shown to strangers are the rooms formerly inhabited by him. There is not much furniture of any kind in the old Admiral's bedroom; but the blue and white plates he was in the habit of using at dinner are ranged in rows, at the back of a large fireplace, on a thing somewhat resembling a kitchen dresser. A large gilt arm-chair, once the property of Charles V., is in the drawing room. It is a heavy-looking article, with a red velvet seat. It was this monarch who granted Doria the title of "Il Principe." Life-sized frescoes of him and of his sons appear in a gallery leading to a terraced garden outside, and in these the portrait of Andrea is that of a very brown old gentleman, with white hair and beard, and but small allowance of clothes on. The sons, who are also in "semi-heroic"

costume, imitate Adam before the fall, except that each wears a helmet and leans on a shield.

These frescoes are the work of Pierino del Vaga, who, having been obliged to seek refuge at Genoa from the calamities of Rome in 1527, was patronized by the great Doria, and intrusted to decorate his palace. Genoa has been the birthplace of many painters, and art was in its most flourishing condition in this city in the fifteenth century, during which time Giovanni Cambiasco lived. At this epoch, so many persons of noble family were painters, that the Genoese, by a special decree, raised painting from a trade to a profession, declaring that it was a liberal art, and might be practised without derogating from nobility. The reason of the sudden decline of the Genoese school is attributed to the plague in 1657, when many of its chief painters fell victims to the disease. Lazzaro Calvi, who lived one hundred and five years, was born in 1502, and therefore died just fifty years prior to the epidemic, so that his country may congratulate itself that he was not cut off prematurely in the flower of his youth by that scourge.

At the back of the palace is the grave of Andrea's dog, Roldano, given to him by Charles V., and over it is the following epitaph, or something like it: "Here lies the Great Roldano, a dog belonging to Prince Gio. Andrea Doria, who, for his fidelity and goodness, was considered to merit this memorial. In life, for years, he nobly obeyed both these laws. In death we must place his ashes by the side of those of the beast that perishes. A companion worthy indeed of his regal donor. Died at 11 years and 10 months of age, in September of 1605, the 8th day, at 8 o'clock at night."

In the centre of the garden, facing the sea, and from whence Prince Doria may have looked on his fleet of twenty-two galleys at anchor in the harbor, is a fountain,

and in it a statue in which he is represented as Neptune. Doria's tomb is in the crypt beneath the high altar of the church of San Matteo, and it is here also that the sword he received, in 1535, from Paul III., for the services he had rendered the church, is deposited. In the piazza adjoining there is a house with an inscription over it, to the effect that it was given to Andrea Doria by the republic. Here he once lived, and it was in an open square in front of it that he assembled his fellow-citizens to consult with them on the best way of repulsing the French, when they besieged Genoa in 1528. The house is now used as a shop, —for pictures and old furniture on the ground floor, and for stationery on the upper story. It, and the church of San Matteo, which has always been under the patronage of the Dorias, are both built of alternate layers of black and white marble. This magpie style of construction was confined to public edifices, but four patrician families—the Doria, Grimaldi, Spinola, and Fieschi—were allowed the privilege of using it. . . .

If Genoa is a fair city by day, she is a still fairer one by night, when the innumerable lights on all sides make it look as if the stars had come down from heaven, and give the whole place an appearance of fairy-land. There are lights all round the harbor and on the quays; lights above the hills, and below in the old town; lights in the gardens of the cafes and in the streets, making them, and the gay company that crowds them, more brilliant than when seen in the full glare of mid-day. The fireflies flit and flicker, but never rest as they hold their evening revels among the bushes and trees, and over the grass and flowers.

A charity bazaar was held every night on the *Acqua Sola*, when the fountains were illuminated with gas, and rings of light spanned the trunks of the great trees, and dazzling arches were placed over the garden paths. All

the decorations were exceedingly pretty and light, as they were of gas arranged to represent branches of laurel, or lyres, or such like devices. There were not many stalls,—two dozen, perhaps; but these were in the fanciful shape of chalet or kiosk, and the Genoese ladies, in their temporary character of shopwomen, sat within them, with no covering on their heads but a white veil, and a rose at one side.

The orthodox band played inside the fair, for part of the garden was walled off, so only to admit of those who had tickets; whilst another band just outside appeared to be trying hard to outblow it. A little farther on, at the *Café d'Italie*, the band of the Guides, in their light blue and silver uniform, charm the eaters of ice and drinkers of lemonade by their music, and make them linger at their little tables.

This place is a favorite resort in the evening of the Genoese men (where they put all the women is a mystery, as the streets are crowded with the nobler sex of every class, whilst scarce any Italian fair ones of any kind are to be seen), and it is, for light and brilliancy, a very transformation scene. The lamps gleam from amidst beds of flowers and groves of orange-trees that make the air faint with their sweetness; and in the centre of the garden, under a kind of tent, is a large cocoanut-tree, with a branching green head and a cluster of lamps beneath to represent the fruit. And from the statues and fountains, and trees and arches, rose-colored and white lamps are hung, and being all of ground glass, they shed a subdued, mysterious light around the idlers who crowd the seats and benches. In fact, Genoa never looks as if she intended to go to bed at all; and the cool summer nights, the stars the lamps, the sweet scent of the flowers, and the bands of music make it so pleasant a time that one cares not to think of to-morrow.

THE ALHAMBRA.

S. P. SCOTT.

[Among the many marvels of architecture left by the Mohamედans, as landmarks of their outflow over the earth, none have elicited more admiration than the remains of the Alhambra at Granada. This celebrated group of Saracenic edifices has suffered little from time, but much from ignorance and vandalism, of which the most deplorable instance is the demolition due to the Emperor Charles V., in his insane effort to better the work of the Moors. This palace and fortress of the Moorish caliphs of Spain is eloquently described in the following selection.]

Few readers need to be told that the kingdom of Granada at the period of the Conquest was one of the richest and most flourishing countries in the world. Its fertile valleys embraced the garden of the Peninsula; its industrious population had carried agriculture to a degree of perfection unknown to modern times; its mountains yielded great quantities of the precious metals; its manufactures of silk and porcelain found a ready market in the courts of semi-barbaric Europe; the commerce of Almeria and Malaga, its principal seaports, extended to the Indies. As the victorious arms of Castile and Aragon gradually encroached upon the provinces of Andalusia, the remains of that extraordinary civilization which, in the ninth and tenth centuries, had raised the Western khalifate to such a height of prosperity and renown, took refuge in Granada. To the beautiful capital, that included within its walls nearly half a million souls,—among them many thousand Jews and Christians,—fled the exiles of the conquered cities, bringing with them that advanced knowledge of the natural and exact sciences which, after surviving the vicissitudes

of four hundred years of revolution and invasion, the ferocious bigotry of the Spanish clergy, more intolerant by far than the rude barbarism of Africa, threatened with utter extinction.

Here, under the protection of a race of sovereigns who rivalled each other in promoting the happiness of their subjects, a new impulse was imparted to the study of astronomy and medicine, and literature and the mechanical arts found in the tastes and habits of a luxurious people an ample field for their development. And here began the third and most glorious period of Arab art as displayed in its application to architecture, which, appropriating to itself all that was valuable in the experience of former ages,—ages which had witnessed the erection of the Mosque of Cordova and the Giralda of Seville,—soon disclosed a splendor and variety of decoration peculiarly its own, and, after filling the kingdom with its monuments, attained its climax in the creation of that masterpiece of human skill, the fairy palace of the Alhambra. . . .

The Alhambra, the stronghold of a prince who united the triple functions of civil, military, and religious head of his people, stands on an isolated hill five hundred feet above the plain, or Vega. This hill, which romantic native writers love to compare to a *granada*, or pomegranate, thence deriving the name of their favorite city, is half a mile long by eight hundred feet wide, and is entirely surrounded by walls. Traversing a grove of elms that covers the slope nearest the Genil, we reach the Gate of Justice, a massive tower forming the entrance to the fortress. The seat of the *kadi*, or civil magistrate, who here settled all disputes not deemed important enough to be carried before the sultan, the Gate of Justice was regarded with peculiar veneration by the Moors. Innumerable are the legends connected with this spot, many of them traceable to the

mysterious hand and key carved upon the outer and inner arches of the portal. The hand, an unfailing talisman against the evil eye, was symbolical of the five precepts of Islam,—prayer, fasting, alms, ablution, and the pilgrimage to Mecca; the key referred to the dominion given to the Prophet over heaven and hell, and was the badge of the kings of Andalusia. The old gate is well preserved; the cement covering the masonry is as smooth as when laid on; the ponderous bronze doors which opened to admit the Christian armies on the memorable 2d of January, 1492, are still in their places, so also are the racks that sustained the lances of the Moorish guard.

We next enter the Plaza de los Algibes, a square of comparatively modern date, which lies between the palace and the Alcazaba or citadel,—these two portions of the sultan's residence having been originally separated by a wall, of which the gate, now called the Puerta del Vino, alone remains. Fronting the venerable Moorish battlements rises the façade of the palace of Charles V., with the arms and trophies of the most arrogant and crafty of emperors.

[This structure was erected with the aid of money wrung from the Moors themselves, as a bribe to the emperor and his officials to suspend the work of the Inquisition.]

The winter residence of the Moors, that seems to have equalled the remainder in magnificence, and was probably of greater extent, was razed, the fountains were removed, the doors and balustrades broken up, and the stuccoes carted away as rubbish. Founded thus in the misery of the most intelligent and thrifty portion of his subjects, and upon the ruins of that unrivalled palace,—the boast and glory of the Western empire of the Khalifs,—the ill-omened design of Charles V. was destined never to be carried to

completion. His attention soon became engrossed by the discovery and conquest of Mexico and Peru, and this costly toy, neglected and forgotten, was long utilized as a ring for bull-fighting, being now degraded to the vilest uses of the beggars of Granada.

The gorgeousness of Moorish architecture, which, with its enamelled tile-work, its gilded domes and filigree arcades, speaks so eloquently of Oriental luxury, bursts suddenly upon us as we pass, by a narrow gate-way opened in the seventeenth century, from the Plaza de los Algibes into the Court of the Myrtles. On the right is the portico of what was once the winter palace, on the left the Tower of Comares, containing the Hall of the Embassadors, the largest apartment of the Alhambra. The great basin occupying the centre of the court is bordered by hedges of myrtle interspersed with orange-trees. Arabic inscriptions cover the walls and galleries, and in the latter appear the identical jalousies which once screened from vulgar gaze the voluptuous charms of the wives and favorites of the sultan. This court, the only part of the building to which the public were ever admitted, was the theatre of frequent intrigues of the hostile factions that contended for the mastery even while the common enemy was thundering at the gates, and to whose bitter feuds, as much as to the valor of the Christian arms, should be attributed the downfall of the kingdom. In the Court of the Myrtles were received the flower of the Castilian chivalry, who upon grand occasions came to compete for the prize of knightly skill and courtesy in the famous Plaza de la Bibarrambla; here were entertained the picturesque envoys of the distant East, bringing greeting from the lords of Cairo and Ispahan; here the captive bishop of Jaen defied the monarch, and was sent to labor with his fellow-slaves upon the fortifications of the city; and here the fiery old Abul

Hacen, surrounded by his harem, listened with gloomy forebodings to the predictions of the astrologer announcing the loss of his empire and the extinction of his race, and endeavored to forget his fears in the stirring ballads of his ancestors, or in the caresses of the beautiful Zorayda, the "Star of the Morning."

The Hall of the Embassadors occupies the whole of the Tower of Comares, and was used for coronations and royal festivals. From the balconies which replace the curious Moorish lattices of its alcoves we look down upon the gypsy quarter of the Albaycin, and the cypress groves that fringe the banks of the Darro, so named from its sands of gold. In this brilliant hall, during the closing days of the siege, Aixa, the mother of Boabdil, learned for the first time that he had been arranging for a capitulation; and, leading him to one of the windows, she threw open the gilded lattice and bade him look below. The last rays of the sun disappearing behind the Sierra Elvira lighted up the landscape, and through the purple haze, which hung like a veil over the lovely Vega, sparkled the domes of mosque and villa and the battlements of many a shapely tower and minaret. It was the hour of prayer, and the shrill tones of the muezzin, as turning towards each point of the compass he summoned the faithful to their devotions, mingling with the clash of arms and the cheers of the populace as they hailed the return of some valiant band from the successful foray, rose faintly to the lofty ramparts of the castle. A wilderness of orchards and vineyards which the ravages of war had spared still covered the mountain-side. The score of palaces with which the voluptuous Alhamares had embellished the environs of the capital still displayed their wonted beauty; though over more than one floated the hated banner of the infidel, whose entrenched lines appeared in the distance, encircling like a

band of steel the walls of the devoted city. The quaint houses, red and white, with terraced roofs, and embowered amid verdant groves, recalled the simile of the poet who likened Granada to "a silver vase full of hyacinths and emeralds." The Genil and the Darro, which the ancient Syrian invader had pronounced rivals of Abana and Pharrar, rivers of Damascus, could be traced for leagues, as, after turning the wheels of more than three hundred mills, they distributed their refreshing waters, until lost in the innumerable canals that, like a net-work of glittering threads, spread far and wide over the fertile plain.

As the cowardly king gazed in silence on a scene which, including the fairest portion of his dominions, offered a view unequalled in the world, his mother, who united the courage of a soldier with the vindictiveness of the renegade, indignantly said, "See what you are about to surrender, and remember that all of your ancestors died kings of Granada, and that their line will end with you." The tears stood in Boabdil's eyes as he turned away, but the remonstrance had come too late. The truce was already signed; and three days later, attended by his mournful retinue, he left the fortress by the Gate of the Seven Stories, and departed for his little principality in the Alpujarras.

The Court of the Lions, which communicates with the Court of the Myrtles by means of a short passage, is rectangular in form, and is surrounded by galleries and pavilions supported by columns of white marble. To the right is the Hall of the Abencerrages, where, tradition says, the chiefs of this noble tribe were beheaded one by one in the presence of Boabdil; and beyond is the Hall of Justice, noted as the place where the rites of the Christian religion were first celebrated after the Conquest. It was used as a chapel while the cathedral was building, and differs in plan

from the other halls, being divided into a suite of rooms crowned with little cupolas. The ceilings of its alcoves are covered with rude paintings of unknown origin, almost obliterated by time and neglect.

The Court of the Lions, renowned in ballad and chronicle, is the culminating point of the beauties of the Alhambra. No pen can describe them, no pencil can delineate them. The strange Cufic letters, the lace-work of the graceful arches, the stalactitic pendants of the domes blazing with scarlet and gold, the texts of the Koran meeting the glance at every turn, the long colonnades through which slant the rays of sunlight from the jalousies above, the chequered floors, the gorgeous tiles encrusting pilaster and wall, dazzle the eye with their splendor. And if now, with their ornaments cracked and faded, stained with damp and defaced by vandal travellers, these scenes can so enthrall the mind, what were they in the days of their glory, when the gilded arcades rang with the laughter of the houris imprisoned here, and black eunuchs, in silken robes and armed with jewel-hilted scimeters, guarded with jealous care these treasures of the harem.

On the north side of the court is the Hall of the Two Sisters, unsurpassed in the elegance of its decorations. Its divans are models of taste and richness, its enamels are the most curious in Spain. The broad inscriptions, that, twined with buds and leaves, are so conspicuous, are poems in praise of the builder, and amid the snowy arabesques appears at frequent intervals his shield, bearing the devout motto of the Alhamares, "There is no conqueror but God."

Did space permit, much might be said of the subterranean apartments of the Alhambra,—the cisterns, the baths, the dungeons, the magazines; of the little oratories or mosques, mementos of the piety of the Moslem; of the isolated towers, each forming a miniature palace, with

guard-room and courts and hall of state, their boudoirs cooled by the spray from alabaster fountains, their walls encrusted with precious mosaics resembling tissues of brocade. In the corridor under the Tower of Comares the two discreet statues immortalized by Irving gaze yet upon the niche where the treasure was discovered by the little Sanchica. Unlike most of the legends to which Moorish fancy has given rise, this story is substantially true, for three immense jars of finished workmanship and full of coins and jewels were found here soon after the Conquest. Two of them were afterwards lost by neglect; the third, the famous vase of the Alhambra, unique in design, is preserved, though in a damaged condition, in a room near the Court of the Lions.

Of the numerous suburban villas that offered rest and seclusion to the princes of Granada, but one, the Generalife, or Garden of the Architect, now exists. It is situated much higher than the adjoining fortifications, and, completely commanding the city, was a point of the greatest strategic importance during the siege. Owned by a descendant of Boabdil, who has not entirely forgotten the customs of his princely line, the grounds of the Generalife present not a few of the distinctive characteristics of Moorish horticulture. Most prominent in the landscape are the venerable cypresses which have stood here for centuries, and by the trunk of the largest well-founded tradition says the daring Aben Hamet whispered words of illicit love in the ears of the frail sultana.

So extensive are the alterations which ignorance and barbarism have made in the Alhambra that its original plan cannot now be determined. We know that it contained five grand courts, of which only two remain, and that of the area enclosed by the outer wall scarce a foot of space was not occupied by buildings, the latter as late as

1625 affording shelter to six thousand souls who in that year attempted to turn the palace into a ribbon-factory. The royal residence was divided into several departments, each having its *alcalde*, or mayor, who was responsible to the governor of the fortress. One quarter was assigned to the sultan's family, another to the religious functionaries and doctors of the law, another to the garrison. Upon the highest point of the hill were lodged the *muftis*, or expounders of the Koran, and in the midst of their dwellings rose the tapering minarets of the great mosque, whose rare marbles and columns with capitals of massy silver caused it to be justly regarded as one of the wonders of the Moslem world. Instead of the coarse tiles whose weight is crushing the galleries, the roofs were covered with thin plates of porcelain corresponding with the gay mosaics of the pavements and the walls. The taste of the Oriental was visible everywhere, in cascades and fountains, in groves where myrtle and cypress were trimmed in all manner of fantastic shapes,—pyramids, grottoes, obelisks, stalactitic arches,—in aromatic hedges diffusing a succession of delicate perfumes, in beds where flowers of glowing colors traced texts and legends on a ground of brightest green. Seventy thousand gold ducats—one hundred and forty thousand dollars, equal to four times that amount at the present day—were expended annually upon the palace, to which additions were made by each succeeding monarch, until arrested by the fatal dissensions that heralded the overthrow of the Saracen power.

No Arab names of the apartments of the Alhambra have come down to us: those by which they are at present designated are modern and entirely imaginary. We are even ignorant as to the uses of many rooms, and it is sometimes difficult to separate the parts of the original structure from those of later date erected with materials

taken from the demolished winter palace. These mutilations, that, under the pretext of "improvements," were effected in the reign of Charles V. and his immediate successors, have rendered a complete restoration impossible. Enough remains, however, to show the immense progress made by the Moors in architecture during the latter half of the fourteenth century, appropriately named the Hispano-Arab age of gold. The changes undergone by the various orders before the arch peculiar to Granada was developed are clearly defined and worthy of attention; and not less interesting is the study of the fragile and elaborate arabesques.

It is remarkable that such magical results were produced by the simplest means; for Arab ornamentation, far from being as complicated as it appears, is subject to certain plain geometrical rules. The figures, which at first sight show but a maze of lines and curves, can be easily resolved into the square and the circle; the shawls of Cashmere have afforded the patterns of the intricate floral designs lavished in such bewildering variety; the stalactitic cornices and domes are modelled after the sections of a pomegranate divested of its seeds. All the countries which the armies of Islam had overrun in their wonderful career seem to have furnished suggestions to the architects of the Alhambra. The huge stone blocks of the gates, fitted with perfect accuracy, are copied from the masonry of the Roman, who built for eternity; the hanging gardens are the gardens of Babylon; the lions that support the basin in the famous court are Phœnician; the fountain itself is an imitation of the brazen laver of Solomon, mentioned in the thirty-fourth *sura* of the Koran; the *turkish*, or stucco-work, was invented at Damascus; the hand of the Persian artist is visible upon the glittering walls of the Tower of Comares. Nor did the Moor, ever proud of his origin and tenacious

of the prejudices of his race, though separated hundreds of leagues from the home of his ancestors and domiciled for centuries in a foreign land, reject the influence of their traditions in the decoration of his palaces. The lotus of Egypt and the palm of Arabia are interwoven in the foliage of every fretted hali; the letters of the Cufic alphabet—singularly adapted to ornament—proclaim the doctrines of Islam from cornice and capital; while the profusion of water and verdure proves that the Saracen, though surrounded by the luxuriant vegetation of the Vega, beheld a grove or a fountain with the same emotions as did the weary camel-driver when, uttering a prayer of thanksgiving to Allah, he hailed with delight the refreshing oasis shining amid the dull gray sands of the desert.

“Quien no ha visto Granada
No ha visto nada,”*—

so saith the Andalusian proverb; but, aside from the Alhambra, the city boasts but few attractions. The streets are filthy beyond description, and so narrow that two persons can hardly ride abreast; the houses have a dilapidated appearance, and the people an air of dejected poverty. Long Venetian blinds hang over the balconies, and through their interstices peer the charming *Granadinas*, displaying in lustrous eyes and jet-black tresses their Moorish ancestry. At the side of almost every door is an altar, where a plaster image, arrayed in blue and tinsel, amid a cloud of votos and paper flowers, stares vacantly at the passer-by.

The Granadan dress is wholly Spanish, far different from that of the western provinces, where Parisian fashions are fast supplanting the showy national costume. The ladies

* “Who hath not Granada seen
Is no traveller, I ween.”

wear lace mantillas and close-fitting skirts of light-colored silk, and are never seen without the coquettish fan, which no one knows how to wield so well as the charming Spanish woman. As for the men, they are almost invariably muffled in a cloak that hides them to the very eyes, except on some grand holiday, when they appear in all the splendor of plush jacket and scarlet sash, adding much to the brilliancy of the gay and noisy throng. When riding, the lady usually mounts behind her lover, and, with nothing to steady her but a scarf fastened to the crupper, will gallop unconcernedly over mountain-roads and through crooked lanes at the greatest speed. At the festivals is exhibited to the best advantage the character of the idle and music-loving Andalusian, from the lounging dandy, praising in bad extempore verses the beauty of some barmaid in the little wine-shop, to the dishevelled gypsy, equally ready to sing a song or pick the pocket of the careless and admiring stranger.

FLORENCE AND ITS ART TREASURES.

SARAH J. LIPPINCOTT.

[Mrs. Sarah J. Lippincott ("Grace Greenwood"), in her popular "Haps and Mishaps of a Tour in Europe," has given a well-written and appreciative account of Florence and its objects of art and interest, which we here reproduce. Our extract begins with a railway journey from Leghorn.]

THE railway, which is a very good one, runs through a pleasant country cultivated like a garden, which grows more and more lovely till you reach Florence. The station is near Cascini, the fashionable drive and promenade lying just beyond the city walls, along the Arno; so that our

first lookout was upon a gay and beautiful scene,—those noble grounds thronged with equestrians, and pedestrians, and elegant equipages. From that moment I have been charmed with Florence beyond all expectation and precedent. Every picturing of fancy, every dream of romance, has been met and surpassed. It is a city of enchantment, rich in incomparable treasures for the lover of poetry and art. In merely driving from the station to our hotel, on the Arno, near the Ponte Vecchio, I was struck by the noble style of architecture; uniform in solidity, and in a sort of antique solemnity, yet not monotonously gloomy or curiously quaint. But when we drove about in the brightness of a lovely morning, and saw the grand and ponderous old palaces, the noble churches, the beautiful towers, the graceful bridges,—when we caught, at almost every turn, natural pictures which art could never approach,—I could only express by broken sentences and exclamations, childishly repeated, the rare and glowing pleasure I enjoyed.

O pictures of beauty, O visions of brightness, how must ye fade under my leaden pencil! It is strange, but I never feel so poor in expression as when my very soul is staggering under the weight of new treasures of thought and feeling.

One of our first visits was to the Royal Gallery, in the Uffizi. Through several rooms and corridors, making little pause in any, we passed to the Tribune,—for its size, doubtless the richest room in the world in great works of art. In the centre stands the *Venus de Medici*, “the wondrous statue that enchants the world,” says the poet; but as for me, I bow not before it with any heartiness of adoration. Exquisite, tender, and delicate beyond my fairest fancy, I found the form; graceful to the last point of perfection seemed to me the attitude and action; but the smallness

and the insignificant character of the head, and the simpering senselessness of the face, place it without my Olympus. I deny its divinity *in toto*, and bear my offerings to other shrines. Yet the Venus de Medici does not strike me as a voluptuous figure; it certainly is not powerfully and perilously so, wanting, as it does, all strength of passion and noble development of *soul*; for, paradoxical as it may seem, a soul of wild depths and passionate intensity must lie beneath the alluring warmth and brightness of a refined and perfect sensuality.

Of another, and a far more dangerous character, I should say, is the Venus of Titian, which hangs near it. Here is voluptuousness, gorgeous, undisguised, yet subtle, and in a certain sense poetic and refined. She is neither innocent nor unconscious, yet not bold, nor coarse, nor meretricious. She proudly and quietly revels in her own marvellous beauties, if not like a goddess who knows herself every inch divine, at least like a woman by character and position quite as free from the obligations of morality and purity. For all the wonderful beauty of this great picture, I cannot like it, cannot even tolerate it; but, with an inexpressible feeling of relief, turn from it to the Bella Donna and the Flora of the same artist. The latter is to me the most fascinating and delicious picture I have ever beheld; the richness, the fulness, the golden splendor of its beauty, flood my soul with a strange and passionate delight. There is no high peculiar sentiment about it, though it is grand in its pure simplicity; yet its soft, sunny, luxurious loveliness alone brings tears to my eyes,—tears which I dash away jealously, lest they hide for one instant the transcendent vision.

In the Tribune are several of the finest paintings of Raphael,—the Fornarina, a rich, glowing picture, but a face I cannot like; the young St. John, a glorious figure, and

the Madonna del Cardellino, one of the loveliest of his holy families. There is also a great picture by Andrea del Sarto, which impressed me much; the Adoration of the Magi, by Albert Dürer, the heads full of a simple grandeur peculiar to that noble artist; and an exquisite little Virgin and Child, by Correggio. In another room, after looking at a bewildering number of pictures, most of which have already passed from my mind, I came upon a head of Medusa, by Leonardo da Vinci, which I fear will haunt me to my dying day. It is surely the most terrible painting I have ever beheld.

In the magnificent Pitti palace, among many glorious pictures, I saw two before which my heart bowed in most living adoration—the Madonna della Seggiola of Raphael, and a Virgin and Child of Murillo. The former is surely the sweetest group by the divine painter; and the last, if not of a very elevated character, pure and tender, and surpassingly lovely. In this gallery are Titian's *Bella Donna*, *Magdalene*, and *Marriage of St. Catharine*. The first of these, which is a portrait, seems to me far the finest. The more I see of them the more am I impressed with the conviction that there is nothing in all his grand and varied works displaying such profound and pre-eminent genius, such subtle, masterly, miraculous power, as the portraits of Titian.

In this palace we saw Canova's *Venus*, which I liked no better than I expected. There is about the head, attitude, and figure an affected, fine-ladyish air, dainty, and conscious, and passionless, which is worse than the absolute voluptuousness which would be in character at least with the earthly *Venus*.

I am more and more convinced that there is in sculpture but one divine mother of pure Love,—the grand and majestic *Venus of Milo*.

To-day we have driven out to Fiesole, and seen the massive walls of the ancient Etruscan city. These ramparts, which are called "Cyclopean constructions," are said to be at least three thousand years old, and yet look as though they might endure to the end of time. From a hill above the town we had a large and lovely view of the beautiful valley of the Arno, and looked down upon Florence, lapped in its midst, small, compact, yet beautiful and stately. I never beheld a more enchanting picture than the broad and bright one there spread before me: the blue mountains, the gleaming river, the green and smiling valley; hills covered with olives and myrtles; roads winding between hedges of roses to innumerable villas, nestled in flowery nooks, or crowning breezy heights. Oh, this was enchantment of fairy-land, no dream of poetry; it was in very truth a paradise on earth.

On our return we visited the house of Michael Angelo, which is reverently kept by his descendants, as nearly as possible, in the same state in which he left it. It is a handsome, quaint old house, quiet, shadowy, and somewhat sombre, still pervaded with the awe-inspiring atmosphere of the colossal genius of that Titanic artist.

As I stood in his studio, or in the little cabinet where he used to write, and saw before me the many objects once familiar to his eye and hand, I felt that it was but yesterday that he was borne forth from his beloved home, and that it was the first funereal stillness and sadness which pervaded it now.

We afterwards drove to "Dante's stone," a slab of marble by the side of the way, on which he used to sit in the long summer evenings, rapt in mournful meditations, and dreaming his immortal dreams. It is now as sacred to his memory as the stone above his grave.

For the past two afternoons we have driven in the Cas-

cini, by far the most delightful drive and place of reunion I have even seen. It is much smaller and, of course, less magnificent than Hyde Park, but pleasanter, I think, in having portions more sheltered, wild, and quiet for riders and promenaders. In the centre of the grounds, opposite the Grand Duke's farm-house, is an open space where the band is stationed, and the carriages come together to exchange compliments and hear music. Here are always to be seen many splendid turnouts, open carriages filled with elegantly-dressed ladies; gallant officers and gay dames on horseback; flower-girls, bearing about the most delicious lilies and roses, pinks and lilacs, mignonette and heliotrope, freighting the golden evening air with their intoxicating fragrance and amazing you with their paradisian profusion,—altogether a cheering and charming scene, colored and animated by the very soul of innocent pleasure.

This afternoon we met Charles Lever, riding with his wife and two daughters. They are all fine riders, were well mounted, and looked a very happy family party. Mr. Lever is much such a man as you would look to see in the author of *Charles O'Malley*,—hale and hearty, careless, merry, and a little dashing in his air.

This evening I have spent with the Brownings, to whom I brought letters. They live in that Casa Guidi which Mrs. Browning has already immortalized by the grandest poem ever penned by woman. . . .

Mr. and Mrs. Browning have taken up their residence in Florence, a place in every way congenial to them. I know that thousands of her unknown friends across the water will rejoice to hear that the health of Mrs. Browning improves with every year spent in Italy. Yet she is still very delicate,—but a frail flower, ceaselessly requiring all the sheltering and fostering care, all the wealth and watchfulness of love, which is round about her. . . .

Yesterday I saw, for the first time, the grand, antique group of Niobe and her children. Of these wonderful figures, by far the most noble and pathetic are those of the mother and the young daughter she is seeking to shield. Oh, the proud anguish, the wild, hopeless, maternal agony, of that face haunts me, and will haunt me forever.

I afterwards saw the Mercury of John of Bologna,—a marvel of beauty, grace, and lightness. We visited the treasure-room of the Pitti palace, and saw all the Grand Duke's plate, among which are several magnificent articles by Benvenuto Cellini. In the evening we drove in the Cascini, and to the Hill of Bellosguardo, from whence we had an enchanting view of Florence and the Val d'Arno,—and so the day ended. To-day we have made the tour of the churches. In the solemn old cathedral, whose wonderful dome was the admiration and study of Michael Angelo, there were extraordinary religious ceremonies, on the occasion of some great festa. Some archbishop or other officiated in very gorgeous robes, of course,—in capital condition, and looking indolent, proud, and stupid, as another matter of course. The court came in great state and pomp, with much trumpeting and beating of the drum. The Grand Duke was accompanied by the Grand Duchess and his household, by the Guardia Nobile, and by numerous ladies and gentlemen of high rank, all in full dress. Those ball costumes of the courtly dames—gay silks and lace, diamonds, flowers, and plumes—looked strange enough after the uniform and decent sombreness of the dress prescribed for the “functions” of St. Peter's.

The Grand Duke is a man of ordinary size, and appears not far from seventy years of age, though it is said he is hardly sixty. His hair and moustaches are nearly white, and he wears the white coat of the Austrian uniform, and so looks more miller-like than majestic. There was a

sort of sullen sadness in his air, which I confess I was rather gratified to remark,—remembering all the treachery of the past, and beholding all the degradation of the present. The Grand Duchess is a dignified-looking woman enough, but the ladies in attendance on her to-day dazzled alone with their diamonds.

After hearing some fine music, we went to the Santa Croce, the Westminster Abbey of Florence, where are the tombs of its most illustrious dead. Of these, the noblest is that of Michael Angelo, and the poorest, yet more pretentious, that of Dante. Canova has here a monument to Allieri, which is affected and sentimental, like nearly all his works; and the tombs of Galileo and Machiavelli are anything but pleasing and imposing. Infinitely better were the most simple slabs than such pompous piles.

At the San Lorenzo we saw that marvellous mausoleum, the Medicean Chapel,—the richest yet plainest structure of the kind in the world. There is here a peculiar assumption and ostentation of simplicity,—your eye, accustomed to the crowded ornament and vivid gorgeousness of ordinary princely chapels, is shocked and cheated at the first glance by the sombre magnificence, the sumptuous bareness, of this singular structure; but right soon is disappointment changed to admiration and amazement, as you see that all those lofty walls, from floor to roof, are composed of the most rare and beautiful marbles and precious stones, wrought into exquisite mosaics. Then you see the stupendous and beautiful cenotaphs, and the solemn dark statues of the Medici, and, at length, fully realize all their royal waste of wealth over this mausoleum, all their princely pomp of death.

In the Sagrestia Nuova, built by Michael Angelo, are the statues of Lorenzo and Julian de Medici, with their attendant groups, the morn and night, Evening and Day, and

the Virgin and Child,—surely the noblest works of that mighty artist. I instinctively bowed in awe before the gloomy grandeur of Lorenzo; and there was something in his still frown which shook my soul more than the warlike air and almost startling action of Julian. The unfinished group of the Virgin and Child has much tenderness and sweetness with all its force and grandeur; but, as a general thing, I must think that Michael Angelo's female figures are far more remarkable for gigantic proportions and muscular development than for grace, beauty, or any fine spiritual character. This Virgin is majestic almost to sublimity, yet truly gentle, lovable, divinely maternal. . . .

In what was the refectory of an old monastery, but which was afterwards used as a carriage-house, has been found, within a few years past, a noble fresco by Raphael,—a Last Supper. This we went to see, and I felt it to be one of the purest and most touching creations of that angelic painter. In this picture, the “beloved disciple” seems to have fallen asleep on the breast of the Master, and to have bowed his head lower and lower, till it lies upon the table, while the hand of Jesus is laid caressingly upon his shoulder. There is something so exquisitely sweet and sad, so divinely pitiful, yet humanely tender, in the action, that the very memory of it blinds my eyes with tears.

After dinner we drove in the Cascini, where we met all the world. As it was an exceedingly beautiful sunset, and the evening of a festa, the band continued to play, and the brilliant crowd remained long. I revelled in the delicious air and the cheerful scene as fully as was possible, with the intrusive consciousness that I was breathing the one and beholding the other for the last time—probably forever—certainly for many years.

Mrs. H. and I here took leave of a brace of charming

young nobles, in whom, I fear, we had become too deeply interested. These were two beautiful Russian boys, brothers, of the ages of nine and seven, with whom we voyaged on the Mediterranean and formed an acquaintance which has been continued in Florence. In all my life I never saw such enchanting little fellows,—simple, natural, frank, and free, yet perfect gentlemen in air and expression, displaying, with the utmost ease, grace and polish of manner, tact, wit, and *savoir-faire* truly astonishing. They always came to our carriage at the Cascini, and, lounging on the steps, chatted to us in French between the pieces of music. To-night, as the youngest was describing to me, very graphically, the different countries through which he had travelled and the cities which he had visited, I advised him to go next to England, and assured him that he would be greatly interested and amused by the sights and pleasures of London. With the slightest possible shrug, he replied, “*Oui, madame, c'est une grande ville, sans doute; mais pour tous les amusements il n'y a qu'une ville dans le monde,—c'est Paris.*” . . .

As I looked back upon Florence for the last time, when I could distinguish only the battlemented Palazzo Vecchio, with its fine old tower, and that incomparable group, the Duomo, the Campanile, and the Baptistery, and a slender, shining line, which I knew for the Arno, I suddenly felt my sight struggling through tears,—real hearty tears. Ah, Bella Firenze, I went from you reluctantly, almost rebelliously; I grieved to leave those glorious galleries, through which I seemed to have merely run; I grieved to leave the Cascini, with its delicious drives and walks, its music and gayety; but I “sorrowed most of all” at parting, so soon, with my friends the Brownings. *My friends*, how rich I feel in being able to write these words!

I think I must venture to say a little more of them, as,

after writing of my first evening at Casa Guidi, I was so happy as to enjoy much of their society. Robert Browning is a brilliant talker, and more—a pleasant, suggestive conversationist and a sympathetic listener. He has a fine humor, a keen sense of the ridiculous, which he indulges, at times, with the hearty abandon of a boy. In the gentle stream of Elizabeth Browning's familiar talk shine deep and soft the high thoughts and star-bright imaginations of her rare poetic nature. The two have oneness of spirit, with distinct individuality; they are mated, not merged together.

In the atmosphere of so much learning and genius, you naturally expect to perceive some mustiness of old folios, some uncomfortable brooding of solemn thought; to feel about you somewhat of the stretch and struggle of grand aspiration and noble effort, or the exhausted stillness of a brief suspension of the "toil divine." But in this household all is simple, cheerful, and reposeful; here is neither lore nor logic to appall one; here is not enough din of mental machinery to drown the faintest heart-throb; here one breathes freely, acts naturally, and speaks honestly.

THE LAKE REGION OF ITALY.

ROBERT A. McLEOD.

[The lakes of northern Italy have a world-wide fame, alike for their natural beauty and for the charms of architecture and scenic art which surround them. We give here a brief description of these renowned places of pilgrimage for lovers of the beautiful.]

It was towards the end of last October that I strolled away from my occupations in the French capital to spend a fortnight on the Italian lakes. Of the many routes which

from time immemorial have served for the invasion of Italy by the barbarian and the tourist, I chose on this occasion the Brenner. Apart from the pleasing views it offers, this Alpine pass is interesting as being the first over which the Romans ventured to lead their legions, and the first upon which a railway was constructed. I halted at Trent, and it was several days before I could free myself from the charm of the Etruscan city and plan my departure.

One afternoon I was making inquiries at the office of the diligence which runs to Riva on the Lake of Garda, when a newly-married German couple offered to share with me a private carriage which they had just hired for the same journey. I accepted at once, and in an hour we were off. The sober gray suit trimmed with green in which Hans was attired contrasted oddly with the brilliant purple travelling-dress of his fair-haired Gretchen. I wondered at first that they should have been willing to embarrass themselves with a stranger, until I perceived that my presence was no hinderance at all to their demonstrations of affection. We climbed up by a steep and winding road to a narrow defile which the impetuous Vella almost fills. One day, when St. Vigilius was too much pressed for time to walk over the mountain, he wrenched it apart and made this passage. The imprint of his holy hand is still to be seen on the rock. Passing under the cyclopean eyes of scores of Austrian cannon which now defend this important military position, we began to descend the valley of the Sarca. It is a wind region, where every hamlet has a ruined castle and a legend of knight or robber, saint or fairy. The picturesque remains of the Madruzzo Castle bring to mind the celebrated portraits which Titian painted of members of this noble family. The artist's colors have survived the last of a long line, and will doubtless outlive as well the crumbling stones of their stronghold. As we

skirted the little Lake of Dobling its still waters reflected rocks and trees, sky and mountain, in an enchanting manner.

"Lovely!" I exclaimed.

"Lovely!" echoed Gretchen, without taking her eyes off Hans.

"Lovely!" answered Hans, still watching the beautiful things reflected in her eyes.

After crossing the rapid Sarca and traversing a desolate tract where rocks of every size, fallen from the overhanging mountain, lie strewn about in chaotic confusion, we reached Arco. This sunny village nestles at the foot of an immense detached boulder whose dizzy summit is crowned by mediæval battlements and towers. Home fit only for birds of prey, this castle was long the nest of a family of robbers. Scarcely had we lost in the distance this greatest wonder of the valley when a sharp turn of the road brought Riva and the Lake of Garda full in view. It was a prospect of singular beauty. The sun had already set except on the highest peaks, and a part of the lake was wrapped in purple shadows. Another part, however, was as clear and light as the sky above it, and all aglow with the images of crimson and orange-tinted clouds. A shrill cry—of delight, I thought—burst from Gretchen's lips. I was mistaken. Hans had pulled off too rudely a ring from her finger, and the fair one was in tears. . . .

In the afternoon I take the famous walk to the Ponale waterfall. The road thither ascends continually. It has been skilfully led along the ledges of a precipitous cliff which borders the lake to the west of Riva, and occasionally pierces the mountain by short tunnels. After passing through the third tunnel I come to a wooden bridge, under which the Ponale dashes just before taking its final leap into the lake. The frail structure on which I stand trem-

bles and is wet with spray, and the air is full of the roar and gurgle of the waters. But for me the main charm of the walk is not the sight of this noisy torrent, but the superb view of Riva that I get on my way back upon issuing from one of the tunnels. The eye, accustomed for a moment to the darkness, is all the more sensitive to the rich soft light which bathes the mountains and the town. A gentle breeze ripples the lake, and the brightly-painted houses that fringe the beach are seen indistinctly in the water, where they look like a line of waving banners. Half a dozen steeples and bell-towers rise gracefully from among the roofs, and their presence explains the surprising frequency with which the hours of the night are struck. From this height I can distinguish the low walls which surround the town and compress its four thousand inhabitants into the area of a small quadrilateral. But Riva, though still fortified, has a thorough look of peaceful commercial prosperity, and has quite laid aside the warlike air she wore in the Middle Ages. In those troubled times this town saw countless wars and sustained many sieges; belonged now to Venice, now to Milan, now to Austria; and at times was independent and able to defy even a bull of the pope or a rescript of the emperor. . . .

Long before daybreak the next morning the great red and green eyes of two small steamers are looking around for passengers, and their whistles screeching that it is time to get up. I have chosen the boat which skirts the western bank. It starts an hour later than the other, but it is not yet sunrise when we push off. The after-deck is thinly peopled, chiefly by tourists, but the fore-deck, where the seats are cheaper, is crowded. We pass by the tumbling and roaring Ponale, and before many minutes we cross the invisible boundary line between Austria and Italy. The motion of the boat is hardly felt, for we are sailing with a

strong current. The high peaks to the north have already caught the first rays of the sun: masses of white vapor which have been sleeping in the mountain-hollows are roused up and put on a rosy tint. The sky is without a cloud, the lake without a ripple: we seem to be floating in mid-air.

Limone, the first stopping-place, is quite given up to the culture of the fruit from which it takes its name. A row of cypresses gives a gloomy air to the village and awakens a melancholy recollection. It was here that, in 1810, Andreas Hofer, the Tyrolese patriot, was arrested by order of Napoleon. A boat conveyed him to the prison of Peschiera, and he was soon afterwards shot in the citadel of Mantua.

We next stop before Tremosine, a village perched high up on a rock, and to which no visible road leads. On the other side of the lake, which is here narrow, the white houses of Malcesine cluster around the base of an imposing castle. This stronghold of the Middle Ages, one of the few in this neighborhood which Time has not been suffered to destroy, was built by Charlemagne, and was formerly the boundary between Austria and the Venetian territory; but it is chiefly interesting from an adventure which here befell Goethe. He had sat down in the court-yard, and was sketching one of the quaint old towers, when the crowd that had gathered around him, taking him for a spy, fell on him, tore his drawings to pieces and sent for the authorities to arrest him. Fortunately, there was in the village a man who had worked in Frankfort and knew the poet by sight, and through his influence Goethe was set free.

[From Lake Garda the traveller proceeded to the more famous Lake Como, passing localities where songful Catullus dwelt, and Virgil and Dante loved to visit.]

On the map the Lake of Como looks like an inverted and somewhat irregular Y, or, still more, like a child's first attempt to draw a man, who without arms and with unequal legs is running off to the left. Just at the moment his picture is taken he has one foot on Lecco and the other on the town of Como. The hilly district between the two southern branches of the lake is known as the Brianza, and is noted for its bracing air, its fertile soil, and the coolness of its springs. The Brianza ends at the middle of the lake in a dolomite promontory several hundred feet high, on whose western slope lies the village of Bellaggio. This point commands the finest views in every direction: it is near the most interesting of those villas which are open to the public, and it abounds in good hotels. To visit Bellaggio is therefore the aim of every tourist who passes this way. My journey thither it is best to pass over in silence, for I see nothing, and what I feel is indescribable. I am shut up during a furious storm of wind and rain in the cabin of a little steamer which is as nervous and uneasy as if on the Atlantic. I am told, however, that in this part of the lake the banks are lofty and steep, and frequently barren, and that there are marble-quarries to be seen, and cascades and houses and villages crowning the cliffs.

On arriving at Bellaggio, I take lodging in the Villa Serbelloni, one of the many magnificent residences which poverty has induced the Italian nobles to put into the hands of hotel-keepers. The house stands high up on the very end of the promontory, and adjoining it is an extensive park, on which the ruins of a robber's castle look down. The panorama which on a fine day spreads itself out before one who walks in these grounds is of singular beauty. The northern arm of the lake, wider and more regular than the others, opens up a long vista of headlands and bays

and red-roofed villages as far as where Domaso peeps out from a grove of giant elms. Beyond, the view is bounded by the snow-covered Alps. Close at hand, near Varenna, the Fiume di Latte, a milk-white waterfall, leaps down from a height of a thousand feet. Towards Lecco huge walls of barren rock arise and wrap everything near them in sombre shadows. Towards Como the tranquil water is shut in by hills and low mountains, whose flowing lines blend gracefully together. Some of these slopes are dark with pines, some are gray with the olive, some are garlanded with vines which hang from tree to tree, while others are clothed in a rich green foliage, amid which glistens the golden fruit of the orange and the lemon. The banks are lined with bright gardens and noble parks and villas, whose lawns run down to the water's edge and are adorned with fountains, statues, masses of brilliant flowers and clumps of tall trees. Above is a sky of Italian blue, and below is a crystal mirror in which every charm of the landscape is repeated. The impression made by all this loveliness is increased by the air of happiness that pervades the spot. It is the haunt of the rich, the gay, the newly-married: music and song, laughter and mirthful talk, are the most familiar sounds. The smile of Nature seems here to warm men's hearts and drive away the cares they have brought with them.

It is on this site that Pliny the Younger is believed to have had the villa which he called *Cothurnus* or "*Tragedy*." The present building is several centuries old. Tradition relates that a certain countess, one of its first occupants, had a habit of throwing her lovers down the cliff when she was tired of them. Making this delightful abode my head-quarters, I spend a week, partly in agreeable sight-seeing and partly in still more agreeable idleness. I visit villas, towers, fossil-beds, and waterfalls,—in short, every-

thing interesting and accessible,—now going on foot, now borne from point to point in one of the sharp-prowed row-boats which are in use here, and now taking the steamer up to Colico or down to Como and back. . . .

Across the lake from here is the Villa Carlotta, called after its former owner, the princess Charlotte of Prussia. Stepping out of his boat, the visitor ascends the marble stairs which lead up from the shore. After a few steps across the garden he reaches the villa, passes through a porch fragrant with jasmine, and is at once ushered into a small room where are some of the finest works of modern sculpture. Canova's Mars and Venus and Palamedes are here, and they are most admirable, but they are surpassed in charm by the famous group in which Psyche is reclining and Cupid bending fondly over her. The best piece of the collection is the frieze that runs round the room. It is from the chisel of Thorwaldsen, and represents Alexander the Great's triumphal entry into Babylon. Full of the beauty of youth, the conqueror advances in his chariot; Victory comes to meet him; vanquished nations bring presents; while behind him follow his brave Greeks on horse and on foot, dragging along with them the prisoners and the booty. The subject was suggested by Napoleon, who intended the work for the Quirinal. It is in high relief, and in general effect resembles strongly the frieze with which Phidias encircled the Parthenon. It is a pity that these masterpieces are shown first, for after seeing them one does not fully enjoy the statues and paintings in the other rooms.

Two hours may be delightfully spent in making the journey by steamboat from Bellaggio to Como. Here the lake is so narrow and winding that it seems to be a river. At every moment bold mountain-spurs project into the water, appearing to bar all passage, and one's curiosity is

continually excited to find the outlet. The views shift and change with surprising quickness, for the boat stops at a dozen little towns on the way, and for this purpose keeps crossing and recrossing from shore to shore.

[Passing next to Lake Maggiore, the traveller takes a row-boat down the latter in preference to waiting for the steamer.]

The four islands that we have passed on the way are known as the Borromean Islands, because they belong for the most part to the rich and powerful Borromeo family. The rare beauty of one of them makes it the wonder of the lake. It was towards the middle of the seventeenth century that Count Vitaliano Borromeo, finding himself the possessor of almost the whole of this island, which was then a barren rock, resolved to make it his residence, and to surround himself with gardens that should rival those of Armida. For more than twenty years architects, gardeners, sculptors, and painters labored to give material form to the count's fancies. A spacious palace was erected on one end of the island; on the other ten lofty terraces rose one above the other, like the hanging-gardens of Babylon. The rock was covered with good soil, and the choicest trees and shrubs were brought from every land. Only evergreens, however, were admitted into this Eden, for the count would have about him no sign of winter or death. In 1671 the work was finished. The island was called *Isabella*, after the count's mother,—a name which has since, by a happy corruption, become changed to *Isola Bella*.

It is on a sunny afternoon that I direct my bark towards the "Beautiful Island." I look on the landing-place with respect, for it is worn by the footsteps of six generations of travellers. The interior of the palace, which I visit first, is fitted up with princely magnificence and is rich in art-treasures. Mementos of kings and queens who have

accepted hospitality here are shown, and a bed in which Bonaparte once slept. There is a chapel where a priest daily says mass; a throne-room, as in the palaces of the Spanish grandees; and a gallery with numerous paintings. A whole suite of rooms is given up to the works of Peter Molyn, a Dutch artist, fitly nicknamed "Sir Tempest." This erratic man, having killed his wife to marry another woman, was condemned to death. He escaped from prison, however, found an asylum here, and in return for the protection of the Borromeo of that day he adorned his walls with more than fifty landscapes and pastoral scenes.

The garden betrays the epoch at which it was laid out. *Prim parterres*, where masses of brilliant flowers bloom all the year round, are enclosed by walks along which orange-trees and myrtles have been bent and trimmed into whimsical patterns. There are dark and winding alleys of cedars where at every turn some surprise is planned. Here is a grotto made of shells,—there an obelisk, or a mosaic column, or a horse of bronze, or a fountain of clear water in which the attendant tritons and nymphs would doubtless disport were they not petrified into marble. There is one lovely spot where, at the middle point of a rotunda, a large statue of Hercules stands finely out against a background of dark foliage. Other Olympians keep him company and calmly eye the visitor from their painted niches. Not far from there is a venerable laurel on which Bonaparte cut the word "*Battaglia*" a few days before the battle of Marengo. The B is still plainly visible.

Pines and firs planted thickly along the northern side of the island defend it from cold winds. In the sunny nooks of the terraces the delicate lemon-tree bears abundant fruit and the oleander grows to a size which it attains nowhere else in Europe. The tea-plant from China, the banana from Africa, and the sugar-cane from Mississippi

flourish side by side; the camphor-tree distils its aromatic essence and the magnolia loads the air with perfume. The cactus and the aloe border walks over which the bamboo bends and throws its grateful shade. Turf and flower-beds carpet each terrace, and a tapestry of ivy and flowering vines conceals the walls of the structure. From the summit a huge stone unicorn looks down upon his master's splendid domain. He overlooks also a corner of the island where his master's authority is not acknowledged. The small patch of land on which the Dolphin Hotel stands has for many centuries descended from father to son in a plebeian family, nor have the Borromeos ever been able to buy it. They have to endure the inn, therefore, as Frederick endured the mill at Sans-Souci and Napoleon the house he could not buy at Paris.

At last the moment comes when I must quit Stresa, not, however, before I have visited the remaining islands and other points of interest. The steamer puts off, and soon separates me from the landscape that has been my delight for three days,—the blue bay with its verdant banks, the softly-shaded hills which enclose it, the snow-covered chain of the Simplon in the background. As we approach the southern end of the lake a colossal bronze statue of San Carlo Borromeo on the summit of a hill near Arona comes into sight. From head to foot the saint measures little less than eighty feet, and the pedestal on which he stands adds to his height half as much more. His face is turned towards Arona, his native town, and one hand is extended to bless it. With my glass I descry a party of liliputian tourists engaged in examining this great Gulliver. Most of them are satisfied when they have reached the top of the pedestal and have ranged themselves in a row on one foot of the statue. Others, more daring, climb up by a ladder to the saint's knee, where they disappear through

an aperture in the skirt of his robe. From this point the ascent continues inside of the statue, by means of iron bars, to the head, in which four persons can conveniently remain at once.

At Arona the railway-station and the wharf are near each other, and in a few minutes after I have landed an express-train starts and bears me away from the region of the Italian lakes. When we have passed the last houses of Arona and gained the open plain, the statue of the great Borromeo with his outstretched arm comes again for a few moments into view. Perhaps the uncertain light of evening and the jolting of the train deceive me, but I fancy that the good old saint is waving his hand in the familiar Italian way, as much as to say, "A rivederci!"

A DAY IN ROME.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

[The things worth seeing in the Eternal City are so many, and crowd so closely upon each other, that the lover of the antique finds himself almost overwhelmed by the rapid succession of striking objects and historic ruins. It would seem that little could be seen in a day's walk among these marvels of the past, yet Taylor's observing eyes managed to take in a long series of interesting objects, his graphic account of which is given below.]

ONE day's walk through Rome,—how shall I describe it? The Capitol, the Forum, St. Peter's, the Coliseum,—what few hours' ramble ever took in places so hallowed by poetry, history, and art? It was a golden leaf in my calendar of life. In thinking over it now, and drawing out the threads of recollection from the varied woof of thought I have woven to-day, I almost wonder how I dared so much

at once ; but within reach of them all, how was it possible to wait ? Let me give a sketch of our day's ramble.

Hearing that it was better to visit the ruins by evening or moonlight (alas ! there is no moon now) we started out to hunt St. Peter's. Going in the direction of the Corso, we passed the ruined front of the magnificent Temple of Antonius, now used as the Papal Custom-House. We turned to the right on entering the Corso, expecting to have a view of the city from the hill at its southern end. It is a magnificent street lined with palaces and splendid edifices of every kind, and always filled with crowds of carriages and people. On leaving it, however, we became bewildered among the narrow streets, passed through a market of vegetables, crowded with beggars and Contadini, threaded many by-ways between dark old buildings, saw one or two antique fountains and many modern churches, and finally arrived at a hill.

We ascended many steps, and then descending a little towards the other side, saw suddenly below us the *Roman Forum* ! I knew it at once ; and those three Corinthian columns that stood near us, what could they be but the remains of the temple of Jupiter Stator ? We stood on the Capitoline Hill ; at the foot was the Arch of Septimus Severus, brown with age and shattered ; near it stood the majestic front of the Temple of Fortune, its pillars of polished granite glistening in the sun as if they had been erected yesterday, while on the left the rank grass was waving from the arches and mighty walls of the palace of the Cæsars ! In front ruin upon ruin lined the way for half a mile, where the Coliseum towered grandly through the blue morning mist, at the base of the Esquiline Hill !

Good heavens, what a scene ! Grandeur such as the world never saw once rose through that blue atmosphere ; splendor inconceivable, the spoils of a world, the triumphs

of a thousand armies had passed over that earth; minds which for ages moved the ancient world had thought there, and words of power and glory from the lips of immortal men had been syllabled on that hallowed air. To call back all this on the very spot, while the wreck of what once was rose mouldering and desolate around, aroused a sublimity of thought and feeling too powerful for words.

Returning at hazard through the streets, we came suddenly upon the Column of Trajan, standing in an excavated square below the level of the city, amid a number of broken granite columns, which formed part of the Forum dedicated to him by Rome after the conquest of Dacia. The column is one hundred and thirty-two feet high, and entirely covered with bas-reliefs representing his victories, winding about it in a spiral line to the top. The number of figures is computed at two thousand five hundred, and they were of such excellence that Raphael used many of them for his models. They are now much defaced, and the column is surmounted by a statue of some saint. The inscription on the pedestal has been erased, and the name of Sixtus V. substituted. Nothing can exceed the ridiculous vanity of the old popes in thus mutilating the finest monuments of ancient art. You cannot look upon any relic of antiquity in Rome but your eyes are assailed by the words "PONTIFEX MAXIMUS," in staring modern letters. Even the magnificent bronzes of the Pantheon were stripped to make the baldachin under the dome of St. Peter's.

Finding our way back again, we took a fresh start, happily in the right direction, and after walking some time, came out on the Tiber, at the Bridge of St. Angelo. The river rolled below in his muddy glory, and in front, on the opposite bank, stood "the pile which Hadrian reared on high," *now* the Castle of St. Angelo. Knowing that St.

Peter's was to be seen from this bridge, I looked about in search of it. There was only one dome in sight, large and of beautiful proportions. I said at once, "Surely that cannot be St. Peter's!" On looking again, however, I saw the top of a massive range of building near it, which corresponded so nearly with the pictures of the Vatican, that I was unwillingly forced to believe the mighty dome was really before me. I recognized it as one of those we saw from the Capitol, but it appeared so much smaller when viewed from a greater distance that I was quite deceived. On considering that we were still three-fourths of a mile from it, and that we could see its minutest parts distinctly, the illusion was explained.

Going directly down the *Borgo Vecchio* towards it, it seemed a long time before we arrived at the square of St. Peter's; when at length we stood in front, with the majestic colonnade sweeping around, the fountains on each side sending up their showers of silvery spray, the mighty obelisk of Egyptian granite piercing the sky, and beyond, the great front and dome of the Cathedral, I confessed my unmingled admiration. It recalled to my mind the grandeur of ancient Rome, and mighty as her edifices must have been, I doubt if there were many views more overpowering than this. The façade of St. Peter's seemed close to us, but it was a third of a mile distant, and the people ascending the steps dwindled to pigmies.

I passed the obelisk, went up the long ascent, crossed the portico, pushed aside the heavy leathern curtain at the entrance, and stood in the great nave. I need not describe my feelings at the sight, but I will tell the dimensions, and you may then fancy what they were. Before me was a marble plain six hundred feet long, and under the cross four hundred and seventeen feet wide! One hundred and fifty feet above sprang a glorious arch, dazzling with inlaid

gold, and in the centre of the cross there were four hundred feet of air between me and the top of the dome! The sunbeam stealing through the lofty window at one end of the transept made a bar of light on the blue air, hazy with incense, one-tenth of a mile long before it fell on the mosaics and gilded shrines of the other extremity. The grand cupola alone, including lantern and cross, is two hundred and eighty-five feet high, or sixty feet higher than the Bunker Hill Monument, and the four immense pillars on which it rests are each one hundred and thirty-seven feet in circumference. It seems as if human art had outdone itself in producing this temple,—the grandest which the world ever erected for the worship of the Living God! The awe felt in looking up at the giant arch of marble and gold did not humble me; on the contrary, I felt exalted, ennobled,—beings in the form I wore planned the glorious edifice, and it seemed that in godlike power and perseverance they were indeed but a “little lower than the angels.” I felt that, if fallen, my race was still mighty and immortal.

The Vatican is only open twice a week, on days which are not *festas*; most fortunately, to-day happened to be one of these, and we took a *run* through its endless halls. The extent and magnificence of the gallery of sculpture is perfectly amazing. The halls, which are filled to overflowing with the finest works of ancient art, would, if placed side by side, make a row more than two miles in length! You enter at once into a hall of marble, with a magnificent arched ceiling, a third of a mile long; the sides are covered for a great distance with inscriptions of every kind, divided into compartments according to the era of the empire to which they refer. One which I examined appeared to be a kind of index of the roads in Italy, with the towns on them; and we could decipher on that time-worn block the very route I had followed from Florence hither.

Then came the statues, and here I am bewildered how to describe them. Hundreds upon hundreds of figures,—statues of citizens, generals, emperors, and gods; fauns, satyrs, and nymphs, born of the loftiest dreams of grace; fauns on whose faces shone the very soul of humor, and heroes and divinities with an air of majesty worthy the “land of lost gods and godlike men!”

I am lost in astonishment at the perfection of art attained by the Greeks and Romans. There is scarcely a fourth of the beauty that has ever met my eye which is not to be found in this gallery. I should almost despair of such another blaze of glory on the world were it not for my devout belief that what has been done may be done again, and had I not faith that the dawn in which we live will bring another day equally glorious. And why should not America with the experience and added wisdom which three thousand years have slowly yielded to the old world, joined to the giant energy of her youth and freedom, re-bestow on the world the divine creations of art? Let Powers answer!

But let us step on to the hemicycle of the Belvedere, and view some works greater than any we have yet seen or even imagined. The adjoining gallery is filled with masterpieces of sculpture, but we will keep our eyes unwearied and merely glance along the rows. At length we reach a circular court with a fountain flinging up its waters in the centre. Before us is an open cabinet; there is a beautiful manly form within, but you would not for an instant take it for the Apollo. By the Gorgon head it holds aloft we recognize Canova's Perseus,—he has copied the form and attitude of the Apollo, but he could not breathe into it the same warming fire. It seemed to me particularly lifeless, and I greatly preferred his Boxers, who stand on either side of it. One, who has drawn back in the attitude of striking, looks as if he could fell an ox with a single blow

of his powerful arm. The other is a more lithe and agile figure, and there is a quick fire in his countenance which might overbalance the massive strength of his opponent.

Another cabinet,—this is the far famed Antinous. A countenance of perfect Grecian beauty, with a form such as we would imagine for one of Homer's heroes. His features are in repose, and there is something in their calm, settled expression strikingly like life.

Now we look on a scene of the deepest physical agony. Mark how every muscle of old Laocoon's body is distended to the utmost in the mighty struggle! What intensity of pain in the quivering distorted features! Every nerve which despair can call into action is excited in one giant effort, and a scream of anguish seems first to have quivered on those marble lips. The serpents have rolled their strangling coils around father and sons, but terror has taken away the strength of the latter, and they make but feeble resistance. After looking with indifference on the many casts of this group, I was the more moved by the magnificent original. It deserves all the admiration that has been heaped upon it.

I absolutely trembled on approaching the cabinet of the Apollo. I had built up in fancy a glorious ideal, drawn from all that bards have sung or artists have rhapsodized about its divine beauty,—I feared disappointment,—I dreaded to have my ideal displaced and my faith in the power of human genius overthrown by a form less perfect. However, with a feeling of desperate excitement I entered and looked upon it.

Now, what shall I say of it? How make you comprehend its immortal beauty? To what shall I liken its glorious perfection of form, or the fire that imbues the cold marble with the soul of a god? Not with sculpture, for it stands alone and above all other works of art,—nor with

men, for it has a majesty more than human. I gazed on it, lost in wonder and joy,—joy that I could at last take into my mind a faultless ideal of godlike, exalted manhood. The figure appears actually to possess a spirit, and I looked on it not as on a piece of marble but a being of loftier mould, and half expected to see him step forward when the arrow reached its mark. I would give worlds to feel one moment the sculptor's mental triumph when his work was completed; that one exulting thrill must have repaid him for every ill he might have suffered on earth! With what divine inspiration has he wrought its faultless lines! There is a spirit in every limb which mere toil could not have given. It must have been caught in those lofty moments

“When each conception was a heavenly guest—
A ray of immortality—and stood,
Star-like, around, until they gathered to a god?”

We ran through a series of halls, roofed with golden stars on a deep blue midnight sky, and filled with porphyry vases, black marble gods, and mummies. Some of the statues shone with the matchless polish they had received from a Theban artisan before Athens was founded, and are, apparently, as fresh and perfect as when looked upon by the vassals of Sesostris. Notwithstanding their stiff, rough-hewn limbs, there were some figures of great beauty, and they gave me a much higher idea of Egyptian sculpture. In an adjoining hall, containing colossal busts of the gods, is a vase forty-one feet in circumference, of one solid block of red porphyry.

The “Transfiguration” is truly called the first picture in the world. The same glow of inspiration which created the Belvedere must have been required to paint the Saviour's aerial form. The three figures hover above the earth in a

blaze of glory, seemingly independent of all material laws. The terrified Apostles on the mount, and the wondering group below, correspond in the grandeur of their expression to the awe and majesty of the scene. The only blemish in the sublime perfection of the picture is the introduction of the two small figures on the left hand, who, by the bye, were Cardinals, inserted there *by command*. Some travellers say the color is all lost, but I was agreeably surprised to find it well preserved. It is, undoubtedly, somewhat imperfect in this respect, as Raphael died before it was entirely finished; but "take it all in all," you may search the world in vain to find its equal.

[This ended the day's tour of observation. On a succeeding day the traveller saw as many objects of interest; among them the graves of Shelley and Keats. These, however, we must pass by, and describe his visit to the ruins of the great Roman amphitheatre.]

Amid the excitement of continually changing scenes I have forgotten to mention our first visit to the Coliseum. The day after our arrival we set out with two English friends to see it by sunset. Passing by the glorious fountain of Trevi, we made our way to the Forum, and from thence took the road to the Coliseum, lined on both sides with remains of splendid edifices. The grass-grown ruins of the palace of the Cæsars stretched along on our right; on our left we passed in succession the granite front of the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina, the three grand arches of the Temple of Peace, and the ruins of the Temple of Venus and Rome. We went under the ruined triumphal arch of Titus, with broken friezes representing the taking of Jerusalem, and the mighty walls of the Coliseum gradually rose before us. They grew in grandeur as we approached them, and when at length we stood in the centre, with the shattered arches and grassy walls rising above

and beyond one another far around us, the red light of sunset giving them a soft and melancholy beauty, I was fain to confess that another form of grandeur had entered my mind of which before I knew not.

A majesty like that of nature clothes this wonderful edifice. Walls rise above walls, and arches above arches, from every side of the grand arena, like a sweep of craggy pinnaced mountains around an oval lake. The two outer circles have almost entirely disappeared, torn away by the rapacious nobles of Rome, during the middle ages, to build their palaces. When entire and filled with its hundred thousand spectators, it must have exceeded any pageant which the world can now produce. No wonder it was said,—

“ While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand ;
When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall ;
And when Rome falls, the world ! ”

—a prediction which time has not verified. The world is now going forward prouder than ever, and though we thank Rome for the legacy she has left us, we would not wish the dust of her ruin to cumber our path. . . .

Next to the Coliseum, the baths of Caracalla are the grandest remains at Rome. The building is a thousand feet square, and its massive walls look as if built by a race of giants. These Titan remains are covered with green shrubbery, and long trailing vines sweep over the cornice and wave down like tresses from the architrave and arch. In some of its grand halls the mosaic pavement is yet entire. The excavations are still carried on. From the number of statues already found, this would seem to have been one of the most gorgeous edifices of the olden time.

I have been now several days loitering and sketching among the ruins, and I feel as if I could willingly wander for months beside these mournful relics, and draw inspiration

from the lofty yet melancholy lore they teach. There is a spirit haunting them real and undoubted. Every shattered column, every broken arch and mouldering wall, but calls up more vividly to mind the glory that has passed away. Each lonely pillar stands as proudly as if it still helped to bear up a great and glorious temple, and the air seems scarcely to have ceased vibrating with the clarions that heralded a conqueror's triumph. . . .

In Rome there is no need that the imagination be excited to call up thrilling emotion or poetic revery; they are forced on the mind by the sublime spirit of the scene. The roused bard might here pour forth his thoughts in the wildest climaxes, and I could believe he felt it all. This is like the Italy of my dreams,—that golden realm whose image has been nearly chased away by the earthly reality. I expected to find a land of light and beauty, where every step crushed a flower or displaced a sunbeam; where every air was poetic inspiration, and whose every scene filled the soul with romantic feelings. Nothing is left of my picture but the far-off mountains, robed in the sapphire veil of the Ausonian air, and these ruins, amid whose fallen glory sits triumphant the spirit of ancient song.

I have seen the flush of morn and eve rest on the Coliseum; I have seen the noonday sky framed in its broken loop-holes, like plates of polished sapphire; and last night, as the moon has grown into the zenith, I went to view it with her. Around the Forum all was silent and spectral; a sentinel challenged us at the Arch of Titus, under which we passed, and along the Cæsars' wall, which lay in shadow. Dead stillness brooded around the Coliseum; the pale, silvery lustre streamed through its arches and over the grassy walls, giving them a look of shadowy grandeur which day could not bestow. The scene will remain fresh in my memory forever.

POMPEII AND ITS DESTROYER.

ALFRED E. LEE.

[The ruins of Pompeii perhaps surpass in general interest any other of the exhumed remains of man's ancient industry, and the story of them has been very frequently told. For a good general description we go to the "European Days and Ways" of Alfred E. Lee, who also deals with Vesuvius as well as with its victim. He tells us the whole history of the excavation, of which we can but say here that up to 1860 not more than one-third of the town was excavated, and that in 1863 the archaeologist Fiorelli was appointed to supervise the work, which has gone on steadily since.]

THE ancient Pompeiians who gazed upon and admired the beauteous groves and pastures which covered the symmetrical cone up to the very rim of its smokeless, silent crater must have had but a faint idea of the real nature of their terrible neighbor. But in the year 63 they received a most impressive and—had it been heeded—timely warning of what they were to expect. A fearful earthquake shook down their temples, colonnades, and dwellings, giving awful premonition of the reawakening of the stupendous forces of nature, which had been slumbering for centuries. The city was a wreck, but it was immediately rebuilt, and was greatly improved by conforming its architecture more nearly than before to the style of imperial Rome. A reaction from the depressing effects of disaster was at high tide, and Pompeii was doubtless more splendid and more gay than ever, when, on the 24th of August, 79, it was overtaken by the supreme catastrophe, the details of which, in the absence of authentic narrative, have been supplied by the romance of Bulwer. First came a dense shower of ashes, which covered the town to the depth of

three feet, impelling most of its inhabitants to fly from its precincts. This was followed by a delusive lull, during which many of the fugitives returned to seek their valuables, and perhaps to care for the sick and infirm, who could not be readily removed. But directly the shower of ashes was succeeded by a heavy rain of red-hot cinders and pumice, called *rapilii*, from which there was no escape. This covered the town with another stratum, seven to eight feet thick, burning the wooden upper stories from the houses, and extinguishing the last vestige of animal life. On top of this the remorseless Cyclops shook down more showers of ashes and then fiery *rapilii*, until the superincumbent mass attained an average thickness of twenty feet, and the beautiful city of the Sarno was literally smothered,—buried alive, with scarcely a single trace of it above ground. For nearly seventeen centuries Pompeii, except as a name and memory, disappeared from history. In ancient times its ruins were ransacked, partly by the survivors of its wreck, in recovering their valuables and the dead bodies of their friends, and partly in the search for decorative materials with which to embellish temples and other buildings. In this way the city was stripped of nearly everything accessible which was worth carrying away. Subsequent Vesuvian eruptions covered it still more deeply, vegetation grew over it, and a village bearing its name rose upon the ground which covered its ancient site. During the Middle Ages the place was entirely unknown. In 1592 a subterranean aqueduct, which is in use to this day, was carried under it without leading to its discovery. In 1748 some statues and bronze utensils, discovered by a peasant, attracted the attention of the reigning king of Naples and Sicily, Charles III., who caused excavations to be made. At that time the theatre, amphitheatre, and other portions of the buried town were brought to light,

discoveries which caused great surprise and enthusiasm throughout the civilized world. . . .

The excavated portion of the city, together with its museum and library, are under the care of a corps of government guards, who, for a European wonder, are forbidden to accept gratuities. Quite agreeably to me, my visit fell on a holiday, when the guides were off duty, so that I was permitted to wander at will among the silent streets, unembarrassed by long and apocryphal verbal explanations. A previous visit had familiarized me with the principal streets, buildings, and localities, so that I had no difficulty in finding my way. Besides a considerable region which had been excavated since my first visit, eighteen months before, there were some important buildings which I had not then been able to inspect. Among these was the Villa Diomed, so conspicuous in Bulwer's romance. This villa—more properly speaking, the house of M. Arrius Diomedes—was one of the largest and most splendid of Pompeian residences, and, in addition to the usual conveniences and luxuries of an elegant mansion of that day, it enclosed an interior court, or garden, one hundred and seven feet square, open to the sky, surrounded by a colonnade, and embellished by a central fountain. Beneath this court, on three sides, are long vaulted chambers, reached by stair-ways, and lighted by narrow apertures in the upper pavement. These cellars, now entirely cleared of rubbish, are believed to have been used in the summer season as family promenades. "In them," says Bulwer, "twenty skeletons (two of them babes, embracing) were discovered in one spot by the door, covered by a fine ashen dust that had evidently been slowly wafted through the apertures until it had filled the whole space. There were jewels and coins, and candelabra for unavailing light, and wine, hardened in the amphoræ for a prolongation of ago-

nized life. The sand, consolidated by damp, had taken the forms of the skeletons as in a cast, and the traveller may yet see the impression of a female neck and bosom, of young and round proportions, the trace of the fated Julia! It seems to the inquirer as if the air had been gradually changed into a sulphurous vapor; the inmates of the vaults had rushed to the door and found it closed and blocked up by the scorice without, and in their attempts to force it had been suffocated with the atmosphere. In the garden was found a skeleton with a key by its bony hand, and near it a bag of coins. This is believed to have been the master of the house, the unfortunate Diomed, who had probably sought to escape by the garden, and been destroyed either by the vapors or some fragment of stone. Beside some silver vases lay another skeleton, probably a slave." The impression of a girl's breast in the ashes, which Bulwer's fancy represents as the sole remaining trace of one of his heroines, is still preserved in the museum at Naples, and is as shapely and perfect as if the flesh of the fair young victim had been moulded but yesterday instead of eighteen hundred years ago. The bodies found in the Diomedan corridors had their heads wrapped up, and were half covered by the fine infiltrated ashes, in which was preserved even the imprint of the chemises worn by the woman and children. The bodies had decayed, like those embedded in other parts of the town, but their forms had been moulded in the ashes with wonderful precision and distinctness.

In many cases such cavities, after the skeletons contained in them had been carefully removed, were filled with liquid plaster, which produced an accurate and durable image of the imprinted form. The museum at Pompeii contains a collection of such images, which impress upon the beholder, more vividly, perhaps, than any other objects,

the horror and consternation of those awful days when the rain of volcanic ashes turned noon to night and overwhelmed the doomed city. One of these figures is that of a girl with a ring on her finger; another, that of a woman enceinte; a third, a man whose features are singularly distinct and natural. A group of three includes father, mother, and daughter, found lying near one another. The figure of a female shows even the folds of her drapery and the arrangement of her hair. The attitudes are generally those which follow a short and fierce death-struggle. Some of the victims seem to have fallen upon their faces and died suddenly in their flight. Others, who were perhaps asphyxiated by vapors, have the calm attitude of sleep, as though death had been but a pleasant dream.

Near the Great Theatre an open court with a peristyle of seventy-four columns is surrounded by a series of detached cells. This is supposed to have been a barrack for confinement of the gladiators who were chosen for the contests of the arena. Sixty-three skeletons found here are believed to have been those of soldiers who remained on duty during the eruption. In one of the chambers, used as a prison, the skeletons of two presumable criminals were found, together with the stocks and irons with which they were bound for punishment. The story that the people were assembled, in great numbers, to witness some spectacular entertainment at the time the volcano began to belch upon them its rain of ashes is probably a myth. The theatre had been badly wrecked by the earthquake of 63, and its restoration was yet far from complete when the eruption broke forth. The streets of Pompeii are generally narrow, not over twenty-four—some of them not over fourteen—feet in width, and are paved with blocks of lava, with high stepping-stones at intervals, for the convenience of foot-passengers in rainy weather. At the street

corners public fountains are placed, from which the water poured through the decorative head of a god, a mask, or some similar ornament. Trade signs are rare, but political announcements are frequently seen, conspicuously printed in red letters. Phallic emblems, boldly cut in stone and built into the walls, surprise and shock us by their frequency, notwithstanding their innocently meant purpose as a means of protection against witchcraft. The architecture of the temples and other public buildings is a clumsy mixture of the Greek and Roman style, the columns being invariably laid up in brick or travertine, and covered with stucco. The dwellings, built of the same materials, or of travertine, have very little exterior adornment. Yet at the time of its catastrophe Pompeii must have been a highly decorated town. Marble was but little used architecturally, but the stucco which took its place was admirably adapted to decorative painting, and this means of ornamentation was lavishly employed.

The lower halves of the columns are generally painted red, with harmonizing colors on the capitals. Interior walls are also laid with bright, gay coloring, usually red or yellow. But the most attractive and striking of the mural decorations are the paintings, the wonderful variety and delicacy of which are only surpassed by the more astonishing wonder of their preservation. The subjects of these pictures are generally drawn from poetry or mythology, as, for instance, Theseus abandoning Ariadne, Ulysses relating his adventures to Penelope, Cupid holding a mirror up to Venus, Apollo and the Muses, Polyphemus receiving Galatea's letter from Cupid, Leda and the Swan, Diana surprised in her bath by Actæon, Achilles and Patroclus, and representations of Venus, Cupid, Bacchus, Silenus, Mercury, and the fauns in endless variety. A favorite subject was the beautiful youth Narcissus, son

of the river-god Cephisus and the nymph Liriopo. According to the Greek fable, this youth, seeing his image in a fountain, became enamoured of it, and, in punishment for his hardness of heart towards Echo and other nymphs, pined away and was changed to a flower. In consequence of its origin, this flower loves the borders of streams, and, bending on its fragile stem, seems to seek its own image in the waters, but soon fades and dies.

The larger and finer dwellings of Pompeii have generally been named from their supposed possessors, or from the works of art found in them. The House of the Tragic Poet, so called from the representation of a poet reading found in its tablinium, was one of the most elegant in Pompeii. From the pavement of its vestibule was taken a celebrated mosaic, now in the museum at Naples, representing a chained dog barking, with the legend "*cave canem*,"—"beware of the dog." The periphery of the columns of the peristyle is fluted, except the lower third of the shaft, which is smooth and painted red. The walls of the interior are decorated with paintings, among which are Venus and Cupid fishing, Diana with Orion, and a representation of Leda and Tyndarus, which is very beautiful and remarkably well preserved. This house, which figures in Bulwer's "*Last Days of Pompeii*" as the home of Glaucus, was probably the dwelling of a goldsmith. One of the most palatial residences yet brought to light is the House of Pansa,—one hundred and twenty-four by three hundred and nineteen feet,—which finely illustrates, in its complete and well-preserved appointments, the plan of an aristocratic Pompeian mansion of the imperial epoch. Entering from the street by a vestibule, in the floor of which the greeting, "*Salve*," was wrought in beautiful mosaic, we reach a large interior court (atrium), which, owing to the absence of glass or exterior openings, was necessary for the admis-

sion of light and air to the surrounding chambers. A reservoir for rain-water (*impluvium*) occupies the centre of the atrium. Passing from the atrium through a large apartment called the *tablinum*, we enter, towards the rear, the strictly domestic part of the house, which occupies more than half the space within its walls, and is also provided with an interior court. The family apartments open into this court, and derive from it their light and ventilation. It encloses a garden surrounded by a *peristyle*, and hence takes the name of *peristylum*. The front part of the house surrounding the atrium was that in which the proprietor transacted his business and held intercourse with the external world; the rear part surrounding the *peristylum* was devoted to domestic use exclusively. The roof, sloping inward, and open over the interior courts, discharged the rain which fell upon it into the *impluvium*. The images of the household gods usually occupied a place in the vestibule. The House of Sallust, so named from an epigraph on its outside wall, appears from later discoveries to have been the property of A. Cassius Libanus. This house was finished in gay colors and embellished with mural paintings, one of which—a representation of Actæon surprising Diana at her bath—is singularly well preserved. Other subjects treated are the rape of Europa (badly defaced), and Helle in the sea extending her arm to Phryxus. Opposite to the Actæon is a dainty chamber, arbitrarily named the *venereum*, surrounded by polygonal columns painted red. The *impluvium* was adorned with a bronze group—now in the museum at Palermo—representing Hercules contending with a stag. Out of the mouth of the stag, in this group, the waters of the fountain gushed. Some of the bedrooms of this house were floored with African marble.

The house of Meleager takes its name from one of its

mural decorations illustrating the story of Meleager and Atalanta. Other frescos adorn its walls, representing the judgment of Paris, Mercury presenting a purse to Ceres, and a young satyr frightening a bacchante with a serpent. Its peristylum, sixty by seventy-three feet, is the finest yet found in Pompeii. The columns of the peristylum are covered with yellow stucco and its chambers are floored with mosaic. A colonnade rises on three sides of the dining-room, and one of twenty-four columns, red below and white above, supports the portico. A garden to the left of the atrium and in front of the portico is adorned by a pretty fountain. An exquisite bronze statuette of a dancing faun, now in the Naples museum, gave its present title to the most beautiful, and also one of the largest houses in Pompeii. The discovery of this house was first made in 1830, in the presence of a son of the poet Goethe. A small pedestal, on which the statuette of the faun stood, is still seen in the marble-lined impluvium. In the mosaic floor of one of the rooms near by three doves are represented drawing a string of pearls from a casket. Mosaics in the dining-room represented Acratus (companion of Bacchus) riding on a lion, a cat devouring a partridge, and a group of crustaceans and fishes. The salutation, "*Have*," (welcome) is wrought with colored marble in the pavement of the vestibule before the main entrance. The walls are covered with stucco made of cement, in imitation of colored marble.

The atrium, thirty-five by thirty-eight feet, is finished in the Tuscan style, but the twenty-eight columns surrounding the peristylum are Ionic. In the rear of the mansion opens a garden, one hundred and five by one hundred and fifteen feet, enclosed with a peristyle of fifty-six Doric columns. Various articles in gold, silver, bronze, and terracotta were found in this house, and also some skeletons,

one of which was that of a woman with a gold ring on her finger engraved with the name Cassia. But the most important discovery of all made in the House of the Faun was that of the magnificent mosaic of Alexander in the battle of Issus. "This work, which is almost the only ancient historical composition in existence, represents the battle at the moment when Alexander, whose helmet has fallen from his head, charges Darius with his cavalry and transfixes the general of the Persians, who has fallen from his wounded horse. The chariot of the Persian monarch is prepared for retreat, whilst in the foreground a Persian of rank, in order to insure the more speedy escape of the king, who is absorbed in thought at the sight of his expiring general, offers him his horse."—Baedeker.

Such are some of the principal mansions of Pompeii and the objects found in them. All of the most precious works of art which were or could be detached, including many exquisite little mural frescos, have been removed and deposited in the museum at Naples. The ruins and the museum explain each other, and taken together furnish the most complete and vivid illustration of ancient life in the world. No books, no pictures, can tell us so clearly and comprehensively how the people of that day and country lived as the remains of this buried city. Its dwellings, shops, streets, prisons, temples, theatres, and tombs disclose with amazing fulness and accuracy the pursuits, habits, follies, vices, and even the thoughts of its inhabitants, just as they were living and moving when caught, overwhelmed, and forever stilled in the full tide of their existence. Well-curbs worn by the sliding rope, stepping-stones hollowed by the march of eager multitudes, pavements scarred by the stamp of horses' hoofs, advertisements painted on public walls, shops and magazines containing the symbols and utensils of trade, fountains where the

crystal torrent might have hushed but an hour ago its rippling voice, temples whose altars bear yet the mark of sacrificial fires, frescos whose color and outline are bright and delicate in spite of calamity and time, mosaic floors smooth and shining as if polished only yesterday by the dance of dainty feet,—these and a thousand more traces of the life of that ancient time help the imagination to re-people and restore the ruined city as it was in the day of its pride and splendor.

An inspection of the ruins of Pompeii deepens upon the mind its impressions of the sublimity and terror of Vesuvius. Physically speaking, the volcano is but a monstrous heap of ashes, stones, and scoriæ, hollow, or partially so, in the centre, and streaked with black, solidified lava-currents on the outside. From the crater, whirling volumes of steam and smoke constantly issue, each rotary gush representing an interior explosion usually heard only on the summit. In the varying states of the atmosphere this monstrous volume of vapor rises in columnar form for thousands of feet, and is then borne far to seaward, or landward, by the upper currents of the air; or it falls in a dense, sulphurous, shapeless cloud, which envelops and conceals the upper part of the mountain. In the latter condition of things I made my first ascent; in the former my second. On the first occasion we went up from Portici and down to Pompeii; on the second, the route was reversed.

From Pompeii the summit may be made—on horseback as far as the foot of the cone—in about three hours. The railway on the Portici side ascends to the outside rim of the crater, within which, separated by fissured slabs of lava, which a yard below the surface yet glow with living fire, the main chimney or flue of the volcano rises some hundreds of feet higher. On the eastern side, below the rim,

a lava stream of considerable magnitude had burst forth at the time of my visit, and was issuing with a fierce hissing sound. Its course could be traced down the slopes of the mountain for the distance of a mile. Its movement, at first quite rapid, was soon checked by the cooling effect of the atmosphere. The operations of the crater at this time were extremely interesting. Near the base of the final cone a small secondary volcanic funnel had recently been formed, which sometimes almost silenced with its screeching and blubber the thunderous rumbling within the main chimney. Neither of the active craters could be approached with safety, but they made no objections to being looked at, and so, dismissing my guide, I remained about two hours on the summit, watching their antics. Sometimes the smaller crater, or safety-valve, as it seemed to be, would work itself up to a perfect frenzy of hysterical hissing and shrieking, as though all the misery of a hundred colicky locomotives were venting itself in one prolonged scream. During such spells the red liquid lava would bubble over the rim for a time, like the boiling of an over-filled pot; then suddenly some explosive interior force would throw it into the air in a sheaf of beautiful red spray, rising and descending in graceful parabolas all around the cone. After this performance, the little fellow would subside and keep tolerably quiet for ten minutes or so, when it would be seized with another paroxysm.

The larger crater, though also intermittent, was more progressive and less fidgety in its action. Its behavior had the dignified air of regular business, while the safety-valve demeaned itself more as a transient upstart, impatient of attracting popular attention. The masses of steam and smoke issuing from the main orifice were somewhat irregular, both in quantity and velocity, their increase in both respects being always accompanied by louder and more

rapid interior explosions. At the moments of greatest activity showers of stones and lumps of red lava were hurled into the air to heights varying from three hundred to one thousand feet, and, descending, rolled rattling and smoking down the yellow, sulphurous sides of the cone. The spectacle was terrifically sublime at times, particularly when the safety-valve chimed in with its screaming accompaniment, and flung aloft its jet d'eau like pyrotechnics. The missiles projected from the main crater soared at an angle of about fifty degrees, and almost uniformly in the same direction, so that they fell on territory of which the spectator, looking on from the opposite point of the compass, was quite willing to accord monopoly of possession, with a liberal margin for unadjusted boundary.

As sunset approached, and the shades of evening were beginning to add new touches of grandeur to the sublime spectacle, I took leave of it reluctantly, and, with Brobdingnagian strides down the volcanic ash-heap, descended in not more than seven minutes a space which it had once cost me a weary half-hour and the help of two guides to climb. Three hours later the red currents of lava could be seen from my window in Naples, glittering far away in the darkness, and streaking the black sides of the volcano like descending streams of molten gold.

MOUNT ETNA IN ERUPTION.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

[It is not Etna in one of its gigantic throes of eruption that we propose to describe. The traveller whose story of the mountain we append was not fortunate enough to witness such a spectacle. But he saw it in a minor phase of activity, and describes the vision so well that his account is well worth repeating. It was on his way from Malta to Sicily that he first caught sight of the volcano, ninety miles away, rising in solitary state behind the nearer mountains. He continued his course till abreast of Syracuse, "with Etna as distant as ever."]

THE fourth morning dawned, and—great Neptune be praised!—we were actually within the Gulf of Catania. Etna loomed up in all his sublime bulk, unobscured by cloud or mist, while a slender jet of smoke, rising from his crater, was slowly curling its wreaths in the clear air, as if happy to receive the first beam of the sun. The towers of Syracuse, which had mocked us all the preceding day, were no longer visible; the land-locked little port of Augusta lay behind us; and, as the wind continued favorable, ere long we saw a faint white mark at the foot of the mountain. This was Catania.

The shores of the bay were enlivened with orange-groves and the gleam of the villages, while here and there a single palm dreamed of its brothers across the sea. Etna, of course, had the monarch's place in the landscape, but even his large, magnificent outlines could not usurp all my feelings. The purple peaks to the westward and farther inland had a beauty of their own, and in the gentle curves with which they leaned towards each other there was a promise of the flowery meadows of Enna. . . .

Catania presented a lovely picture as we drew near its harbor. Planted at the very foot of Etna, it has a background such as neither Naples nor Genoa can boast. The hills next the sea are covered with gardens and orchards, sprinkled with little villages and the country-places of the nobles,—a rich, cultured landscape, which gradually merges into the forests of oak and chestnut that girdle the waist of the great volcano. But all the wealth of southern vegetation cannot hide the footsteps of that Ruin, which from time to time visits the soil. Half-way up the mountain-side is dotted with cones of ashes and cinders, some covered with the scanty shrubbery which centuries have called forth, some barren and recent; while two dark, winding streams of sterile lava descend to the very shore, where they stand congealed in ragged needles and pyramids. Part of one of these black floods has swept the town, and, tumbling into the sea, walls one side of the port.

[What shall we say of Catania? It has not dwelt at the foot of Mount Etna with impunity, but has been more than once destroyed. During the week of Mr. Taylor's visit the centennial festival of St. Agatha, the miracles of whose martyrdom had here their scene, took place. This saint still performs miracles, "and her power is equally efficacious in preventing earthquakes and eruptions of Mount Etna." The festival was brilliant in illuminations and pyrotechnic displays.]

Truly, except the illumination of the Golden Horn on the Night of Predestination, I have seen nothing equal to the spectacle presented by Catania during the past three nights. The city, which has been built up from her ruins more stately than ever, was in a blaze of light, all her domes, towers, and the long lines of her beautiful palaces revealed in the varying red and golden flames of a hundred thousand lamps and torches. Pyramids of fire, transparencies, and illuminated triumphal arches filled the four principal streets, and the fountain in the cathedral square

gleamed like a jet of molten silver, spinning up from one of the pores of Etna. At ten o'clock a gorgeous display of fireworks closed the day's festivities, but the lamps remained burning nearly all night.

On the second night the grand Procession of the Veil took place. I witnessed the imposing spectacle from the balcony of Prince Gessina's palace. Long lines of waxen torches led the way, followed by a military band, and then a company of the highest prelates in their most brilliant costumes, surrounding the bishop, who walked under a canopy of silk and gold, bearing the miraculous veil of St. Agatha. I was blessed with a distant view of it, but could see no traces of the rosy hue left upon it by the flames of the saint's martyrdom. . . .

To-night Signor Scava, the American vice-consul, took me to the palace of Prince Biscari, overlooking the harbor, in order to behold the grand display of fireworks from the end of the mole. The showers of rockets and colored stars, and the temples of blue and silver fire, were repeated in the dark, quiet bosom of the sea, producing the most dazzling and startling effects. . . .

Among the antiquities of Catania which I have visited are the Amphitheatre, capable of holding fifteen thousand persons, the old Greek Theatre, in which Alcibiades made his noted harangue to the Catanians, the Odeon, and the ancient baths. The theatre, which is in tolerable preservation, is built of lava, like many of the modern edifices in the city. The baths proved to me, what I had supposed, that the Oriental bath of the present day is identical with that of the ancients. Why so admirable an institution has never been introduced into Europe is more than I can tell. From the pavement of these baths, which is nearly twenty feet below the surface of the earth, the lava of later eruptions has burst up, in places, in hard black jets. The

most wonderful token of that flood which whelmed Catania two hundred years ago is to be seen at the grand Benedictine convent of San Nicola, in the upper part of the city. Here the stream of lava divides itself just before the convent, and flows past on both sides, leaving the buildings and garden untouched. The marble courts, the fountains, the splendid galleries, and the gardens of richest Southern bloom and fragrance stand like an epicurean island in the midst of the terrible stony waves, whose edges bristle with the thorny aloe and cactus. . . .

The noises of the festival had not ceased when I closed my eyes at midnight. I slept soundly through the night, but was awakened before sunrise by my Sicilian landlord. "Oh, Eccellenza! have you heard the Mountain? He is going to break out again; may the holy St. Agatha protect us!"

It is rather ill-timed on the part of the Mountain, was my involuntary first thought, that he should choose for a new eruption precisely the centennial festival of the only saint who is supposed to have any power over him. It shows a disregard of female influence not at all suited to the present day, and I scarcely believe that he seriously means it. Next comes along the jabbering landlady: "I don't like his looks. It was just so the last time. Come, Eccellenza, you can see him from the back terrace."

The sun was not yet risen, but the east was bright with his coming, and there was not a cloud in the sky. All the features of Etna were sharply sculptured in the clear air. From the topmost cone a thick stream of white smoke was slowly puffed out at short intervals, and rolled lazily down the eastern side. It had a heavy, languid character, and I should have thought nothing of the appearance but for the alarm of my hosts. It was like the slow fire of earth's incense burning on that grand mountain altar.

I hurried off to the post-office to await the arrival of the diligence from Palermo. The office is in the Strada Etnea, the main street of Catania, which runs straight through the city from the sea to the base of the mountain whose peak closes the long vista. The diligence was an hour later than usual, and I passed the time in watching the smoke, which continued to increase in volume, and was mingled, from time to time, with jets of inky blackness. The postilion said he had seen fires and heard loud noises during the night. According to his account, the disturbances commenced about midnight.

At last we rolled out of Catania. There were in the diligence, besides myself, two men and a woman, Sicilians of the secondary class. The road followed the shore, over rugged tracts of lava, the different epochs of which could be distinctly traced in the character of their vegetation. The last great flow (of 1679) stood piled in long ridges of terrible sterility, barely allowing the aloe and cactus to take root in the hollows between. The older deposits were sufficiently decomposed to nourish the olive and vine, but even here the orchards were studded with pyramids of the harder fragments, which are laboriously collected by the husbandmen. In the few favored spots which have been untouched for so many ages that a tolerable depth of soil has accumulated, the vegetation has all the richness and brilliancy of tropical lands. The palm, orange, and pomegranate thrive luxuriantly, and the vines almost break under their heavy clusters. The villages are frequent and well-built, and the hills are studded, far and near, with the villas of rich proprietors, mostly buildings of one story, with verandas extending their whole length. Looking up towards Etna, whose base the road encircles, the views are gloriously rich and beautiful. On the other hand is the blue Mediterranean and the irregular outline of the

shore, here and there sending forth promontories of lava, cooled by the waves into the most fantastic forms.

We had not proceeded far before a new sign called my attention to the mountain. Not only was there a perceptible jar or vibration in the earth, but a dull, groaning sound, like the muttering of distant thunder, began to be heard. The smoke increased in volume, and, as we advanced farther to the eastward, and much nearer to the great cone, I perceived that it consisted of two jets issuing from different mouths. A broad stream of very dense white smoke still flowed over the lip of the topmost crater and down the eastern side. As its breadth did not vary, and the edges were distinctly defined, it was no doubt the sulphureous vapor rising from a river of molten lava. Perhaps a thousand yards below a much stronger column of mingled black and white smoke gushed up in regular beats or pants from a depression in the mountain-side, between two small extinct cones. All this part of Etna was scarred with deep chasms, and in the bottoms of those nearest the opening I could see the red gleam of fire. The air was perfectly still, and as yet there was no cloud in the sky.

When we stopped to change horses at the town of Aci Reale, I first felt the violence of the tremor and the awful sternness of the sound. The smoke by this time seemed to be gathering on the side towards Catania, and hung in a dark mass about half-way down the mountain. Groups of the villagers were gathered in the streets which looked upward to Etna and discussing the chances of an eruption. "Ah," said an old peasant, "the Mountain knows how to make himself respected. When he talks, everybody listens." The sound was the most awful that ever met my ears. It was a hard, painful moan, now and then fluttering like a suppressed sob, and had, at the same time, an expression of threatening and of agony. It did not

come from Etna alone. It had no fixed location; it pervaded all space. It was in the air, in the depths of the sea, in the earth under my feet, everywhere, in fact; and as it continued to increase in violence I experienced a sensation of positive pain. The people looked anxious and alarmed, although they said it was a good thing for all Sicily; the last year they had been in constant fear from earthquakes, and an eruption invariably left the earth quiet for several years. It is true that during the past year parts of Sicily and Calabria have been visited with severe shocks, occasioning much damage to property. A merchant of this city [Messina] informed me yesterday that his whole family had slept for two months in the vaults of his warehouse, fearing that their residence might be shaken down in the night.

As we rode along from Aci Reale to Taormina, all the rattling of the diligence over the rough road could not drown the awful noise. There was a strong smell of sulphur in the air, and the thick pants of smoke from the lower crater continued to increase in strength. The sun was fierce and hot, and the edges of the sulphureous clouds shone with a dazzling whiteness. A mounted soldier overtook us, and rode beside the diligence, talking with the postilion. He had been up to the mountain, and was taking his report to the governor of the district.

The heat of the day and the continued tremor of the air lulled me into a sort of doze, when I was suddenly aroused by a cry from the soldier and the stopping of the diligence. At the same time there was a terrific peal of sound, followed by a jar that must have shaken the whole island. We looked up to Etna, which was fortunately in full view before us. An immense mass of snow-white smoke had burst up from the crater, and was rising perpendicularly into the air, the rounded volumes rapidly

whirling one over the other, yet urged with such impetus that they only rolled outward after they had ascended to an immense height. It might have been one minute or five, for I was so entranced by this wonderful spectacle that I lost the sense of time, but it seemed instantaneous (so rapid and violent were the effects of the explosion), when there stood in the air, based on the summit of the mountain, a mass of smoke four or five miles high, and shaped precisely like the Italian pine-tree.

Words cannot paint the grandeur of this mighty tree. Its trunk of columned smoke, one side of which was silvered by the sun, while the other, in shadow, was lurid with red flame, rose for more than a mile before it sent out its cloudy boughs. Then parting into a thousand streams, each of which again threw out its branching tufts of smoke, rolling and waving in the air, it stood in intense relief against the dark blue of the sky. Its rounded masses of foliage were dazzlingly white on one side, while, in the shadowy depths of the branches, there was a constant play of brown, yellow, and crimson tints, revealing the central shaft of fire. It was like the tree celebrated in the Scandinavian sagas, as seen by the mother of Harold Hardrada,—that tree whose roots pierced through the earth, whose trunk was of the color of blood, and whose branches filled the uttermost corners of the heavens.

The outburst seemed to have relieved the mountain, for the tremors were now less violent, though the terrible noise still droned in the air, and earth, and sea. And now, from the base of the tree, three white streams slowly crept into as many separate chasms, against the walls of which played the flickering glow of the burning lava. The column of smoke and flame was still hurled upward, and the tree, after standing about ten minutes,—a new and awful revelation of the active forces of nature,—gradually

rose and spread, lost its form, and, slowly moved by a light wind (the first that disturbed the dead calm of the day), bent over to the eastward.

We resumed our course. The vast belt of smoke at last arched over the strait, here about twenty miles wide, and sank towards the distant Calabrian shore. As we drove under it, for some miles of our way, the sun was totally obscured, and the sky presented the singular spectacle of two hemispheres of clear blue, with a broad belt of darkness drawn between them. There was a hot, sulphureous vapor in the air, and showers of white ashes fell from time to time. We were distant about twelve miles, in a straight line, from the crater, but the air was so clear, even under the shadow of the smoke, that I could distinctly trace the downward movement of the rivers of lava.

This was the eruption, at last, to which all the phenomena of the morning had been only preparatory. For the first time in ten years the depths of Etna had been stirred, and I thanked God for my detention at Malta, and the singular hazard of travel which had brought me here, to his very base, to witness a scene the impression of which I shall never lose to my dying day. Although the eruption may continue, and the mountain pour forth fiercer fires and broader tides of lava, I cannot but think that the first upheaval, which lets out the long-imprisoned forces, will not be equalled in grandeur by any later spectacle.

After passing Taormina, our road led us under the hills of the coast, and although I occasionally caught glimpses of Etna, and saw the reflection of fire from the lava which was filling up his savage ravines, the smoke at last encircled his waist, and he was then shut out of sight by the intervening mountains. We lost a bolt in the deep valley opening to the sea, and during our stoppage I could still hear the groans of the mountain, though farther off and less

painful to the ear. As evening came on, the beautiful hills of Calabria, with white towns and villages on their sides, gleamed in the purple light of the setting sun. We drove around headland after headland, till the strait opened, and we looked over the harbor of Messina to Cape Faro and the distant islands of the Tyrrhene Sea.

PLEBEIAN LIFE IN VENICE.

HORACE ST. JOHN.

[Venice is not all made up of palaces and patricians, not all bronze and marble, pictures and statuary. Out of the range of all this, unseen by the ordinary traveller, lies another and humbler Venice, where the poor pass their straitened lives, but which has a character and attraction of its own, worthy of being seen and described. We give St. John's story of discovery in this realm of what he calls "vulgar Venice."]

It may not be a discovery, but it is a fact not often noticed, that there is an every-day Venice which is decidedly vulgar,—which means that it is not all Rialto, Bridge of Sighs, Grand Canal, or Doge's Palace. But, to judge from poems, pictures, and tourists, the city is one beautiful dream, of marble and bronze, of jasper and vermillion, of pictures and the sculptor's breathing models. The temptation is, no doubt, seducing to pass all your time where the great columns stand, where the bronze horses, near St. Mark's, glow with all the colors of the sunset, and where that strangely composed young girl shows you through the horrible labyrinths of the state prison.

Yet there is another Venice which artists rarely touch, as if all low life were confined to the Low Countries, where

they are eager enough to sketch fish-stalls and kitchens by the light of "single candle" Schendel. And this Venice has not a solitary element of romance or beauty about it. Step into the "omnibus gondola"—the very thought is enough to obliterate an epic of enthusiasm—and it will land you where the Venetians lead their common lives, without any Byron to bewail them. The songless gondoliers of these public boats are a miserable set of folk. They never save anything; their fathers never saved anything before them; but they keep up their spirits notwithstanding. Thus, between Giacomo passing Beppo, "Good luck to you!" "Thanks!" "Be hanged, you and your thanks!" Or, "Many patrons?" "Many." "You and your patrons be hanged!" These affectionate greetings are universal.

But the grimy gondola has stopped, and the buying and selling quarter has been reached. No stately ladies, or very few, here "serpentine," as Balzac says, whatever he may mean, along the pavement, and not too many of the white bodiced damsels, who look so graceful on canvas, as if they were always clean and dark Madonnas into the bargain; because, to tell the truth, these ladies are accustomed, in warm weather, to lay aside those pretty bodices, and work in an attire at once more light and more loose. They are exceedingly busy, and the scene is wonderfully animated.

Venice, providing its dinner, has been compared with a huge ship in port, taking in provisions. Padua and Vicenza have brought their corn and oil; the islands have sent their indescribably superb fruit; Friuli, Istria, Illyria, and the Turkish Archipelago contribute grain, meat, game, preserves, and pickles; Austria, Hungary, and Dalmatia supply wine, which is diluted, by the humbler sort of consumers, with sea water, which the "stick girls," so called

from the yokes they carry on their shoulders, bring about. They are from Friuli, whose snow-white summits are just visible from here,—and striking enough they are in their bright bodices, short blue or green skirts, with red borders, and white Calabrian hats, daintily tipped on one side, in order that the massive gold hair ornaments or polished steel pins may be admired. But these charming water-carriers are despised; they live apart from the other inhabitants; and not a Venetian will ever marry one of them. Still, they often return to their mountains, tolerably rich, and their Titian faces are quite as proud with scorn of the Venetians as those of Venetians are for them.

However, it is market-time, which must not be wasted upon international antipathies. Nearly everything in Venice is sold, and nearly everything eatable is eaten, among the inferior classes, in the open air,—polenta, beef, mutton, fish, frying, grilling, roasting, and perpetually passing hot into the hands of the *al fresco* customers. It is generally very good; but best of all is the bread made “on the Continent” expressly for Venice, in the incomparable little district of Piava. Armed with a “tasting order,” which a few of the smallest coins imaginable will command, you pass through the hungry throng. This is soup, by no means bad, at two-thirds of a half-penny the basin. That is calves’-head; these are lamb- and pork-chops, with heart and tripe, the savor whereof is suggestive of ancient sacrifices.

Some of the people keep stalls; others shops, without doors or windows. It appears odd to a stranger, upon entering a wine-hall, to be offered a plateful of highly-salted mutton, a comestible which everybody appears to be devouring. After it a service of fish, the entire flavor of which has been absorbed in brine. Then you are ready to drink; but the wine is salted also! There are two delicacies, however, in which persons of every degree delight,

and which induce the denizens of the opulent quarter to bring their nobility here. The first is a small white biscuit, made of the most exquisite flour and fresh butter, so speckless, light, and fragile that they crumble at a rough touch, and will not keep longer than twelve hours. Who wants to feast upon them, then, must come to the oven, and, tenderly handling the *bianchetti*, dip them in the wine of Cyprus, and believe in solid ambrosia. The second rarity—uniqueness I would say, if there were such a word—is a little fish, fried in oil, which is sold from morning till night, all through the season. You shall see a maiden of Venice, gloved like a Parisian, “well knotted,” elegant of costume, and in air patrician, buy two pennyworth of these dainties,—the whitebait of Italy,—smelling of oil, fire, and the frying-pan, wrap them in paper, take them to a cabaret, sit down, and relish them unmistakably over a flask of Cyprus. She is never alone, however, but accompanied by an escort, who is stamped a gentleman by that sign infallible in Venice, whether or not it be so elsewhere,—his dress. At the same table may be seated, possibly, the very fisherman who provided the banquet.

But what is the meaning of the phrase just used, “well knotted”? Let her wear the richest silk ever spun in Italy, and the haughtiest Hungarian hat, with its aigrette of a dove’s wing, your Venetian lady of blue blood is not distinguishable, except by what she has upon her neck. And this is a gold chain, of apparently countless links, beautifully brilliant, with that reddish tinge which has so often been the perplexity of painters, though Titian mastered it, as he did everything else; and falling from the throat is gathered in a coil at the waist, where, the larger and heavier the knot, the higher the patent of social splendor.

Though I am not concerned at present with the aris-

toeracy of the sea-born city, still, if lofty dames will eat little fishes in a market-place, they cannot complain of personalities, should the remark be made that some are dark as ever Giorgione or Carpaccio painted; while others, to borrow the ejaculation of a rapturous wanderer from Paris, who was not really in a rapture, and who, of course, did not mean what he was saying, might be mistaken for the daughters of Aurora, a contrast reminding you of Adam's two wives in the Talmud.

But madame has finished her *gouter*, and, once more taking a liberty with my Frenchman, I remark that she "undulates always with an appearance of perfect satisfaction." She will not be seen here again until the same freak of appetite seizes her. For, as a rule, the lower classes—as, indeed, they do everywhere—have their own neighborhoods to themselves, though in Venice, naturally, owing to the peculiarity of its position, there are subdivisions. The workmen and artificers and traders are quite distinct from the boatmen and fishermen, upon whom they look with contempt, and with whom they were formerly in a state of incessant feud. The former wear red caps and belts; the belts and caps of the latter are entirely either black or blue, the capes having tassels of the same color, which give an Oriental character to a Venetian crowd.

And here a curious point occurs. Your great lady prides herself upon the knot in her gold chain; your fisherman or ferryman wears a scarf round his neck, and the bigger the knot he can tie the prouder he is of himself. Again, the gondoliers have their grades of rank. The lords of the black "water broughams," as some one very much in want of a smart saying termed them, are in the service of private families, and hold themselves ready for orders like coachmen. The second degree is composed—to carry on the analogy—of the canal cabmen, who live upon chance, upon

travellers, and upon Romeos and Juliets, whenever these young persons are engaged in adventure. Lastly, there are the gondoliers with fixed stations and fixed destinations, ferrymen who float to and fro. But they are all very important to Venice. They are the links of its life; for, singularly enough, it has not bridges enough, and in this respect is utterly unlike Amsterdam, with which it is so often and so absurdly compared. If, however, they swear at one another, they swear at the railway in a chorus. It is rarely, in these days, that any good luck befalls them. Now and then, to be sure, a music and singing party, dizzy with the juice of the Dalmatian grape, attempt to wake the echoes of Tasso among the lagoons, or two fond fools, fresh from their nuptials in the north, glide over the moonlit sea, regardless of expense, and look at life through the stars; yet such Jessica evenings are few and far between, and the Venetian gondoliers, seen by daylight, look like anything rather than Fenimore Cooper's hero, or even a daub in a Canaletti canvas. Still, his ancient art has not deserted him, and he can push his craft along at a wonderful speed.

There is one peculiarity about them which the stranger does not readily understand. They speak as though their language was as limpid as the water on which they live, and made up almost entirely of vowels. You wish to be set ashore at the steps of the "Luna" hotel? Certainly; your gondolier knows the "Una" hotel perfectly well. He has another characteristic, not quite so uncommon: he is an unblushing cheat. His Venetian customers pay him tenpence, when you, being a stranger, must pay him half a crown, which is an Italian method of expressing patriotism, I suppose. Yet he is continually to be found upon his knees before the altar, and has a patron of his own, whom he invokes upon every necessary or unnecessary occasion.

From him I turn for a moment to another type,—the *cicceroni*,—only, however, to mention a single example. She was a young girl who undertook to show the visitor, fresh from the glories of the ducal palace, through the black labyrinths of the ducal prison. She took two wax tapers, lighted them, gave him one, keeping the other herself, and jingled a great bunch of keys. Then the really pretty and graceful maiden led the way down a worn, slippery, dark staircase, up another across the Bridge of Sighs, down again, telling all the way fearful legends of the place, and plunged deeper into the shadowy recesses at every step.

“Are you not afraid?” she is asked.

“A Venetian girl feels no fear,” is her answer.

That is a terrible interior, however, with its range upon range of hideous cells; but worst of all is a vault, without a spark of natural light in it, which seems as if dug in the rock. Its roof is stained by lampblack; its walls bear traces of clamps and chains. “Here the secret executions took place; here the son of a doge was beheaded for daring to love a foreign lady. Only great criminals—that is, great lords—were put to death here.” I wonder whether this tender turnkey, if she had prisoners under her charge, would be pitiless to them. There is something painful in the contrast between such a gaol and such a gaoler.

Leaving her, you pass across the square with its corner group of beggars, its swarm of bare-headed children, its clusters of boys with their hair flowing wild, and their brown necks and chests exposed, who give you an idea that they are expecting their photographs to be taken, but who, nevertheless, bask themselves in the sun languidly enough, and act upon the national maxim, “*bisogna stare allegro*.” There is but a solitary influence which can rouse your true Venetian to a state of excitement, and that is

the presence of death. Rich or poor, he hates it; rich, he rides or rows away to the farthest possible distance; poor, he hides, if he can, until the object of his abhorrence is removed. Somehow these vagrants of the island city never starve. They earn, by one means or another, sufficient for the day, which signifies sufficient for dinner,—two pennyworth of fish, ready cooked, as already described; one pennyworth of soup, and one of bread; and it may be suspected that women and girls do a principal part of whatever work is done in Venice at all.

You turn into a sequestered nook, resembling one of the smaller courts opening upon Fleet Street, and a number of damsels, without dulcimers, are chattering or singing. These are the pearl-threaders, for pearl-threading is a universal occupation, just as embroidery was at one time in England. The wealthy do it for amusement, the humbler classes for gain, of which, as I have said, a very little goes a long way. It is a popular saying, "You may die of love or hatred in Venice, but not of hunger;" still, you see many ragged, hollow-eyed, and pallid wretches, who, in former days, might have been mistaken for lottery-hunters; but those times, happily, have passed away, though they presented a spectacle sufficiently interesting four or five years ago. . . .

Some one has compared Venice to a page of music, with its curious streets, palaces, museums, canals, and bridges; resembling lines, notes, double notes, points, crotchets, pauses; its long and straight, its short, narrow and crooked ways; its open spaces scattered up and down; its mounting and descending of bridges. I cannot myself see the truth of the comparison; but so much may be readily admitted,—that the stranger can easily lose his way, and not easily find it again, in this maze of land and water, worse than Amsterdam. Unless, however, the wanderer has

some business on hand, the very best way to see Venice is to be lost in it; because then, instead of the regulation round of sights, a thousand unexpected novelties strike the eye, in the narrow, ill-paved, and generally noiseless streets that intersect the islands, though the hoof of a horse or rumbling of a wheel is never heard in them.

Opening upon these dingy and tortuous thoroughfares are many of those back entrances to the mansions of the opulent, which play so prominent a part in romance and drama, though, as a rule, they are inhabited by the poorest of the poor to whom an abode is a retreat, not a home,—since their lives are habitually passed out of doors. As for furniture, a bedstead and a huge chest or coffer, with a stool or two, and a small but solid table, constitute the inventory,—if exception be made of the bowls, and spoons, and bread-knives which the inmates carry abroad when they intend to banquet beneath that sky in which Tintoretto and Veronese exulted.

Nothing of marble or mosaic here; nothing of gold or purple; only squalor, such as is never seen in a town of Holland; such as is seldom met with, indeed, anywhere out of Ireland or Italy. The water, however, mingles so intricately with the land that it is impossible to go many steps without coming upon a bridge and a canal,—not the canal of the artist, all blue except where richer tints are reflected by the architecture on either side, but narrow, crooked, overhung by ugly houses, and rather less sweet to the nostrils than becomes a city famous for its love of violets. Hither come the itinerants of the public places when the last loiterers have left the square of St. Mark's and there is no longer a chance of selling fried cakes or fish, salt mutton or salt tripe, mock pearls or gold thread to string them upon; and here my glimpse closes, upon Venice, a thousand times described, yet rarely, I think, from this particular point of view.

ATHENS AND ITS TEMPLES.

J. L. T. PHILLIPS.

[To say anything concerning the claims of Athens to the traveller's attention would be but a waste of words. For the student of art and architecture it will long remain a place of pilgrimage. We reproduce here such a student's story of a visit to the antiquities of Athens. It is the ancient city of which he speaks ; modern Athens has far less to commend it to attention.]

THE day is a happy one to the student-traveller from the Western World in which he first looks upon the lovely plain of Athens. Rounding the point where Hymettus thrusts his huge length into the sea, the long, featureless mountain-wall of Southern Attica suddenly breaks down, and gives place to a broad expanse of fertile and well-cultivated soil, sloping gently back with ever-narrowing bounds until it reaches the foot-hills of lofty Pentelicus. The wooded heights of Parnes enclose it on the north, while bald Hymettus rears an impassable barrier along the south. In front of the gently recurved shore stretch the smooth waters of the Gulf of Salamis, while beyond rises range upon range of lofty mountain peaks with strikingly varied outline, terminating on the one hand in the towering cone of Egina, and on the other in the pyramidal, fir-clad summit of Cithæron.

Upon the plain, at the distance of three or four miles from the sea, are several small rocky hills of picturesque appearance, isolated and seemingly independent, but really parts of a low range parallel to Hymettus. Upon one of the most considerable of these, whose precipitous sides make it a natural fortress, stood the Acropolis, and upon

the group of lesser heights around and in the valleys between clustered the dwellings of ancient Athens.

It was a fitting site for the capital of a people keenly sensitive to beauty, and destined to become the leaders of the world in matters of taste, especially in the important department of the Fine Arts. Nowhere are there more charming contrasts of mountain, sea, and plain,—nowhere a more perfect harmony of picturesque effect. The sea is not a dreary waste of waters without bounds, but a smiling gulf mirroring its mountain-walls and winding about embosomed isles, yet ever broadening as it recedes, and suggesting the mighty flood beyond from which it springs. The plain is not an illimitable expanse over which the weary eye ranges in vain in quest of some resting-place, but is so small as to be embraced in its whole contour in a single view, while its separate features—the broad, dense belt of olives which marks the bed of its principal stream, the ancient Cephissus, the vineyards, the grain-fields, and the sunny hill-side pastures—are made to produce their full impression. The mountains are not near enough to be obtrusive, much less oppressive; neither are they so distant as to be indistinct or to seem insignificant. Seen through the clear air, their naked summits are so sharply defined and so individual in appearance as to seem almost like sculptured forms chiselled out of the hard rock. . . .

So the student-pilgrim from the Western World with native ardor strains his sight to catch the first glimpse of the Athenian plain and city. He is fresh from his studies, and familiar with what books teach of the geography of Greece and the topography of Athens. He needs not to be informed which mountain-range is Parnes, and which Pentelicus,—which island is Salamis, and which Egina. Yet much of what he sees is a revelation to him. The mountains are higher, more varied, and more beautiful than he

had supposed, Lycabettus and the Acropolis more imposing, Pentelicus farther away, and the plain larger, the gulf narrower, and Egina nearer and more mountainous, than he had fancied. He is astonished at the smallness of the harbor at Peiræus, having insensibly formed his conception of its size from the notices of the mighty fleets which sailed from it in the palmy days when Athens was mistress of the seas. He is not prepared to see the southern shore of Salamis so near to the Peiræus, though it explains the close connection between that island and Athens, and throws some light upon the great naval defeat of the Persians. In short, while every object is recognized as it presents itself, yet a more correct conception is formed of its relative position and aspect from a single glance of the eye than had been acquired from books during years of study.

Arrived at the city, his experience is the same. He needs no guide to conduct him to its antiquities, nor cicerone to explain in bad French or worse English their names and history. Still, unexpected appearances present themselves not unfrequently. Hastening towards the Acropolis, he will first inspect the remains of the great theatre of Dionysus, so familiar to him as the place where, in the presence of all the people and many strangers, were acted the plays of his favorite poets, Æschylus and Sophocles, and where they won many prizes. Hurrying over the eastern brow of the hill, he comes suddenly upon the spot, enters at the summit, as many an Athenian did in the olden time, and is smitten with amazement at the first glance, and led to question whether this be indeed the site of the ancient theatre. He finds, it is true, the topmost seats cut in the solid rock, row above row, stripped now of their marble lining and weather-worn, but yet the genuine ancient seats of the upper tier. These he expected to find. But whence are those fresh seats which fill the lower part

of the hollow, arranged as neatly as if intended for immediate use? and whence the massive stage beyond? He bethinks himself that he has heard of recent excavations under the patronage of the government, and closer inspection shows that these are actually the lower seats of the theatre in the time of the emperor Hadrian, whose favorite residence was Athens, and who did so much to embellish the city. The front seats consist of massive stone chairs, each inscribed with the name of its occupant, generally the priestess of some one of the numerous gods worshipped by that people so given to idolatry. In the centre of the second row is an elevated throne inscribed with the name of Hadrian. The stage is seen to be the ancient Greek stage enlarged to the Roman size to suit the demands of a later style of theatrical representation.

After looking in vain for the seat occupied by the priestess of the Unknown God, our traveller passes on and enters with a beating heart the charmed precincts of the Acropolis itself. The Propylæa, which he has been accustomed to regard too exclusively as a mere entrance-gate to the glories beyond, impresses him with its size and grandeur, and the little temple of Victory by its side with its elegance. But the steepness of the ascent perplexes him. It seems impracticable for horses, yet he knows by unexceptionable testimony that the Athenian youth prided themselves upon driving their matched steeds in the great Panathenaic procession which once every four years wound up the hill, bearing the sacred peplos to the temple of the goddess. A closer examination reveals the transverse creases of the pavement designed to give a footing to the beasts, as well as the marks of the chariot-wheels. Nevertheless, the ascent (and much more the descent) must have been a perilous undertaking, unless the teams were better

broken than the various accounts of chariot-races furnished by the poets would indicate.

Entering beneath the great gate, a little distance forward to the left may readily be found the site of the colossal bronze statue of the warrior-goddess in complete armor, formed by Phidias out of the spoils taken at Marathon. The square base, partly sunk in the uneven rock, is as perfect as if just put in readiness to receive the pedestal of that famous work. A road bending to the right and slightly hollowed out of the rock leads to the Parthenon. The outer platform which sustains this celebrated temple is partly cut from the rock of the hill and partly built up of common limestone. The inner one of three courses, as well as the whole superstructure, is formed of Pentelic marble of a compact crystalline structure and of dazzling whiteness. Long exposure has not availed to destroy its lustre, but only to soften its tone. The visitor, planting himself at the western front, is in a position to gain some adequate idea of the perfection of the noble building. The interior and central parts suffered the principal injury from the explosion of the Turkish powder magazine in 1687. The western front remains nearly entire. It has been despoiled, indeed, of its movable ornaments. The statues which filled the pediment are gone, with the exception of a fragment or two. The sculptured slabs have been removed from the spaces between the triglyphs, and the gilded shields which hung beneath have been taken down. Of the magnificent frieze, representing the procession of the great quadrennial festival, only the portion surrounding the western vestibule is still in place. Still, as these were strictly decorations, and wholly subordinate to the organic parts of the structure, their presence, while it would doubtless greatly enhance the effect of the whole, is not felt to be essential to its completeness. The whole Doric

columns still bear the massive entablature sheltered by the covering roof. The simple greatness of the conception, the just proportion of the several parts, together with the elaborate finishing of the whole work, invest it with a charm such as the works of man seldom possess,—the pure and lasting pleasure which flows from apparent perfection.

Entering the principal apartment of the building, traces are seen of the stucco and pictures with which the walls were covered when it was fitted up as a Christian church in the Byzantine period. Near the centre of the marble pavement is a rectangular space laid with dark stone from the Peiræus or from Eleusis. It marks the probable site of the colossal precious statue of the goddess in gold and ivory,—one of the most celebrated works of Phidias. The smaller apartment beyond, accessible only from the opposite front of the temple, was used by the state as a place of deposit and safe-keeping for bullion and other valuables in the care of the state treasurer.

Having examined the great temple, and tested the curvature of its seemingly horizontal lines by sighting along the unencumbered platform, and having stopped at several points of the grand portico to admire the fine views of the city and surrounding country, the traveller picks his way northward, across a thick layer of fragments of columns, statues, and blocks of marble, towards the low-placed, irregular, but elegant Erechtheum, the temple of the most ancient worship and statue of the patron-goddess of the city. This building sits close by the northern as the Parthenon does by the southern wall of the enclosure. It has suffered equally with the other from the ravages of time, and its ruins, though less grand, are more beautiful. Most of the graceful Ionic columns are still standing, but large portions of the roof and entablature have fallen. Fragments of decorated cornice strew the ground, some of them of con-

siderable length, and afford a near view of that delicate ornamentation and exquisite finish so rare outside the limits of Greece.

The elevated porch of the Caryatides, lately restored by the substitution of a new figure in place of the missing statue now in the British Museum, attracts attention as a unique specimen of Greek art, and also as showing how far a skilful treatment will overcome the inherent difficulties of a subject. The row of fair maidens looking out towards the Parthenon do not seem much oppressed by the burden which rests upon them, while their graceful forms lend a pleasing variety to the scene. Passing out by the northern wing of the Propylæa, a survey is had of the numerous fragments of sculpture discovered among the ruins upon the hill, and temporarily placed in the ancient Pinacotheca. The eye rests upon sweet infant faces and upon rugged manly ones. Sometimes a single feature only remains, which, touched by the finger of genius, awakens admiration. A naked arm severed from the trunk, of feminine cast, but with muscles tightly strained and hand clinched as in agony, will arrest attention and dwell in the memory.

Northwest of the Acropolis, across a narrow chasm, lies the low, rocky height of the Areopagus, accessible at the southeast angle by a narrow flight of sixteen rudely-cut steps, which lead to a small rectangular excavation on the summit, which faces the Acropolis, and is surrounded upon three sides by a double tier of benches hewn out of the rock. Here undoubtedly the most venerable court of justice at Athens had its seat and tried its cases in the open air. Here too, without doubt, stood the great apostle when, with bold spirit and weighty words, he declared unto the men of Athens that God of whom they confessed their ignorance; who was not to be represented by gold or silver or stone graven by art and man's device; who dwelt not in

temples made with hands, and needed not to be worshipped with men's hands. In no other place can one feel so sure that he comes upon the very footsteps of the apostle, and on no other spot can one better appreciate his high gifts as an orator or the noble devotion of his whole soul to the work of the Master. How poor in comparison with his life-work appear the performances of the greatest of the Athenian thinkers or doers!

A little more than a quarter of a mile west of the Acropolis is another rocky hill,—the Pnyx,—celebrated as the place where the assembly of all the citizens met to transact the business of the state. A large semicircular area was formed, partly by excavation, partly by building up from beneath, the bounds of which can be distinctly traced. Considerable remains of the terrace-wall at the foot of the slope exist,—huge stones twelve or fourteen feet in length by eight or ten in breadth. The chord of the semicircle is near the top of the hill, formed by the perpendicular face of the excavated rock, and is about four hundred feet in length by twenty in depth. Projecting from it at the centre, and hewn out of the same rock, is the bema or stone platform from which the great orators from the time of Themistocles and Aristides, and perhaps of Solon, down to the age of Demosthenes and the Attic Ten, addressed the mass of their fellow-citizens. It is a massive cubic block, with a linear edge of eleven feet, standing upon a graduated base of nearly equal height, and is mounted on either side by a flight of nine stone steps. From its connection with the most celebrated efforts of some of the greatest orators our race has yet seen, it is one of the most interesting relics in the world, and its solid structure will cause it to endure as long as the world itself shall stand, unless, as there is some reason to apprehend will be the case, it is knocked to pieces and carried off in the carpet-bags of trav-

ellers. No traces of the Agora, which occupied the shallow valley between the Pnyx and the Acropolis, remain. It was the heart of the city, and was adorned with numerous public buildings, porticoes, temples, and statues. It was often thronged with citizens gathered for purposes of trade, discussion, or to hear and tell some new thing.

Half a mile or more to the southeast, on the banks of the Ilissus, stood a magnificent structure dedicated to Olympian Zeus,—one of the four largest temples of Greece, ranking with that of Demeter at Eleusis and that of Diana at Ephesus. Its foundations remain, and sixteen of the huge Corinthian columns belonging to its majestic triple colonnade. One of these is fallen. Breaking up into the numerous disks of which it was composed,—six and a half feet in diameter by two or more in thickness,—and stretching out to a length of over sixty feet, it gives an impressive conception of the size of these columns, said to be the largest standing in Europe. The level area of the temple is now used as a training-ground for soldiers. Close by, and almost in the bed of the stream, which is dry the larger part of the year, issues from beneath a ledge of rock the copious fountain of sweet waters known to the ancients as Calirrhoe. It furnished the only good drinking-water of the city, and was used in all the sacrifices to the gods. A little way above, on the opposite bank of the Ilissus, is the site of the Panathenaic stadium, whose shape is perfectly preserved in the smooth grass grown hollow with semicircular extremity which here lies at right angles to the stream, between parallel ridges partly artificial.

Northward from the Acropolis, on a slight elevation, is the best-preserved and one of the most ancient structures of Athens,—the temple of Theseus, built under the administration of Cimon by the generation preceding Pericles and the Parthenon. It is of the Doric order, and shaped

like the Parthenon, but considerably inferior to it in size as well as in execution. It has been roofed with wood in modern times, and was long used as a church, but is now a place of deposit for the numerous statues and sculptured stones of various kinds—mostly sepulchral monuments—which have been recently discovered in and about the city. They are for the most part unimportant as works of art, though many are interesting from their antiquity or historic associations. Among these is the stone which once crowned the burial-mound on the plain of Marathon. It bears a single figure, said to represent the messenger who brought the tidings of victory to his countrymen.

Near the Theseium was the double gate (Dipylum) in the ancient wall of the city whence issued the Sacred Way leading to Eleusis, and bordered, like the Appian Way at Rome, with tombs, many of them cenotaphs of persons who died in the public service and were deemed worthy of a monument in the public burying-ground. Within a few years an excavation has been made through an artificial mound of ashes, pottery, and other refuse emptied out of the city, and a section of a few rods of this celebrated road has been laid bare. The sepulchral monuments are ranged on one side rather thickly, and crowd somewhat closely upon the narrow pavement. They are, for the most part, simple, thick slabs of white marble, with a triangular or pediment-shaped top, beneath which is sculptured in low relief the closing scene of the person commemorated, followed by a short inscription. The work is done in an artistic style worthy of the publicity its location gave it. On one of these slabs you recognize the familiar full-length figure of Demosthenes, standing with two companions and clasping in a parting grasp the hand of a woman, who is reclining upon her death-bed. The inscription is, *Collyrion, wife of Agathon*. On another stone of larger size is a more

imposing piece of sculpture. A horseman fully armed is thrusting his spear into the body of his fallen foe,—a hoplite. The inscription relates that the unhappy foot-soldier fell at Corinth *by reason of those five words of his!*—a record intelligible enough, doubtless, to his contemporaries, but sufficiently obscure and provocative of curiosity to later generations.

There are other noted structures at Athens, such as the Choric Monument of Lysicrates,—the highest type of the Corinthian order of architecture, as the Erechtheum is of the Ionic and the Parthenon of the Doric,—but want of space forbids any further description.

THE ISLES OF GREECE.

HENRY. M. FIELD.

[History and poetry alike celebrate the beauty of those charming isles, which fill with their sunny grace and rich fertility the seas of Greece, and on which many of the poets of that song-girdled land were born. No work on general travels can be complete without some description of these celebrated islands, and we select from Dr. H. M. Field's "The Greek Islands" an appreciative account of their aspect to the modern traveller.]

IN the old picture-books there used to be a picture of the Colossus of Rhodes, which stood bestriding an arm of the sea with ships in full sail passing between his mighty legs. Though it was a picture for children, yet to some who are not children the chief association with the island of Rhodes is the place where the Colossus stood; and there are travellers still who come on deck, and look round inquiringly for some fragment of a ruin which should mark the site of that majestic figure. But not a vestige remains.

Though "His Highness" lifted his head so proudly, as if he disdained the earth on which he stood, he did not hold it up very long. Pride must have a fall. He did not live even to the allotted age of man. He had been standing but fifty-six when an earthquake shook him down, and for nearly a thousand years he lay like Dagon, prone upon the ground, with all his glory buried in the dust, his *disjecta membra* being trodden underfoot by the barbarous Turk, till at last they were sold to a Jew (!), who broke them up as men break up the hull of an old ship, and, packing them on the backs of nine hundred camels, carried them away. Such was the ignominious end of one of the Seven Wonders of the World.

But though the Colossus did not stand long, the mere fact of its standing at all—that a figure over a hundred feet high, wrought in bronze, like the column of Trajan at Rome, should have been reared nearly three hundred years before Christ—is a proof of the degree of civilization attained at that early period. It was a statue to the sun, and stood in front of the city, where its head would catch the first rays of the sunlight as it came over the hills of Asia Minor, which lay on the eastern horizon.

Rhodes is second to Cyprus (if it be second) in antiquity, and its civilization may be traced to the same sources. Its position at the mouth of the Ægean Sea, whose waters here mingle with those of the Mediterranean, invited immigration both from Asia and Africa. The Phœnicians, sailing westward, landed on its shores; while from farther south men of another race brought to it the wisdom of the Egyptians. At the same time, as one of the islands of the Greek Archipelago, it shared in the intellectual influences of Greece. It stood "where two seas met," or two civilizations. Like the Channel Islands, which look upon two kingdoms, it was joined by a chain of islands to Greece,

while it was in full sight of Asia, to which it was nearer than the white chalk cliffs of Dover to the shores of France. Probably the island was settled as early as the siege of Troy, though the city was not founded until about four hundred years before Christ.

It was in the century following that Alexander the Great conquered the world, and Rhodes bowed to a power which it could not resist, and was held in awe by the terror of his name, even while he was pursuing his conquests in the heart of Asia. But as soon as he breathed his last the spell was broken. The people rose against the Macedonian garrison, and drove them out, and with recovered liberty came new and increased prosperity, and the city rose to its greatest splendor. Then was reared the mighty Colossus; and then sculptors who rivalled those of Greece filled the city with the products of their art. It was said to contain not less than three thousand statues. The famous group of the Farnese Bull—the largest antique sculpture which has been preserved to us, and which, having once adorned the baths of Caracalla at Rome, is now the pride of the museum at Naples—was the work of two sculptors of Rhodes. Such noble statues, adorning the public places of the city, showed that in the cultivation of art Rhodes, if not the equal, was at least a worthy imitator, of Athens itself.

All this has passed away. But though despoiled of its treasures; though the conquerors, who

“ Brought many captives home to Rome; ”

brought the sculptures of Rhodes with those of Greece; yet the island itself remains, fair as when it first rose from the bosom of the Ægean Sea. Never was it fairer than this morning, as the sunrise, flashing across the blue waters, lighted up the gray old town, with its walls and towers,

which stand out from a background of hills. The island rises abruptly from the sea. Beyond the walls of the town houses are sprinkled over the hill-sides, that are covered with olive-groves, which at this season are fresh and green. Behind these lower hills are others that are higher, whose steep sides and rocky crests reminded our good Dr. Wylie of Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crags.

The chief remains of historic interest are those connected with the Crusaders, when the island was ruled by the Knights of St. John, who took it, however, not in the advance to the Holy Land, but in the retreat. When they were driven out of Syria by Saladin, they fell back upon Rhodes, which they conquered from the Saracens, and held for over two hundred years,—from 1309 to 1522,—when Solymán the Magnificent came against it with two hundred thousand men. Then followed a siege in which men took courage from despair. The city had a garrison of but six thousand men; yet for six months, in spite of repeated assaults, it defied the besiegers,—a courage which compelled the respect of the conqueror, who after the city fell permitted its brave defenders to retire in safety. A few years later the Emperor Charles V. gave them the island of Malta, which they fortified till it was one of the strongest places in the world, and held it till the close of the last century.

No doubt to us, in this practical and prosaic age, there is something fantastic and absurd in the institution of the Knights of St. John, an order in which the profession of arms was strongly united with the profession of religion. But was it so very absurd, in an age full of oppression and cruelty, that manly strength and courage should be devoted to the protection of women against brutal tyranny? For such was the purpose of the institution of chivalry, which figures so much in the Middle Ages, where it often sup-

plied the place of a civilized government. Or when the Moslem conquered Western Asia and threatened Europe, was it strange that men devoted to arms should band together for the defence of their faith? This order of St. John was not made up of carpet knights. No braver men ever fought on bloody fields. Now, indeed, their wars and battles and sieges are over.

“The good Knights are dust,
Their armor rust,
Their souls are with the saints, we trust.”

Though the order still exists, it is not for purposes of war, but of peace. Its only war is against human misery. This, indeed, was always a part of its design. There are few things in history more touching than the solemn vow of those armed knights, which they took “as the servants of the poor and of Christ.” How well that vow has been kept to this day, the traveller may see who visits the Hospital of the Knights of St. John in Beirut. True, the order remains, as it has always been, a very aristocratic one, composed largely of nobles and princes. Its Grand Master is the Emperor of Germany. But when kings and princes care for the poor and the sick, when they found hospitals and seek to relieve human suffering, they deserve the honor and gratitude of mankind.

When these gallant Knights of St. John took their sad farewell of Rhodes, they left behind them traces of their occupation which still remain in the long sea-wall which guards the city's front, to keep out an enemy as it keeps out the dashing of the waves. This castellated wall is a very picturesque object, as it not only lies along the sea, but turns at either end, winding up the sides of the hill till it has compassed the city round with its lines of defence, which did such valiant service in the memorable

siege. But apart from its look of a fortified place, there is nothing warlike in the city of Rhodes. I did not see a single sentinel keeping guard on the walls, nor see a gun mounted, nor hear a drum beat. There was nothing to break the silence of the sleepy old town; and over the wall, which once swarmed with Crusaders, hurling defiance at the besieging Moslems, there are no more formidable demonstrations than those of the windmills, which brandish their long arms against invisible foes.

The "port," if such it may be called, is a diminutive little loch of water, shut in by a projecting mole, or ledge of rocks, at either end, on which stands a round tower, a picturesque object in the landscape, but not very formidable in case of war. One broadside from a man-of-war would make it a heap of ruins. Indeed, when a fort is converted into a light-house, it seems to abdicate its martial design, and to be devoted to the purposes of peace,—all that it is good for now.

It was tantalizing to lie but two or three hundred yards off, and not be able to land; but there was a high sea, the waves were dashing on the rocks, tossing their white crests in the air, and if we had gone on shore it might be difficult to get off in time for the steamer. So we lay broadside to the town for two or three hours, looking wistfully at the gates we could not enter.

But though we did not go on shore, we had visitors from the shore. The Greek boatmen are at home in any sea, and never miss an opportunity to visit a ship. They came on board to sell little boxes of olive- and lemon-wood, and other small wares, which the passengers purchased as souvenirs of Rhodes.

Apart from these petty traffickers, there was a grand old Turk, who sat gloomily in conversation with one who knew him. He was a pasha who had been high in power in

Constantinople, but for some cause lost the favor of the Sultan, and was banished to Rhodes. Whether he was guilty of any crime we knew not, nor did it matter whether he was guilty or innocent. Perhaps he had been too inflexibly honest, and so encountered the ill-favor of the Grand Vizier. In either case he had to suffer. The Turkish rule knows neither justice nor mercy. However, his fate was lighter than that of many. He was not kept a prisoner, shut up in a fortress; there was no chain upon his hand; and yet we could not look upon that sad face without feeling how bitter was the bread of exile.

Leaving the city behind us, we sail along the shores of the island, and are charmed with their picturesque beauty. The long line of elevated coast sweeps in and out, projecting and receding, with bays stretching inland, at the end of which one catches glimpses of soft valleys sloping upward to the hills, behind and above which is the mountain-ridge which forms the backbone of the island. These valleys once supported a large population; but now, under the destructive Turkish rule, it has dwindled till there are not forty thousand left. A few poor villages cling to the hill-sides whose inhabitants live on their small plantations of olives, or derive a scanty living from the sea, from which they gather sponges and coral. But with a better government and increased facilities for agriculture and commerce, there is no reason why Rhodes may not recover something of its former prosperity. Its climate is still the finest in the Mediterranean; the sun shines brightly as ever; and the valleys, spite of all the waste and neglect, still retain their natural fertility. With proper culture, they would yield rich harvests, besides oranges and lemons and citrons, with the figs and raisins, which are now exported so largely from Smyrna; while the olive-trees, which grow abundantly, would pour forth "rivers of oil."

We are now in the heart of the Greek Archipelago, which has been famed for its beauty from the days of Homer. As we stood in a group on deck, entranced with the swiftly-changing scene, it was natural that we should compare it with our observation in other parts of the world. A couple of our fellow-passengers, who were on their return from the Far East, said that it reminded them of the Inland Sea of Japan. My thoughts turned to the Malayan Archipelago, where the islands hang rich with tropical vegetation, and the seas flash at night with phosphorescent splendor. But with all that is attractive in those groups of islands, I can hardly believe anything to be equal to this Greek Archipelago. It seems to me that no waters can be so beautiful as those of the *Ægean* Sea, although there are waters of wonderful clearness in our Western Hemisphere, notably those round the Bahamas and the Bermudas.

And then the Greek islands, so many in number, are of all sizes, large and small, from the rocky islet, fit only for a sea-gull's nest, to an island containing hundreds of square miles. All have the same general character, rising directly from the sea. The coasts are often so rocky that it seems as if a goat could hardly live upon them, and yet midway between the cliffs are little hamlets and patches of cultivation. The outlines of the higher peaks of the islands, broken and jagged, remind us, as they stand up against the sky, of Capri and Ischia in the Bay of Naples, or those African mountains which we saw from the Peninsula of Sinai, on the other side of the Red Sea. Putting all these things together, whatever may be said of the Malayan Archipelago, or of the Inland Sea of Japan, I give my voice for the Greek Archipelago as the most wonderful combination of land and sea, where the most picturesque of islands rise out of the fairest of waters.

We did not touch at Patmos. There is nothing to invite a steamer to turn aside from its course to visit it, except it were to gratify the curiosity of travellers. It has no commerce of any kind. Indeed, its few inhabitants have at certain seasons of the year to cross to other islands to procure the means of subsistence. So barren is it that it was chosen by the Roman emperors as a place of banishment, on which prisoners could be confined as to a rock in the ocean. Yet this poor little island has gathered about it a mighty tradition, for it was the place of exile of the last of the Apostles. "I, John, was in the isle that is called Patmos, for the Word of God, and for the testimony of Jesus Christ." Here he wrote the Book of Revelation, and here was erected in the twelfth century a monastery bearing his name. We thought we could just discern the outline of the island and the convent rising above it on the western horizon.

The next morning at daylight we were off Scio, that island of sad and bloody memories. Sixty years ago it was the scene of an event which made the ears of the civilized world to tingle. When the Greek Revolution broke out in 1822 it is said that the people here were reluctant to take part in it, but were stirred up by emissaries from Samos; and, perhaps because Scio had been one of the most prosperous of the Greek islands, it was to be the special mark of Turkish vengeance. A fleet anchored off the town, and without a warning of its terrible fate, soldiers were let loose upon the inhabitants. No age or sex was spared. Not only were men cut down in their homes, but their wives and children with them. Twenty-two thousand were put to the sword, and forty-seven thousand were sold into slavery. But this massacre was not to go unavenged. The Greeks had no ships of war, but they converted old hulks into fire-ships, in which they sailed with the utmost daring into the centre of the Turkish fleet, and setting them on fire,

escaped in their boats. The flag-ship was burnt, and the admiral and crew perished in the flames,—a terrible retribution for the massacre of Scio. Since Greek independence was secured, it has partly recovered ; but several years since the town was nearly destroyed by an earthquake, so that it seems as if the island were doomed to destruction.

But all over this wreck and ruin shines the brightness of a name that will ever give to it a place in history. It is the reputed birthplace of Homer, and as such cannot be passed by without notice by the traveller.

[From Scio, Dr. Field sailed for Asia Minor, and spent some time among its historic cities. On his return he passed the island of Lesbos, which has long been famous as the home of Sappho and others of the lyric poets of Greece.]

As the afternoon drew on, we were approaching a large island,—the ancient Lesbos, now Mitylene,—and as we were on its eastern side, and the sun was sinking in the west, we were coming under its shadow, and this softer light enabled us to see it better than we could have done in the glare of noonday. The tops of the mountains stood out with wonderful clearness against the sky, while the outline of the coast winding in and out with its headlands and its bays, and the soft green valleys rising from the shore and running upward to the slopes of the hills, gave it an infinite variety and beauty. Clinging to the hill-sides were pretty villages, with groves of oak cultivated for the acorns they yield, which are used for tanning purposes and exported to Europe, while the pine-forests on the mountains furnish timber and pitch.

The valleys are very fertile, and if they are not “covered over with corn,” they have large plantations of fig and other fruit-trees ; while the olive-orchards, if they do not pour out “rivers of oil,” yet yield it in such abundance as

makes it the chief industry of the island, and furnishes a source of wealth to the thrifty inhabitants. All these varieties of vegetation were now in their perfect bloom, as it was the middle of May, when in the East the earth rejoices in the freshness of spring-time. As we sailed along these shores in the twilight, I wondered if a fairer Arcadia ever rose out of the waters of this troubled world.

The island of Lesbos has an important place in Greek history, even at its most remote period. As early as the siege of Troy it had a large population, and continued to flourish for centuries.

When Athens had its Academy, Lesbos had its schools of philosophy, which attracted the wise men of Greece. It was even more famous as the birthplace of a school of lyric poets,—

“Where burning Sappho lived and sung,”

and others whose stirring odes live in the collections of Greek poetry.

When the Romans became masters of the East they were attracted by the beauty of the Greek islands. Their fondness for a mild-tempered climate, such as is found in greatest perfection in an island lying in summer seas, where the temperature of the sea softens alike the heat of summer and the cold of winter,—which led them to choose Ischia and Capri, at the mouth of the Bay of Naples, as favorite abodes of Imperial luxury,—led them, when sent to distant provinces, to choose Lesbos, which Tacitus describes in a line as “*insula nobilis et amana*” [a noble and pleasant island],—as one of those semi-royal retreats in which a Roman governor might pass his splendid exile, and almost forget his absence from the imperial city. . . .

On the whole, Mitylene seems to me the most important, as well as the most beautiful, island of the Archipelago,

and this very beauty and fertility but increase the regret that it should be under the rule of Turkey when it ought to belong to Greece. It is nearer to Athens than to Constantinople. It lies midway between the shores of Asia Minor and the mainland of Greece, and its population is almost wholly Greek. It is Greek in religion. One coming into Mitylene sees neither mosque nor minaret. Thus it is Greek by its position, its history, and its people. If ever there comes a time of "the restitution of all things," the island will be taken from Turkey and restored to its natural place as part of the young kingdom of Greece.

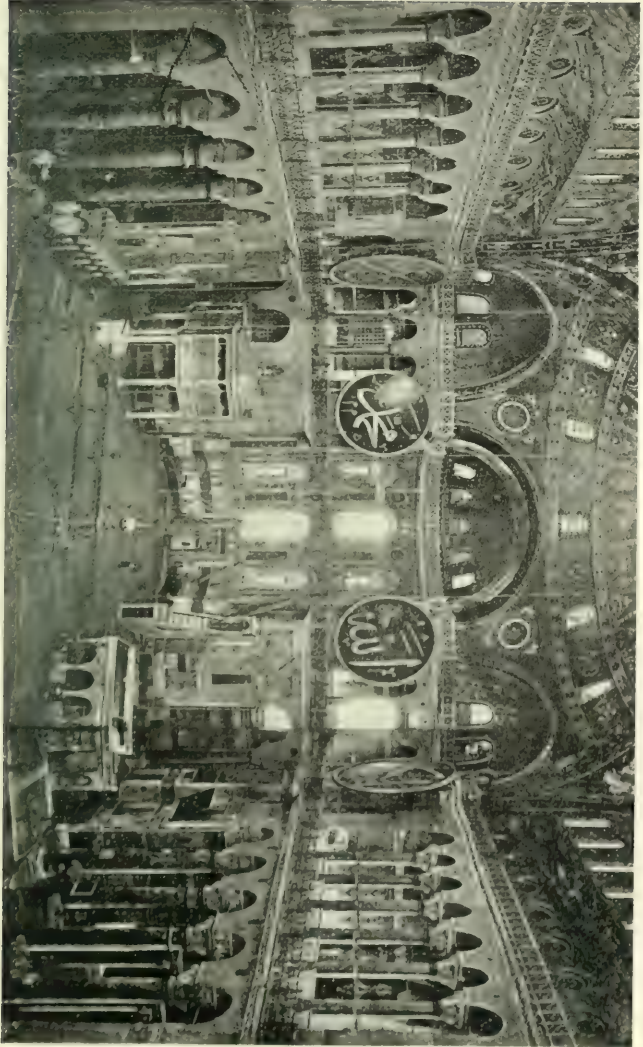
THE SERAGLIO ON THE GOLDEN HORN.

EDWARD DANIEL CLARKE.

[Dr. Clarke, in his animated descriptions of the countries of Eastern Europe, gives picturesque accounts of what is to be seen in Constantinople and other portions of the Sultan's domain. Perhaps the most interesting of these is his description of a stolen visit to the seraglio, a tabooed place only to be inspected at imminent risk of life. Our traveller managed to see it quite thoroughly, as will be seen from his story of the dangerous enterprise.]

I EAGERLY sought an opportunity to examine the interior of the seraglio; and, difficult as the undertaking may seem, soon found the means of its accomplishment. The harmony existing between England and the Porte at that critical juncture when Egypt was to be restored to the Turks by the valor of our troops, greatly facilitated the enterprise. I felt convinced that within the walls of the seraglio many interesting antiquities were concealed from observation; and I was not disappointed.

The first place to which my observations were directed



MOSQUE OF ST. SOPHIA.

was the imperial armory; and here, to my great gratification, I beheld the weapons, shields, and military engines of the Greek emperors, exactly corresponding with those represented on the medals and bas-reliefs of the ancients, suspended as trophies of the capture of the city by the Turks. . . .

Soon after this some pages, belonging to the seraglio, brought from the Sultan's apartments the fragments of a magnificent vase of jasper-agate, which, it was said, his highness had dashed to pieces in a moment of anger. As these fragments were cast away, and disregarded, they came at last into the hands of a poor lapidary, who earned a scanty livelihood by cutting and polishing stones for the signet-rings of the Turks. In one of my mineralogical excursions, the merchants of the *bez esten*, where jewels are sold, directed me to the laboratory of this man, to obtain the precious stones of the country in their natural state. He was then employed upon the fragments of this vase, and very gladly spared the labor which he would otherwise have bestowed by consigning, for a small sum, the whole of them to me. It is hardly possible to conceive a more extraordinary proof of the genius and industry of Grecian artists than was presented by this vase. Its fragments are still in my possession; and have been reserved for annual exhibition, during a course of public lectures in the University of Cambridge. When it is stated that the treasury of Mithridates contained four thousand specimens of similar manufacture, all of which came into the hands of the Romans, and that the Turks are unable to execute anything of the same nature, it is highly probable this curious relique originally constituted one of the number, which, after passing into the possession of the Turks at the conquest of the city, had continued to adorn the palace of their sovereigns. Such a conjecture is strength-

ened by the mythological figure, represented in exquisite sculpture, on the vase itself. It consists of an entire mass of green jasper-agate, beautifully variegated with veins and spots of a vermilion color; so that part of it exhibits the ribbon-jasper and part the bloodstone. The handle is formed to represent the head of a griffin (carved in all the perfection of the finest cameo), whose extended wings and claws cover the exterior surface. The difficulty of working a silicious concretion of such extraordinary hardness needs not to be specified; it may be presumed that the entire life of the ancient lapidary, by whom it was wrought, could have been scarcely adequate to such a performance; nor do we at all know in what manner the work was effected. Yet there are parts of it in which the sides of the vase are as thin as the finest porcelain.

A second visit, which I made to the interior of the seraglio, was not attended by any very interesting discovery; but as it enabled me to describe with minuteness scenes hitherto impervious to European eyes, the reader may be gratified by the observations made within those walls. Every one is curious to know what exists within recesses which have been long closed against the intrusion of Christians. In vain does the eye, roaming from the towers of Galata, Pera, and Constantinople, attempt to penetrate the thick gloom of cypresses and domes which distinguishes the most beautiful part of Constantinople. Imagination magnifies things unknown; and when, in addition to the curiosity always excited by mystery, the reflection is suggested that ancient Byzantium occupied the site of the Sultan's palace, a thirst of inquiry is proportionably augmented. I promise to conduct my readers not only within the retirement of the seraglio, but into the *charem* itself, and the most secluded haunts of the Turkish sovereign. Would only I could also promise a degree of satis-

faction, in this respect, adequate to their desire of information.

It so happened that the gardener of the Grand Seignior, during our residence in Constantinople, was a German. This person used to mix with the society in Pera, and often joined in the evening parties given by the different foreign ministers. In this manner we became acquainted with him, and were invited to his apartments within the walls of the seraglio, close to the gates of the Sultan's garden. We were accompanied during our first visit by his intimate friend, the secretary and chaplain of the Swedish mission, who, but a short time before, had succeeded in obtaining a sight of the four principal Sultanas and the Sultan mother, in consequence of his frequent visits to the gardener. They were sitting together one morning, when the cries of the black eunuchs, opening the door of the charem, which communicated with the seraglio gardens, announced that these ladies were going to take the air. In order to do this it was necessary to pass the gates adjoining the gardener's lodge, where an *arabat* was stationed to receive them, in which it was usual for them to drive round the walks of the seraglio, within the walls of the palace.

Upon these occasions the black eunuchs examine every part of the garden, and run before the women, calling out to all persons to avoid approaching or beholding them, under pain of death. The gardener and his friend the Swede instantly closed all the shutters and locked the doors. The black eunuchs arriving soon after, and finding the lodge shut, supposed the gardener to be absent. Presently followed the Sultan mother, with the four principal Sultanas, who were in high glee, romping and laughing with each other. A small scullery window of the gardener's lodge looked directly towards the gate through which

these ladies were to pass, and was separated from it only by a few yards. Here, through two small gimlet-holes, bored for that purpose, they beheld very distinctly the features of the women, whom they described as possessing extraordinary beauty. Three of the four were Georgians, having dark complexions and very long dark hair; but the fourth was remarkably fair, and her hair, also of singular length and thickness, was of a flaxen color; neither were their teeth dyed black, as those of Turkish women generally are.

The Swedish gentleman said he was almost sure they suspected they were seen, from the address they manifested in displaying their charms and in loitering at the gate. This gave him and his friend no small degree of terror, as they would have paid for their curiosity with their lives if any such suspicion had entered the minds of the black eunuchs. He described their dresses as rich beyond all that can be imagined. Long spangled robes, open in front, with pantaloons embroidered in gold and silver, and covered by a profusion of pearls and precious stones, displayed their persons to great advantage, but were so heavy as to actually encumber their motion and almost to impede their walking. Their hair hung in loose and very thick tresses on each side of their cheeks, falling quite down to the waist, and covering their shoulders behind. Those tresses were quite powdered with diamonds, not displayed according to any studied arrangement, but as if carelessly scattered by handfuls among their flowing locks. On the top of their heads, and rather leaning to one side, they wore each of them a small circular patch or diadem. Their faces, necks, and even their breasts were quite exposed, not one of them having any veil.

The German gardener, who had daily access to different parts of the seraglio, offered to conduct us not only

over the gardens, but promised, if we would come singly, during the season of the *Ramadan*, when the guards, being up all night, would be stupefied during the day with sleep and intoxication, to undertake the greater risk of showing us the interior of the charem, or apartments of the women,—that is to say, of that part of which they inhabit during the summer; for they were still in their winter chambers. We readily accepted this offer. I only solicited the further indulgence of being accompanied by a French artist of the name of Preaux, whose extraordinary promptitude in design would enable him to bring away sketches of anything we might find interesting, either in the charem or gardens of the seraglio. The apprehensions of Monsieur Preaux were, however, so great, that it was with the greatest difficulty I could prevail upon him to venture into the seraglio, and he afterwards either lost or secreted the only drawing which his fears would allow him to make while he was there.

We left Pera, in a gondola, about seven o'clock in the morning, embarking at Tophana, and steering towards that gate of the seraglio which faces the Bosphorus on the southeastern side, where the entrance to the seraglio gardens and the gardener's lodge are situated. A *bostanghy*, as a sort of porter, is usually seated, with his attendants, within the portal. Upon entering the seraglio, the spectator is struck by a wild and confused assemblage of great and interesting objects. Among the first of these are enormous cypresses, massive and lofty masonry, neglected and broken sarcophagi, high-rising mounds, and a long, gloomy avenue, leading from the gates of the garden between the double walls of the seraglio. This gate is the same by which the Sultanas came out for the airing before alluded to, and the gardener's lodge is on the right hand of it. The avenue extending from it towards the west offers a broad and beautiful, although solitary, walk, to a very con-

siderable extent shut in by high walls on both sides. Directly opposite this entrance of the seraglio is a very lofty mound, or bank, covered by large trees, and traversed by terraces, over which, on the top, are walls with turrets. On the right hand, after entering, are the large wooden folding doors of the Grand Seignior's gardens, and near them lie many fragments of ancient marbles, appropriated to the vilest purposes; among others, a sarcophagus of one block of marble, covered with a simple though unmeaning bas-relief.

Entering the gardens by the folding doors, a pleasing *coup d'œil* of trellis-work and covered walks is displayed, more after the taste of Holland than that of any other country. Various and very despicable *jets d'eau*, straight gravel-walks, and borders disposed in parallelograms, with the exception of a long greenhouse filled with orange-trees, compose all that appears in the small spot which bears the name of the seraglio gardens. The view on entering is down the principal gravel-walk, and all the walks meet at the central point, beneath a dome of the same trellis-work by which they are covered. Small fountains spout a few quarts of water into large shells, or form parachutes over lighted bougies, by the sides of the walks. The trellis-work is of wood, painted white, and covered by jasmine; and this, as it does not conceal the artificial frame by which it is supported, produces a wretched effect. On the outside of the trellis-work appear small parterres, edged with box, containing very common flowers, and adorned with fountains. On the right hand, after entering the garden, appears the magnificent kiosk, which constitutes the Sultan's summer residence; and farther on is the orangery before mentioned, occupying the whole extent of the wall on that side.

Exactly opposite the garden gates is the door of the charem, or palace of the women belonging to the Grand

Seignior; a building not unlike one of the small colleges in Cambridge, and enclosing the same sort of cloistered court. One side of this building extends across the upper extremity of the garden, so that the windows look into it. Below these windows are two small greenhouses, filled with very common plants, and a number of canary-birds. Before the charem windows, on the right hand, is a ponderous, gloomy, wooden door; and this, creaking on its massive hinges, opens to the quadrangle, or interior court of the charem itself. . . . We will keep this door shut for a short time, in order to describe the seraglio gardens more minutely; and afterwards open it, to gratify the reader's curiosity.

Still facing the charem on the left hand is a paved ascent, leading, through a handsome gilded iron gate, from the lower to the upper garden. Here is a kiosk, which I shall presently describe. Returning from the charem to the door by which we first entered, a lofty wall on the right hand supports a terrace with a few small parterres: these, at a considerable height above the lower garden, constitute what is now called the upper part of the seraglio; and, till within these few years, it was the only one.

Having thus completed the tour of this small and insignificant spot of ground, let us now enter the kiosk, which I first mentioned as the Sultan's summer residence. It is situated on the sea-shore, and commands one of the finest views the eye ever beheld, of Scutari and the Asiatic coast, the mouth of the canal, and a moving picture of ships, gondolas, dolphins, birds, with all the floating pageantry of this vast metropolis, such as no other capital in the world can pretend to exhibit. The kiosk itself, fashioned after the airy fantastic style of Eastern architecture, presents a spacious chamber, covered by a dome, from which, towards the sea, advances a raised platform sur-

rounded by windows, and terminated by a divan. On the right and left are the private apartments of the Sultan and his ladies. From the centre of the dome is suspended a large lustre presented by the English ambassador. Above the raised platform hangs another lustre of a smaller size, but more elegant. Immediately over the sofas constituting the divan are mirrors engraved with Turkish inscriptions; poetry and passages from the Korân. The sofas are of white satin beautifully embroidered by the women of the seraglio.

[Our traveller proceeds to describe the various apartments visited, including the rooms devoted to the women of the seraglio, and the charem (or harem) itself. Passing through large dormitories, the great chamber of audience of the Sultan mother was reached, an apartment theatrical in adornment, and giving "a striking idea of the pomp, the seclusion, and the magnificence of the Ottoman court."]

Beyond the great chamber of audience is the Assembly Room of the Sultan, when he is in the charem. Here we observed the magnificent lustre before mentioned. The Sultan sometimes visits this chamber during the winter, to hear music and to amuse himself with his favorites. It is surrounded by mirrors. The other ornaments display that strange mixture of magnificence and wretchedness which characterize all the state chambers of Turkish grandees. Leaving the Assembly Room by the same door through which we entered, and continuing along the passage as before, which runs parallel to the sea-shore, we at length reached what might be termed the *sanctum sanctorum* of this Paphian temple, the baths of the Sultan mother and the four principal Sultanas. These are small, but very elegant, constructed of white marble, and lighted by ground glass above. At the upper end is a raised sudatory and bath for the Sultan mother, concealed by lattice-work from the rest of the apartment. Fountains play constantly into

the floor of this bath from all its sides; and every degree of refined luxury has been added to the work which a people, above all others best versed in the ceremonies of the bath, have been capable of inventing or requiring.

Leaving the bath and returning along the passage by which we came, we entered what is called the Chamber of Repose. Nothing need be said of it, except that it commands the finest view anywhere afforded from this point of the seraglio. It forms a part of the building well known to strangers, from the circumstance of its being supported, towards the sea, by twelve columns of that beautiful and rare *breccia*, the *vivide Lacedæmonium* of Pliny, called by Italians *Il verde antico*. These columns are of the finest quality ever seen, and each of them consists of one entire stone. The two interior pillars are of green Egyptian *breccia*, more beautiful than any specimen of the kind existing.

[An apartment overlooking the gardens was now reached, on attempting to leave which for the garden, they found to their consternation that the door had been locked since their entrance. A slave had entered to feed some turkeys, and fortunately the noise made by these birds enabled them to force back the lock without being heard and escape.]

We now quitted the lower garden of the seraglio and ascended by a paved road towards the chamber of the Garden of Hyacinths. This promised to be interesting, as we were told the Sultan passed almost all his private hours in that apartment, and the view of it might make us acquainted with occupations and amusements which characterize the man, divested of the outward parade of the sultan. We presently turned from the paved ascent towards the right, and entered a small garden, laid out into very neat oblong borders, edged with porcelain or Dutch tiles. Here no plant is suffered to grow except the hyacinth, whence

the name of this garden and the chamber it contains. We examined this apartment by looking through a window. Nothing can be more magnificent. Three sides of it were surrounded by a divan, the cushions and pillows of which were of black embroidered satin. Opposite the windows of the chamber was a fireplace, after the ordinary European fashion; and on each side of this, a door covered with hangings of crimson cloth. Between each of these doors and the fireplace appeared a glass case, containing the Sultan's private library, every volume being in manuscript, and upon shelves, one above the other, and the title of each book written on the edges of its leaves.

From the ceiling of the room, which was of burnished gold, opposite each of the doors and also opposite to the fireplace, hung three gilt cages containing small figures of artificial birds; these sung by mechanism. In the centre of the room stood an enormous gilt brazier, supported, in a ewer, by four massive claws, like vessels seen under sideboards in England. Opposite to the entrance, on one side of the apartment, was a raised bench, crossing a door, on which were placed an embroidered napkin, a vase, and basin for washing the beard and hands. Over this bench, upon the wall, was suspended the large embroidered *porte-feuille*, worked with silver thread on yellow leather, which is carried in procession when the Sultan goes to mosque or elsewhere in public, to contain the petitions presented by his subjects. In a nook close to the door was also a pair of yellow boots, and on the bench, by the ewer, a pair of slippers of the same materials. These are placed at the entrance of every apartment frequented by the Sultan.

The floor was covered with Gobelin tapestry, and the ceiling, as before stated, magnificently gilded and burnished. Groups of arms, such as pistols, sabres, and poignards, were disposed with very singular taste and effect on

the different compartments of the walls, the handles and scabbards of which were covered with diamonds of very large size; these, as they glittered around, gave a most gorgeous effect to the splendor of this sumptuous chamber.

We had scarce ended our survey of this costly scene when, to our great dismay, a bostanghy made his appearance within the apartment, but, fortunately for us, his head was turned from the window, and we immediately sunk below it, creeping upon our hands and knees, until we got clear of the Garden of Hyacinths. Thence, ascending to the upper walks, we passed an aviary of nightingales.

The walks in the upper garden are very small, in wretched condition, and laid out in worse taste than the fore court of a Dutchman's house in the suburbs of the Hague. Small as they are, they constituted, until lately, the whole of the seraglio gardens near the sea, and from them may be seen the whole prospect of the entrance to the canal and the opposite coast of Scutari. Here, in an old kiosk, is seen a very ordinary marble slab, supported on iron cramps; this, nevertheless, was a present from Charles the Twelfth of Sweden. It is precisely the sort of sideboard seen in the lowest inns of England; and, while it may be said no person would pay half the amount of its freight to send it back again, it shows the nature of the presents then made to the Porte by foreign princes. From these formal parterres we descended to the gardener's lodge, and left the gardens by the gate through which we entered.

I never should have offered so copious a detail of the scenery of this remarkable place if I did not believe that an account of the interior of the seraglio would be satisfactory, from the secluded nature of the objects to which it bears reference, and the little probability there is of so favorable an opportunity being again granted to any traveller for its investigation.

ZERMATT AND ITS SCENERY.

STANLEY HOPE.

[They who would see Swiss scenery at its best will not fail to visit Zermatt, and thither went the traveller from whom we now quote. What he saw there, and what makes Zermatt worth visiting, we leave it to him to relate.]

It has been said that one may ascend the Gorner Grat a hundred times and yet not obtain a clear view of the mountains. If this be true, I was exceptionally fortunate in the day I selected for the ascent. Four days of perfectly unclouded weather followed my advent in the marvellous valley of Zermatt, and as the district is somewhat removed from the more frequented tracks, and has, perhaps, been less often described, I venture on a slight record of what I saw in the short time at my disposal.

For, in spite of the facilities of travel in these days of railways and steamboats, in spite of all that has been written on the subject, Switzerland is still a *terra incognita* to the great mass of English people. The majesty of its mountains, the fragrance of its pine forests, the richness of its valleys, are still as a sealed book to the multitude. A great proportion even of those who have the means are content to live and die without gazing on these most marvellous works of God's hand, although they may become acquainted with them for a sum which a man would willingly pay for a quarter cask of dinner sherry, or a woman for a new silk dress.

Zermatt, the crowning glory of the Alps, is somewhat difficult of access. Coming from England, it is best to go by rail straight to Sierre, and thence by diligence or private

conveyance to Visp, some seventeen miles farther up the Rhone valley. Here it is better to shoulder one's knapsack, for there is no carriage road for the first twelve miles of the Visp-Thal, which leads to Zermatt, though the mule-path is exceptionally good.

Visp itself is an interesting spot. It is beautifully situated in the Rhone valley at the point where the river, bearing the same name, comes foaming down from the Gorner glacier, twenty-seven miles away. The river flows into the Rhone near this point with a volume almost as great as the Rhone itself. The little town was once a place of great importance. The houses on the heights, which still bear traces of the earthquake of 1855, were formerly the palaces of the princes of the Valais. The church, which stands on an eminence above the river, is a most interesting building, sadly neglected by guide-books, and, consequently, by tourists. It is built on the remains of a Roman temple. There is a picturesque Roman gate-way, with time-worn marble columns, which certainly ought not to be passed over; and in the charnel-house, exposed to the church-yard, is a ghastly array of many hundred human skulls ranged in tiers against the inner wall.

In company with a friend who had been my companion in many previous mountain rambles, I trudged up to St. Nicolaus in the cool of the afternoon. It is a walk of four and a half hours from Visp. The path skirts the mountain-side, with the river foaming in its rocky bed many hundred feet below. St. Nicolaus is a village, with a huge hotel situated in the midst of pastures where the valley widens, with a church whose metallic steeple shines miles and miles away like silver, and whose bells jingle out the quaintest chimes it was ever my lot to hear. We arrived at sunset, and were rejoiced to find we could get beds, for the valley was undergoing a perfect invasion of tourists, and the

pedestrian was likely to fare badly who had not previously telegraphed to secure quarters in advance.

All that night the summer lightning flashed among the crags, and the thunder boomed far down the sleeping valley ; but the clouds lifted a little in the morning, and at an early hour we were wending our way along the excellent carriage-road which exists between St. Nicolaus and Zermatt. Our hearts were elated with anticipation, for we knew we were within a few miles of that most majestic, and, from association, most melancholy, of all Swiss mountains, the Matterhorn. The turn of the road near Zermatt was to reveal it to us, and eagerly we watched the heavy masses of vapor as they swept down the mountain-side, shutting out the Wiesshorn on our right, and even the Bies glacier far below it, fearing, after all, that the glorious spectacle would be denied us, for this day at least, but little anticipating the wondrous effect under which we subsequently obtained our first clear view of the renowned peak.

Denser and denser grew the vapors, and when at length the moment arrived which we had anticipated for so many days, we were destined to be disappointed. The driving mist only revealed to us for one brief moment the rocks at the base of the mighty mountain, though this base is fixed some four thousand feet above the village of Zermatt.

This little village, situated in the midst of lovely green pastures, in an amphitheatre of mighty peaks, and at an altitude of over five thousand feet above the sea, would be one of the most attractive spots on earth but for its dirt. Were it not for the palliatives offered by its two excellent hotels, Monte Rosa and Monte Cervin, both kept by the world-renowned M. Seiler, the dirt and the odors of Zermatt would be unbearable. To our great dismay, we found on our arrival that there was no possible accommodation

at either of the hotels. The rain was beginning to fall; we were tired and hungry. To go on to the Riffel Hotel, three thousand one hundred and thirteen feet above Zermatt itself, seemed an absurdity in such weather; for there, at an elevation of over eight thousand feet, we should be enveloped in the denser vapors above, and half frozen into the bargain. We sought the *salle-à-manger*, and consoled ourselves with cutlets and Beaujolais. There we held serious counsel together, and lit our pipes and sallied forth to inspect the prospect outside. We went first to the little church where, side by side, lie two of the victims of the Matterhorn accident, Hudson and Hadow, and on the other side of the church the remains of poor Michael Croz, the guide. The body of Lord Francis Douglas, who also perished on that occasion, was never found. It is supposed that it is still suspended among the awful and inaccessible crags on the side of the mountain where they fell.

We sauntered on beyond the village, and sat down in a melancholy mood on a broken rail to consider our position. Through a rift in the clouds we could make out the Riffel Hotel on the bare mountain-side, high above the pine-woods on our left. "Should we go on, in spite of wind and weather?" It would be so much gained, at least in the event of a change for the better. We hastened back to the hotel. "Did they think we could get accommodation at the Riffel, if we went up?" "Yes; they were sure we should get mattresses in the salon, at all events." So on we went, over the first bridge beyond the village, past the little church of Winkelmaten, and then up the steep path through the pine-woods. From the openings between the trees we soon began to look down upon the foot of the Gorner glacier, and the fine waterfall of the Visp rushing out from its icy cradle, which, by some strange freak of nature, occurs at a point many hundred feet above the foot

of the glacier, the two torrents flowing side by side, the one flashing, foaming, and leaping, with all the quick impulsiveness of life, the other cold, silent, and irresistible as the advancing footsteps of death.

In due course we reached the chalets on the Augstkummenmatt, and were clear of the pine-woods. Here the rain became sleet, and the bare slopes of short grass around were rapidly putting on a mantle of white. The vapors drove in thick folds over the dreary waste of the Theodule glacier to our right, and for a moment now and then the frowning eastern face of the Matterhorn loomed through the clouds, but only to disappear once more behind still denser masses of vapor.

We were glad at length to reach the broad terrace of the mountain upon which stands the Riffel Hotel, and to receive an assurance from the obliging proprietress—M. Seiler's sister—that she would do the best she could for us, though bedrooms were out of the question.

The air was intensely keen. The water, when we essayed to wash our hands, was of an icy temperature, and we put on whatever extra clothing we could abstract from our knapsacks. An excellent table-d'hôte, however, soon set us right; and a brisk walk after dark up and down the plateau in front of the hotel, in company with the newly-arrived English clergyman, who had undertaken the duties of chaplain at the hotel for three or four Sundays, brought the day to an agreeable close.

The chaplain, who was anxious to obtain some information as to the usual length and style of service, had made the acquaintance of the King of the Riffel, as he is called, an English gentleman, who passes several months every season in this elevated region, and considers it the most enjoyable spot in Europe. He was somewhat emphatic in his directions to the chaplain to make the service and

sermon as short as possible, and on no account to attempt any singing. "For," he continued, "there being no instrument of any kind, everybody sings a different tune, and sings out of tune as well, the effect being disastrous. Last Sunday a man, with a perversity of judgment I never saw equalled, produced a flute, and as he played at a pitch which no human voice could sustain, and as everybody tried to follow, you may imagine what the din was like."

We had been informed that there were twenty-nine people in the house, including ourselves, unprovided with beds, and that we were to be accommodated *on the table in the salle-à-manger*. The prospect was not agreeable, and we lingered in the warm salon until half-past ten, by which time the ladies had all retired. Presently a small army of maid-servants marched into the room with folding iron bedsteads, mattresses, blankets, and sheets. To our huge delight, four comfortable beds were made in as many minutes, and we were informed that two other gentlemen and ourselves were to be the only occupants of the room. The tables, with white cloths spread upon them, were converted into wash-stands, and plenty of rugs were brought to do duty as counterpanes. Nothing could be more comfortable. We went to bed in perfect luxury, not, however, before taking a last look from the front door in the direction of the Matterhorn, and finding, to our great delight, that the summit of the mountain was at last clearly defined above a line of motionless clouds, and that the stars were twinkling brightly overhead.

Our two companions in the salon were young Americans, who were to depart early the next morning for the Cima di Jazi. They were astir by daybreak, and, roused by their departure, I found it impossible to go to sleep again. After tossing restlessly for an hour, I rose, and, on going to the window, beheld the glorious snows of

the Breithorn flushed with the coming sunlight rising just above the shoulder of the mountain near the hotel. Rousing my companion, and dressing as rapidly as possible, I made for the door of the hotel, and stepped out upon the terrace. I had looked upon many scenes of grandeur and beauty in many parts of Switzerland, from the Rigi, from Pilatus, from Mürren, from the Lauberhorn, but never in all my experience had I witnessed a scene like that which lay before me. There was not a speck in all the blue vault of heaven. The frosty air was so clear that distance was annihilated. Right before me, separated only from the steep slope on which I stood by the deep valley in which lie the Gorner and Furggen glaciers, rose the majestic Matterhorn, a silent solitary pinnacle of bare rock, five thousand feet from base to summit, enthroned upon a pinnacle of snow and ice, which is itself ten thousand feet from the ocean level, standing aloof, and seeming to frown defiance on its fellows, which lay grouped around on every side. The rosy glow of sunrise pervaded it now,—an intense liquid light, which revealed its furrowed sides, its seams of snow, its overhanging brow, its ice-bound feet, its treacherous chasms, its awful precipices,—and softened its asperity into a loveliness which held us spell-bound for many minutes.

We knew there were other wonders to be seen around, but it was difficult to withdraw our eyes from this most remarkable of all mountain forms. Slowly we let them wander more to the northward, beyond the valley wherein lies the Z'Mutt glacier which separates the Matterhorn from the Dent Blanche, and the magnificent range of peaks stretching away towards the Rhone Valley. All these were illuminated by the same lovely light, forming a barrier of gold on the west side of the Visp Valley, which stretched before us as far as the distant Bietschhorn. Opposite these,

bounding the valley on the east, were the not less majestic ranges of the Mischabel group, over which the sunlight streamed in long level rays, and between—at least a thousand feet below us—lay a vast, silent, undulating mass of pale gray clouds, blotting out the valley beneath with one unbroken sea of vapor twenty-five miles long, upon which the shadows of the eastern mountains were distended as distinctly as upon a solid plain. “Thank heaven that we came up!” we both ejaculated. Zermatt and all the valley below must have been shrouded in semi-darkness, while we, far above the clouds, seemed lifted to another sphere, where the atmosphere was so infinitely pure, the silence so solemn and intense, that we almost feared to speak lest we should break the spell which wrapped this mystic world of wonder and unspeakable delight.

Within half an hour we are *en route* for the Gorner Grat, a rocky point which still lay eighteen feet above us, and which we attained after an easy walk of an hour and a half. The ground was frozen hard as we mounted slope after slope of short grass and rock, and the miniature lakes which lay here and there in the hollows near the path were coated with ice to the thickness of half an inch. The August sun, however, rising above the ridges in front of us, soon dispelled the frosty breath of night, and before we reached the summit of the Grat we were glad to draw down the broad brims of our hats to shield our faces from the rays, which in the pure dry atmosphere of this altitude—over ten thousand feet—seemed to scorch and blister the skin.

The Gorner Grat is one of the very few spots in the Alps where one can obtain an elevation of over ten thousand feet without the slightest semblance of a difficulty. The path is good and well defined the whole way, and the panorama quite unsurpassed. It is remarkable, from the

fact that there is an unbroken range of magnificent snow peaks on every side. There is not a single break in the chain. It is an isolated rocky peak that seems formed by nature to enable one to survey at leisure the marvellous scene around. The huge Gorner glacier winds round its base at a dizzy depth below; beyond, are the snows of that glorious range beginning with Monte Rosa (which seems within a stone's throw) and ending with the Matterhorn. . . .

We lingered long in this wonderful spot. A batch of morning tourists came and gazed around for ten minutes, and was succeeded by another and another, but as the day wore on they grew few and far between, and we were at length left entirely alone, wrapped in that intense and awful stillness which at times pervades these mighty solitudes, broken only at long intervals by the sudden rush of an avalanche on the steep slopes of Monte Rosa or the low hum of a wild bee, attracted to this far height by the fervid noonday beams. We wandered along the ridge stretching towards the Stockhorn, where the gentian and other exquisite wild flowers which flourish at this elevation grow in the greatest profusion, peering up through patches of snow in shady nooks. Then we returned, and found new beauties in the panorama, which in the fierce sunlight became almost too dazzling for the eye to rest on. At last we turned away reluctantly, with another recollection for a lifetime,—another “joy forever” stored within the cells of memory. . . .

A few days later we resolved on a closer acquaintance with the mountain which had attracted our admiration from so many points of view in the neighborhood. The Matterhorn seems to dominate the whole district of Zermatt like a pervading spirit. It is difficult to lose sight of it. Through rifts in the pine-wood, over grassy bluffs,

from the depths of dark ravines, from one's chamber window, the giant peak is seen piercing the blue air above. The play of light and shadow upon it as the hours roll by is in itself a study. Facing the earliest beams, as the sun rises out of a tossing ocean of Alpine peaks, it stands proudly up, a pinnacle of burnished gold with scarce a speck of shade to dim its lustre. As noon approaches, the gloom gathers on the precipitous northern face until the mid-day shadow falls with a cool blue-black on the white upper snows of the Matterhorn glacier. By and by, when the sun has passed to the west, the great shadowy mass rises in gloomy grandeur against the evening sky, and still later the northwest ridges are fringed with the lustre of sunset, ere they wrap themselves in the dusky robe of night.

ALPINE MOUNTAIN CLIMBING.

EDWARD WHYMPER.

[The Matterhorn, one of the most difficult of the Alps to ascend, defied the efforts of mountaineers until 1865, when Whymper, with three companions and three guides, reached its summit. The victory, however, was a tragic one, as the three companions and one of the guides fell down a precipice and met their death. Whymper had made various earlier efforts to ascend. We give his story of one such effort, made at an earlier date.]

THREE times I had essayed the ascent of this mountain, and on each occasion had failed ignominiously. I had not advanced a yard beyond my predecessors. Up to the height of nearly thirteen thousand feet there were no extraordinary difficulties: the way so far might even become "a matter of amusement." Only eighteen hundred feet remained, but they were as yet untrodden, and might

present the most formidable obstacles. No man could expect to climb them by himself. A morsel of rock only seven feet high might at any time defeat him if it were perpendicular. Such a place might be possible to two, or a bagatelle to three men. It was evident that a party should consist of three men at least. But where could the other two men be obtained? Carrel was the only man who exhibited any enthusiasm in the matter, and he in 1861 had absolutely refused to go unless the party consisted of at least *four* persons. Want of men made the difficulty, not the mountain.

The weather became bad again, so I went to Zermatt on the chance of picking up a man, and remained there during a week of storms. Not one of the good men, however, could be induced to come, and I returned to Breuil on the 17th, hoping to combine the skill of Carrel with the willingness of Meynet on a new attempt by the same route as before; for the Hörnli ridge, which I had examined in the mean time, seemed to be entirely impracticable. Both men were inclined to go, but their ordinary occupations prevented them from starting at once.

My tent had been left rolled up at the second platform, and whilst waiting for the men it occurred to me that it might have been blown away during the late stormy weather; so I started off on the 18th to see if this were so or not. The way was by this time familiar, and I mounted rapidly, astonishing the friendly herdsmen,—who nodded recognition as I flitted past them and the cows,—for I was alone, because no man was available. But more deliberation was necessary when the pastures were passed and climbing began, for it was needful to mark each step in case of mist or surprise by night. It is one of the few things which can be said in favor of mountaineering alone (a practice which has little besides to commend it) that it awakens a

man's faculties and makes him observe. When one has no arms to help and no head to guide him except his own, he must needs take note even of small things, for he cannot afford to throw away a chance; and so it came to pass upon my solitary scramble, when above the snow-line and beyond the ordinary limits of flowering plants, when peering about noting angles and landmarks, that my eyes fell upon the tiny straggling plants,—oftentimes a single flower on a single stalk,—pioneers of vegetation, atoms of life in a world of desolation, which had found their way up—who can tell how?—from far below, and were obtaining bare sustenance from the scanty soil in protected nooks; and it gave a new interest to the well-known rocks to see what a gallant fight the survivors made (for many must have perished in the attempt) to ascend the great mountain. The gentian, as one might have expected, was there, but it was run close by saxifrages and by *Linaria alpina*, and was beaten by *Thlaspi rotundifolium*; which latter plant was the highest I was able to secure, although it too was overtopped by a little white flower which I knew not and was unable to reach. . . .

Time sped away unregarded, and the little birds which had built their nests on the neighboring cliffs had begun to chirp their evening hymn before I thought of returning. Half mechanically, I turned to the tent, unrolled it and set it up: it contained food enough for several days, and I resolved to stay over the night. I had started from Breuil without provisions or telling Favre, the innkeeper, who was accustomed to my erratic ways, where I was going. I returned to the view. The sun was setting, and its rosy rays, blending with the snowy blue, had thrown a pale, pure violet far as the eye could see; the valleys were drowned in a purple gloom, while the summits shone with unnatural brightness; and as I sat in the door of the tent

and watched the twilight change to darkness, the earth seemed to become less earthly and almost sublime: the world seemed dead, and I its sole inhabitant. By and by the moon, as it rose, brought the hills again into sight, and by a judicious repression of detail rendered the view yet more magnificent. Something in the south hung like a great glow-worm in the air: it was too large for a star, and too steady for a meteor, and it was long before I could realize the incredible fact that it was the moonlight glittering on the great snow-slope on the north side of Monte Viso, at a distance, as the crow flies, of ninety-eight miles. Shivering, at last I entered the tent and made my coffee. The night was passed comfortably, and the next morning, tempted by the brilliancy of the weather, I proceeded yet higher in search of another place for a platform. . . .

The rocks of the southwest ridge are by no means difficult for some distance above the Col du Lion. This is true of the rocks up to the level of the Chimney, but they steepen when that is passed, and remaining smooth and with but few fractures, and still continuing to dip outward, present some steps of a very uncertain kind, particularly when they are glazed with ice. At this point (just above the Chimney) the climber is obliged to follow the southern (or Breuil) side of the ridge, but in a few feet more one must turn over to the northern (or Z'Mutt) side, where in most years Nature kindly provides a snow-slope. When this is surmounted, one can again return to the crest of the ridge, and follow it by easy rocks to the foot of the Great Tower. This was the highest point attained by Mr. Hawkins in 1860, and it was also our highest on the 9th of July.

This Great Tower is one of the most striking features of the ridge. It stands out like a turret at the angle of a castle. Behind it a battlemented wall leads upward to the

citadel. Seen from the Théodule pass, it looks only an insignificant pinnacle, but as one approaches it (on the ridge), so it seems to rise, and when one is at its base it completely conceals the upper parts of the mountain. I found here a suitable place for the tent, which, although not so well protected as the second platform, possessed the advantage of being three hundred feet higher up; and fascinated by the wildness of the cliffs, and enticed by the perfection of the weather, I went on to see what was behind.

The first step was a difficult one: the ridge became diminished to the least possible width, it was hard to keep one's balance, and just where it was narrowest a more than perpendicular mass barred the way. Nothing fairly within arm's reach could be laid hold of: it was necessary to spring up, and then to haul one's self over the sharp edge by sheer strength. Progression directly upward was then impossible. Enormous and appalling precipices plunged down to the Tiefenmatten glacier on the left, but round the right-hand side it was just possible to go. One hindrance then succeeded another, and much time was consumed in seeking the way. I have a vivid recollection of a gully of more than usual perplexity at the side of the Great Tower, with minute ledges and steep walls; of the ledges dwindling down, and at last ceasing; of finding myself, with arms and legs divergent, fixed as if crucified, pressing against the rock, and feeling each rise and fall of my chest as I breathed; of screwing my head round to look for a hold and not seeing any, and of jumping sideways on to the other side. . . .

[The gully] was an untrodden vestibule, which led to a scene so wild that even the most sober description of it must seem an exaggeration. There was a change in the quality of the rock, and there was a change in the appearance of the ridge. The rocks (talcose gneiss) below this

spot were singularly firm,—it was rarely necessary to test one's hold: the way led over the living rock, and not up rent-off fragments. But here all was decay and ruin. The crest of the ridge was shattered and cleft, and the feet sank in the chips which had drifted down; while above, huge blocks, hacked and carved by the hand of time, nodded to the sky, looking like the gravestones of giants. Out of curiosity I wandered to a notch in the ridge, between two tottering piles of immense masses which seemed to need but a few pounds on one or the other side to make them fall, so nicely poised that they would literally have rocked in the wind, for they were put in motion by a touch, and based on support so frail that I wondered they did not collapse before my eyes. In the whole range of my Alpine experience I have seen nothing more striking than this desolate, ruined, and shattered ridge at the back of the Great Tower. I have seen stranger shapes,—rocks which mimic the human form, with monstrous leering faces, and isolated pinnacles sharper and greater than any here,—but I have never seen exhibited so impressively the tremendous effects which may be produced by frost, and by the long-continued action of forces whose individual effects are imperceptible.

It is needless to say that it is impossible to climb by the crest of the ridge at this part; still, one is compelled to keep near to it, for there is no other way. Generally speaking, the angles on the Matterhorn are too steep to allow the formation of considerable beds of snow, but here there is a corner which permits it to accumulate, and it is turned to gratefully, for by its assistance one can ascend four times as rapidly as upon the rocks.

The Tower was now almost out of sight, and I looked over the central Pennine Alps to the Grand Combin and to the chain of Mont Blanc. My neighbor, the Dent d'Hérens,

still rose above me, although but slightly, and the height which had been attained could be measured by its help. So far, I had no doubts about my capacity to descend that which had been ascended; but in a short time, on looking ahead, I saw that the cliffs steepened, and I turned back (without pushing on to them and getting into inextricable difficulties), exulting in the thought that they would be passed when we returned together, and that I had without assistance got nearly to the height of the Dent d'Hérens, and considerably higher than any one had been before. My exultation was a little premature.

About five P.M. I left the tent again, and thought myself as good as at Breuil. The friendly rope and claw had done good service, and had smoothed all the difficulties. I lowered myself through the Chimney, however, by making a fixture of the rope, which I then cut off and left behind, as there was enough and to spare. My axe had proved a great nuisance in coming down, and I left it in the tent. It was not attached to the bâton, but was a separate affair,—an old navy boarding-axe. While cutting up the different snow-beds on the ascent, the bâton trailed behind fastened to the rope; and when climbing the axe was carried behind, run through the rope tied round my waist, and was sufficiently out of the way, but in descending, when coming down face outward (as is always best where it is possible), the head or the handle of the weapon caught frequently against the rocks, and several times nearly upset me. So, out of laziness if you will, it was left in the tent. I paid dearly for the imprudence.

The Col du Lion was passed, and fifty yards more would have placed me on the "Great Staircase," down which one can run. But on arriving at an angle of the cliffs of the Tête du Lion, while skirting the upper edge of the snow which abuts against them, I found that the heat of the two

past days had nearly obliterated the steps which had been cut when coming up. The rocks happened to be impracticable just at this corner, so nothing could be done except make the steps afresh. The snow was too hard to beat or tread down, and at the angle it was all but ice: half a dozen steps only were required, and then the ledges could be followed again. So I held to the rock with my right hand, and prodded at the snow with the point of my stick until a good step was made, and then, leaning round the angle, did the same for the other side. So far well, but in attempting to pass the corner (to the present moment I cannot tell how it happened) I slipped and fell.

The slope was steep on which this took place, and descended to the top of a gully that led down through two subordinate buttresses towards the Glacier du Lion, which was just seen, a thousand feet below. The gully narrowed and narrowed until there was a mere thread of snow lying between two walls of rock, which came to an abrupt termination at the top of a precipice that intervened between it and the glacier. Imagine a funnel cut in half through its length, placed at an angle of forty-five degrees, with its point below and its concave side uppermost, and you will have a fair idea of the place.

The knapsack brought my head down first, and I pitched into some rocks about a dozen feet below: they caught something, and tumbled me off the edge, head over heels, into the gully. The bâton was dashed from my hands, and I whirled downward in a series of bounds, each longer than the last,—now over ice, now into rocks,—striking my head four or five times, each time with increased force. The last bound sent me spinning through the air, in a leap of fifty or sixty feet, from one side of the gully to the other, and I struck the rocks, luckily, with the whole of my left side. They caught my clothes for a moment, and

I fell back on to the snow with motion arrested: my head fortunately came the right side up, and a few frantic catches brought me to a halt in the neck of the gully and on the verge of the precipice. Bâton, hat, and veil skimmed by and disappeared, and the crash of the rocks which I had started, as they fell on to the glacier, told how narrow had been the escape from utter destruction. As it was, I fell nearly two hundred feet in seven or eight bounds. Ten feet more would have taken me in one gigantic leap of eight hundred feet on to the glacier below.

The situation was still sufficiently serious. The rocks could not be left go for a moment, and the blood was spurting out of more than twenty cuts. The most serious ones were in the head, and I vainly tried to close them with one hand while holding on with the other. It was useless: the blood jerked out in blinding jets at each pulsation. At last, in a moment of inspiration, I kicked out a big lump of snow and stuck it as a plaster on my head. The idea was a happy one, and the flow of blood diminished: then, scrambling up, I got, not a moment too soon, to a place of safety and fainted away. The sun was setting when consciousness returned, and it was pitch dark before the Great Staircase was descended; but by a combination of luck and care the whole four thousand eight hundred feet of descent to Breuil was accomplished without a slip or once missing the way.

I slunk past the cabin of the cowherds, who were talking and laughing inside, utterly ashamed of the state to which I had been brought by my imbecility, and entered the inn stealthily, wishing to escape to my room unnoticed. But Favre met me in the passage, demanded, "Who is it?" screamed with fright when he got a light, and aroused the household. Two dozen heads then held solemn council over mine, with more talk than action. The natives were

unanimous in recommending that hot wine (*syn. vinegar*), mixed with salt, should be rubbed into the cuts. I protested, but they insisted. It was all the doctoring they received. Whether their rapid healing was to be attributed to that simple remedy or to a good state of health, is a question; they closed up remarkably soon, and in a few days I was able to move again. . . .

As it seldom happens that one survives such a fall, it may be interesting to record what my sensations were during its occurrence. I was perfectly conscious of what was happening, and felt each blow, but, like a patient under chloroform, experienced no pain. Each blow was, naturally, more severe than that which preceded it, and I distinctly remember thinking, "Well, if the next is harder still, that will be the end!" Like persons who have been rescued from drowning, I remember that the recollection of a multitude of things rushed through my head, many of them trivialities or absurdities which had been forgotten long before; and, more remarkable, this bounding through space did not feel disagreeable. But I think that in no very great distance more consciousness as well as sensation would have been lost, and upon that I base my belief, improbable as it seems, that death by a fall from a great height is as painless an end as can be experienced.

The battering was very rough, yet no bones were broken. The most severe cuts were, one four inches long on the top of the head, and another of three inches on the right temple; this latter bled frightfully. There was a formidable looking cut, of about the same size as the last, on the palm of the left hand, and every limb was grazed or cut more or less seriously. The tips of the ears were taken off, and a sharp rock cut a circular bit out of the side of the left boot, sock, and ankle at one stroke. The loss of blood, although so great, did not seem to be permanently

injurious. The only serious effect has been the reduction of a naturally retentive memory to a very commonplace one; and although my recollections of more distant occurrences remain unshaken, the events of that particular day would be clean gone but for the few notes which were written down before the accident.

A TYPICAL DUTCH CITY.

EDMONDO DE AMICIS.

[De Amicis, a traveller of Italian birth, has given us a number of highly interesting records of travel, including works on Algeria, Spain, Holland, Paris, Constantinople, etc. Among these, "Holland and its People" is perhaps the most entertaining, and as a specimen of its manner we select from it the description of Rotterdam, as a typical example of a Dutch city. This selection is from the translation by Caroline Tilton, published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.]

WHEN we arrived in sight of Rotterdam it rained and was foggy; we could see, as through a veil, only an immense confusion of ships, houses, windmills, towers, trees, and people in motion on the dykes and bridges; there were lights everywhere; a great city with such an aspect as I had never seen before, and which fog and darkness soon hid from me altogether. When I had taken leave of my travelling companions, and had put my luggage in order, it was night. "So much the better," I thought, as I entered a carriage; "I shall see the first Dutch city by night, which must be a strange spectacle." And, indeed, when M. Bismarck was at Rotterdam he wrote to his wife that at night he saw spectres on the roofs.

It is difficult to make much of the city of Rotterdam, entering it at night. The carriage passed almost imme-

diately over a bridge that resounded hollowly beneath it; and while I thought myself, and was, in fact, within the city, I saw with amazement on my right and left two rows of ships vanishing in the gloom.

Leaving the bridge, we passed through a street, lighted, and full of people, and found ourselves upon another bridge, and between two rows of vessels as before, and so on from bridge to street, from street to bridge, and, to increase the confusion, an illumination of lamps at the corners of houses, lanterns on masts of ships, light-houses on the bridges, small lights under the houses, and all these lights reflected in the water. All at once the carriage stopped, people crowded about; I looked out and saw a bridge in the air. In answer to my question, some one said that a vessel was passing. We went on again, seeing a perspective of canals and bridges crossing and recrossing each other, until we came to a great square, sparkling with lights, and bristling with masts of ships, and finally we reached our inn in an adjacent street.

My first care on entering my room was to see whether Dutch cleanliness deserved its fame. It did, indeed, and may be called the religion of cleanliness. The linen was snow-white, the windows transparent as the air, the furniture shining like a crystal, the floors so clean that a microscope could not discover a black speck. There was a basket for waste paper, a tablet for scratching matches, a dish for cigar-ashes, a box for cigar-stumps, a spittoon, and a boot-jack; in short, there was no possible pretext for soiling anything.

My room examined, I spread a map of Rotterdam upon the table, and made some preparatory studies for the morrow.

It is a singular thing that the great cities of Holland, although built upon a shifting soil, and amid difficulties of

every kind, have all great regularity of form. Amsterdam is a semicircle, the Hague square, Rotterdam an equilateral triangle. The base of the triangle is an immense dyke, which defends the city from the Meuse, and is called the Boompjes, signifying, in Dutch, small trees, from a row of little elms, now very tall, that were planted when it was first constructed.

Another great dyke forms a second bulwark against the river, which divides the city into two almost equal parts, and from the middle of the left side to the opposite angle. That part of Rotterdam which is comprised between the dykes is all canals, islands, and bridges, and is the new city; that which extends beyond the second dyke is the old city. Two great canals extend along the other two sides of the town to the apex, where they meet, and receive the waters of the river Rotte, which, with the affix of *dam*, or dyke, gives its name to the city.

Having thus fulfilled my conscientious duty as a traveller, and with many precautions not to soil, even by a breath, the purity of that jewel of a chamber, I abandoned myself with humility to my first Dutch bed.

Dutch beds—I speak of those in the hotels—are generally short and wide, and occupied, in a great part, by an immense feather pillow in which a giant's head would be overwhelmed. I may add that the ordinary light is a copper candlestick, of the size of a dinner-plate, which might sustain a torch, but holds, instead, a tiny candle about the size of a Spanish lady's finger.

In the morning I made haste to rise and issue forth into the strange streets, unlike anything in Europe. The first I saw was the Hoog Straat, a long, straight thoroughfare, running along the interior dyke.

The unplastered houses, of every shade of brick, from the darkest red to light rose color, chiefly two windows

wide and two stories high, have the front wall rising above and concealing the roof, and in the shape of a blunt triangle surmounted by a parapet. Some of these pointed façades rise into two curves, like a long neck without a head; some are cut into steps like the houses that children build with blocks; some present the aspect of a conical pavilion, some of a village church, some of theatrical cabins. The parapets are in general surrounded by white stripes, coarse arabesques in plaster, and other ornaments in very bad taste; the doors and windows are bordered by broad white stripes; other white lines divide the different stories; the spaces between the doors in front are marked by white wooden panels, so that two colors, white and red, prevail everywhere, and as in the distance the darker red looks black, the prospect is half festive, half funereal, all the houses looking as if they were hung with white linen. At first I had an inclination to laugh, for it seemed impossible that it could have been done seriously, and that quite sober people lived in those houses. They looked as if they had been run up for a festival, and would presently disappear, like the paper frame-work of a grand display of fireworks.

While I stood looking vaguely at the street, I noticed one house that puzzled me somewhat; and, thinking that my eyes had been deceived, I looked more carefully at it, and compared it with its neighbors. Turning into the next street, the same thing met my astonished gaze. There is no doubt about it: the whole city of Rotterdam presents the appearance of a town that has been shaken smartly by an earthquake, and is on the point of falling into ruin.

All the houses—in any street one may count the exceptions on their fingers—lean more or less, but the greater part of them so much that at the roof they lean forward at least a foot beyond their neighbors, which may be

straight, or not so visibly inclined; one leans forward as if it would fall into the street; another backward, another to the left, another to the right; at some points six or seven contiguous houses all lean forward together, those in the middle most, those at the ends less, looking like a paling with the crowd pressing against it. At another point two houses lean together as if supporting one another. In certain streets the houses for a long distance lean all one way, like trees beaten by a prevailing wind; and then another long row will lean in the opposite direction, as if the wind had changed. Sometimes there is a certain regularity of inclination that is scarcely noticeable; and again, at crossings and in the smallest streets there is an indescribable confusion of lines, a real architectural frolic, a dance of houses, a disorder that seems animated. There are houses that nod forward as if asleep, others that start backward as if frightened; some bending towards each other, their roofs almost touching, as if in secret conference; some falling upon one another as if they were drunk; some leaning backward between others that lean forward like malefactors dragged onward by their guards; rows of houses that courtesy to a steeple, groups of small houses all inclined towards one in the middle, like conspirators in conclave.

Observe them attentively one by one, from top to bottom, and they are interesting as pictures.

In some, upon the summit of the façade, there projects from the middle of the parapet a beam with cord and pulley to pull up baskets and buckets. In others, jutting from a round window, is the carved head of a deer, a sheep, or a goat. Under the head, a line of whitewashed stone or wood cuts the whole façade in half. Under this line there are two broad windows with projecting awnings of striped linen. Under these again, over the upper panes, a little green curtain. Below this green curtain two white ones,

divided in the middle to show a suspended bird-cage or a basket of flowers. And below the basket or the cage, the lower panes are covered by a net-work of fine wire that prevents the passer-by from seeing into the room. Within, behind the netting, there stands a table covered with objects in porcelain, crystal, flowers, and toys of various kinds. Outside on the stone sill is a row of small flower-pots. From the stone sill or from one side projects an iron stem curving upward, which sustains two small mirrors joined in the form of a book, movable, and surmounted by another, also movable, so that those inside the house can see, without being seen, everything that passes in the street.

On some of the houses there is a lamp projecting between the two windows, and below is the door of the house or a shop door. If it is a shop, over the door there is the carved head of a Moor with his mouth wide open, or that of a Turk with a hideous grimace; sometimes there is an elephant or a goose; sometimes a horse's or a bull's head, a serpent, a half-moon, a windmill, or an arm extended, the hand holding some object of the kind sold in the shop. If it is the house-door,—always kept closed,—there is a brass plate with the name of the occupant, another with a slit for letters, another with the handle of a bell, the whole, including the locks and bolts, shining like gold. Before the door there is a small bridge of wood, because in many of the houses the ground-floor or basement is much lower than the street; and before the bridge two little stone columns surmounted by two balls; two more columns in front of these are united by iron chains, the large links of which are in the form of crosses, stars, and polygons; in the space between the street and the house are pots of flowers; and at the windows of the ground-floor more flower-pots and curtains. In the more retired streets there

are bird-cages on both sides of the windows, boxes full of green growing things, clothes hung out to air or dry, a thousand objects and colors, like a universal fair.

But without going out of the older town, one need only to go away from the centre to see something new at every step.

In some narrow, straight streets one may see the end suddenly closed as if by a curtain concealing the view; but it disappears as it came, and is recognized as the sail of a vessel moving in a canal. In other streets a net-work of cordage seems to stop the way; the rigging of vessels lying in some basin. In one direction there is a draw-bridge raised, and looking like a gigantic swing provided for the diversion of the people who live in those preposterous houses; and in another there is a windmill, tall as a steeple and black as an antique tower, moving its arms like a monstrous firework. On every side, finally, among the houses, above the roofs, between the distant trees, are seen masts of vessels, flags, and sails and rigging, reminding us that we are surrounded by water, and that the city is a seaport.

Meantime, the shops were opened and the streets became full of people. There was great animation, but no hurry, the absence of which distinguishes the streets of Rotterdam from those of London, between which some travellers find great resemblance, especially in the color of the houses and the grave aspect of the inhabitants. White faces, pallid faces, faces the color of Parmesan cheese; light hair, very light hair, reddish, yellowish; broad beardless visages, beards under the chin and around the neck; blue eyes, so light as to seem almost without a pupil; women stumpy, fat, rosy, slow, with white caps and ear-rings in the form of corkscrews,—these are the first things one observes in the crowd.

But for the moment it was not the people that first stimulated my curiosity. I crossed the Hoog Street, and found myself in the new city. Here it is impossible to say if it be port or city, if land or water predominate, if there are more ships than houses, or *vice versa*.

Broad and long canals divide the city into so many islands, united by drawbridges, turning bridges, and bridges of stone. On either side of every canal extends a street, flanked by trees on one side and houses on the other. All these canals are deep enough to float large vessels, and all are full of them from one end to the other, except a space in the middle left for passage in and out,—an immense fleet imprisoned in a city.

When I arrived it was the busiest hour, so I planted myself upon the highest bridge over the principal crossing. From thence were visible four canals, four forests of ships, bordered by eight files of trees; the streets were crammed with people and merchandise; droves of cattle were crossing the bridges; bridges were rising in the air, or opening in the middle, to allow vessels to pass through, and were scarcely replaced or closed before they were inundated by a throng of people, carts, and carriages; ships came and went in the canals, shining like models in a museum, and with the wives and children of the sailors on the decks; boats darted from vessel to vessel; the shops drove a busy trade; servant-women washed the walls and windows; and all this moving life was rendered more gay and cheerful by the reflections in the water, the green of the trees, the red of the houses, the tall windmills showing their dark tops and white sails against the azure of the sky, and still more by an air of quiet simplicity not seen in any other northern city.

I took observations of a Dutch vessel. Almost all the ships crowded in the canals of Rotterdam are built for the

Rhine and Holland; they have one mast only, and are broad, stout, and variously colored like toy ships. The hull is generally of a bright grass-green, ornamented with a red or a white stripe, or sometimes several stripes, looking like a band of different-colored ribbons. The poop is usually gilded. The deck and mast are varnished and shining like the cleanest of house-floors. The outside of the hatches, the buckets, the barrels, the yards, the planks, are all painted red, with white or blue stripes. The cabin where the sailors' families are is colored like a Chinese kiosk, and has its windows of clear glass, and its white muslin curtains tied up with knots of rose-colored ribbon. In every moment of spare time sailors, women, and children are busy washing, sweeping, polishing every part with infinite care and pains; and when their little vessel makes its exit from the port, all fresh and shining like a holiday-coach, they all stand on the poop and accept with dignity the mute compliments which they gather from the glances of the spectators along the canals.

From canal to canal, and from bridge to bridge, I finally reached the dyke of the Boompjes upon the Meuse, where boils and bubbles all the life of the great commercial city.

On the left extends a long row of small many-colored steamboats, which start every hour in the day for Dordrecht, Arnhem, Gonda, Schiedam, Brilla, Zealand, and continually send forth clouds of white smoke and the sound of their cheerful bells. To the right lie the large ships which make the voyage to various European ports, mingled with fine three-masted vessels bound for the East Indies, with names written in golden letters.—Java, Sumatra, Borneo, Samarang,—carrying the fancy to those distant and savage countries like the echoes of distant voices. In front the Meuse, covered with boats and barks, and the distant shore with a forest of beech-trees, windmills, and

towers; and over all the unquiet sky, full of gleams of light and gloomy clouds, fleeting and changing in their constant movement, as if repeating the restless labor on the earth below.

ANTWERP AND ITS PEOPLE.

ROSE G. KINGSLEY.

[The traveller to whom we owe the following selection makes it part of a paper on "The Home of Rubens," in which she appreciatively describes that artist's works. Her account of the city in which the greatest of these works are enshrined is more to our purpose, and is here given.]

It had rained in England for a month without stopping, when, weary of sodden gray clouds above and sodden green grass below, M—— and I determined to seek new sketching-grounds under a more kindly sky. We had but a fortnight to spend on our trip. Where, therefore, could we find a richer field of work than in Flanders? for there quaint cities, beautiful buildings, glorious pictures, and, if we were minded to go deeper, a tangled mass of historic interest, lay within easy reach.

Thus it came to pass that the 30th of September found us driving through the streets of Brussels, and three days later we were steaming out into the (to us) unknown, on our way to Antwerp. Our three days had been chiefly spent in making closer acquaintance with Flemish art in the museum of the capital,—a collection most valuable and typical, a collection too often ignored or hastily glanced through by the tourist, who, if by chance he cares for such things, hurries on to see Memling at Bruges, Van Eyck at Ghent, or Rubens at Antwerp. He forgets, or does not

know, that, as Fromentin justly says, "Belgium is a magnificent book of art, of which, happily for provincial glory, the chapters are scattered everywhere, but of which the preface is at Brussels, and only at Brussels. To all who are tempted to skip the preface in order to get at the book, I should say they are wrong,—that they open the book too soon and will read it ill." We therefore studied the preface with some care, and now were about to turn the first page of the book itself. . . .

Everything seemed new, pretty, and amusing, as the train cleared the last of the suburbs of Brussels. The sun shone on the long lines of poplars, just burnished with autumn's gold, which cast their shadows on damp green meadows ruled off into squares with almost mathematical precision. Here a man in a brown apron and brilliant crimson sleeves was raking up the aftermath off a water-meadow. There a girl in a blue frock was herding black and white cows, and we began to think of Cuyp. Then we saw, across flat stretches of smiling country, pointed steeples and red roofs, showing behind thick groups of trees in a soft blue haze, while an old windmill on blackened wooden stilts, a little donkey-cart, and a group of crimson-jacketed peasants in the foreground made us think of some of Teniers the Younger's landscapes, and recollect that we must be close to Drei Torren, his house at Perck. Then came Malines, our first brown canal, with red-sailed, green- and black-painted barges, the great cathedral rising through a screen of trees over scarlet house-roofs, a picturesque crowd on the platform of burly shovel-hatted priests, nuns with black shawls over their white caps, men with blue blouses and brilliant yellow sabots,—and we thought of Prout. It was all so absurdly like what we had expected, with a difference,—just the difference between art and nature.

Then came more flat country, more canals, more fields, more absurd cocky little wheat-ricks, with hardly corn enough in them to make a loaf of bread, more white and purple lupins on the embankments, more red-tiled roofs, half thatch, half tile, which M—— pronounced "most æsthetic," more sun, yes, that was perhaps the best of all. Then a great green fort, and we were at Antwerp.

We hardly gave ourselves time to swallow a hasty *déjeuner*, and then set forth with the charming feeling that we had nothing to do but amuse ourselves. We had not an idea of where we were going, or what we meant to see. All was new, therefore all to us was worth seeing. Only a vague impression floated in our minds that we ought before long to find our way to the cathedral. It was not hard to find; in fact, it was impossible to miss it, for, as we sauntered down the Place de Meir, the golden clock-face on the steeple shone before us like a beacon over the high house-roofs, and

"Far up, the carillon did search
The wind."

We pushed our way past the odious touters, clamorously asking in vile French and still viler English if we wished to see the cathedral? had we seen it? did we know we ought to see it? finally, of course, should they show it to us? We were in too mighty a presence to heed them. Above us, almost painfully high, rose the great steeple, pointing up to the clear blue sky. We stood at a corner of the old Marché and gazed and gazed, hardly able at first to take in the idea of its real height, foreshortened as it is when one stands so near. It grew upon us, revealed itself to us, as we looked and wondered, and ever after, while in the city, we seemed to feel its protecting presence, even though it might be hidden from our eyes. And we thought how often must weary sailors, beating up

the stormy waters of the North Sea, have longed for a glimpse of that weather-stained tower, token to them of home and safety after some perilous voyage to bring gold and sugar from the New World, or priceless stuffs and spices from the Indies and far Cathay! Or as painters, after long study in the schools of Rome and Venice, made their slow way northward once more across the Alps, to add fresh glory to the Guild of St. Luke, how eagerly they must have watched for the first sight of their cathedral, pointing heavenward out of the flat misty plain, as if to lift their minds from earth into some purer atmosphere!

Yet, splendid as is the casket, still more precious is the treasure it contains. Many men have built cathedrals. There has been but one Rubens; and of all Rubens's works, the "Descent from the Cross" enshrined in Antwerp Cathedral is, one may venture to say without fear of criticism, unquestionably the most wonderful and beautiful. There is a sobriety, a reticence, about it in color, in movement, in drawing, in the exquisite balance of light and shade, in the nobility and yet tenderness of conception, which one hardly looks for in the painter, splendid though he be, of the Assumption of the Virgin over the high altar close by, still less of the gorgeous but revolting Marie de Medici series in the Louvre. To quote Fromentin once more, "*Tout y est contenu, concis, laconique comme dans une page du texte sacré.*" Let those who judge him merely by pictures such as the last go to Antwerp, and, casting aside all preconceived ideas, say then whether Peter Paul Rubens shall not be pardoned all his carelessness, his coarseness,—yes, even his horrors,—and be to them henceforth the painter of the noble and majestic "Descent from the Cross."

It was long before we could summon resolution to leave the cathedral. Half a dozen times we started, as many times we turned back to the great triptych to impress

some detail more firmly on our minds; and at last, when the door swung to behind us, and we saw the great master's statue standing in dusty sunshine in the Place Verte, we were in no humor for more sight-seeing. So we wandered happily and aimlessly on, now enchanted by some *pignon espagnol*, the quaint gable running up in a series of steps, which was introduced, some say, by the Spaniards, now stopping to scribble down the details of a bit of costume, or to look at a street shrine on a corner house, with its figure and lamp and tinsel flowers, until at last we found ourselves on the quays.

Here, where Van Noort, where Rubens, where Jordaens made studies among the rude fishermen for their pictures of the Miraculous Draught,—here, where generations of painters from their day down to our own have loved to dwell upon the changing aspects of the quiet river, the hurrying quays, the picturesque people,—here was indeed a spot where we humble disciples of Apelles might hope to gather inspiration from the example of the great departed. So we hunted out a pile of wood on the very brink of the river, a quiet corner where we ran no risk of being trampled underfoot by gigantic Flemish dray-horses or knocked down by heavily laden wagons; and there we sat peacefully, sketching the long reaches of the Scheldt bathed in a flood of golden haze. Up it sailed long low boats, floating past us with full red sails, flat, faint, wooded shores behind them, a tall smoking chimney or little church-spire breaking the blue line of the trees here and there. The river reaches were full of repose to eye and mind alike, and our thoughts turned instinctively to Van de Velde, to his glassy water, where little gleams catch the curl of some lazy ripple, and his skiffs and schooners floating in a veil of filmy gold, which warms his usual pearly grays, while they in turn give a sober undertone to the golden

glory. A contrast to the quiet river was the foreground of the picture, where a steamer was lading for some distant voyage, funnels, rigging, hull, a great mass of black and brown against the pale golden water, and the bustling quay, where horses, men, carriages, foot-passengers, long low trollies,—apparently on only two wheels, so minute were the front pair,—piled high with bales and barrels, were jumbled in inextricable confusion.

We were working away, thankful that every one was too full of his own business to care to look at us, when suddenly a pleasant smell of burning made us wonder whether the municipality were trying to fumigate the town and overpower the very unsavory odors around us. Presently blacks began to settle on our sketch-books. Then burning morsels flew through the air, and, turning round, we saw that a quantity of bales standing on the quay twenty yards behind us were on fire. Half a dozen bystanders looked on with true Flemish phlegm. A woman in blue and gray, with yellow sabots, stood watching on a fallen mast. Then others began to arrive, and as the flames rose higher some slight interest arose with them. The gray woman turned and ran for the pompiers. The interest grew and spread among the gathering crowd. Soldiers just landing from the *Tête de Flandre* caught sight of the crackling flames and rushed towards them. Stevedores left the lading of their steamer, and, leaping across masts and spars, with sacks over their heads and their blue blouses puffed into balloons by the wind, rushed to the scene of action. M—— and I thought it prudent to retire to a street-corner, away from the turmoil.

Such a street! all in warm shade, with rich reds and grays and browns among its high-roofed houses. Out of the Fish-Market, close by poured a motley crowd,—men in blue jerseys, men in red jerkins, men in shirt-sleeves, little

lads in sailor-clothes with bright yellow sabots, women with yellow sabots and blue stockings, or yellow stockings and black sabots, or black shoes and pink stockings, women in three-cornered shawls, women in long black cloaks. The tardily-awakened interest had grown into intense excitement. Every one ran,—soldiers, ladies, porters, priests; and as we left the Quai Vandyek to go home, and looked up at the stone lace-work of the cathedral tower against the bright blue sky, the pompiers raced past us with their little hand-engine, to find that the fire had burnt itself out.

Too tired by our long day to walk any more, but unwilling to waste the evening in our rooms, we chartered a comfortable little carriage and drove down to the Port just after sunset. The cathedral tower stood stately and sombre against a pale-pink sky. Against this delicate background, too, we caught fantastic irregular outlines of old houses at every turn of the streets. The busy Quai Vandyek we now saw under a completely changed aspect. The pink of the upper sky melted into yellow, the yellow into a heavy blue-purple blending with the farther shore of the river. The bands of color, intensified by black masts and sails rising from yet blacker hulls lying under the bank, were reflected in the opalescent water; while fluttering pennons on a forest of fishing-boats looked, as M—— said, “like a shoal of minnows.”

As we drove along in the growing darkness the scene was weird and strange. We caught glimpses of black figures, with heavy burdens on their shoulders, rushing up and down gangways of loading steamers like the demons of some Walpurgisnacht, lighted by oil-cans flaming from their two spouts. Then came a street of ancient houses,—we could see only the steps of their gables against the sky,—and, instead of a roadway below, the street was full

of water and ships, sails half furled, lights, red, green, and yellow, repeating themselves in long reflections amid the black boats on the smooth surface of the canal. Across the river steamer-lights crept to and fro. Low carts, with huge horses that brought to mind Paul Potter's etching of "The Friesland Horse," grazed past us. Then came a black mass,—the house of the Hanseatic League. Then great docks like the sea, stretching away infinitely into the darkness, a mysterious confusion of masts, spars, cordage, chimneys, lights, water, black hulls. On shore a tangle of carts and trollies standing horseless, barrels, cotton-bales, wool-sacks. A locomotive snorted past us in dangerous proximity, appearing one knew not from whence, disappearing again into the gloom. Electric lights flashed on ahead far up the line. We passed more huge warehouses, more canals, more narrow streets. Then the Port and its strange life, its flaming oil-cans, its murky darkness, were left behind, and we found ourselves back in nineteenth-century civilization, driving down the new Frenchified boulevards, with only the statue of David Teniers and the Italian façade of Rubens's house to remind us where we were.

ART MUSEUMS OF DRESDEN.

ELIZABETH PEAKE.

[*"Pen Pictures of Europe,"* by Elizabeth Peake, is amply worth reading by all who wish to gain a rapid acquaintance with what is worth seeing on that continent. Its interesting descriptions are so many and varied that choice among them is not easy to make, and we present what our traveller saw in Dresden and at Potsdam simply as examples of the whole.]

WE have been to the picture-gallery. There were between two and three thousand pictures. There were Raphael, Holbein, Correggio, Titian, Carlo Dolce, Paul Veronese, Rubens, Rembrandt, Vandyke, Guido, Ruysdael, Wouvermans, Claude, Poussin, and I do not know who else; but I would give them all, and more besides, for the portraits of Charlemagne and Sigismund by Dürer, and the historical painting of the peace of Westphalia, with its forty-seven original portraits by Sandrart. I do really think that I have seen a million of paintings, and have come to the sad conclusion that I have precious little love for pictures,—for paintings.

The magnificent frescos I admire as much as any one. But the thousands of Madonnas,—Raphael's "Madonna di San Sisto," which cost forty thousand dollars, I like better than any I have yet seen, next to that old painting of Leonardo da Vinci in the old church not far from Milan,—all the Madonnas have pretty eyes, pretty faces, pretty attitudes; but they do not come up to my idea of the Virgin. Then there are so many nude Venuses, and all sorts of nudities, that the artists who painted them ought to have been condemned to go without clothes, even in cold weather, to see how they would like it; and when they died they should have every bone in the human body carved as ornaments on their tombstone as I saw somewhere in my travels. The heads of the old men are exceedingly fine and natural; but many of the portraits have such affected attitudes that they seem ridiculous to me. I suppose it used to be the fashion to *take an attitude* when they sat for a portrait.

Mrs. Siddons's portrait, in London, and one of Mary Queen of Scots and her page, were the most beautiful and faultless to my taste of all I saw in England.

Murillo's beggar boys and girls did not know enough to

assume an attitude; and of course they please, because they are natural.

Did you ever see persons sit where they could see themselves in a mirror, conversing, and still looking at themselves with a sort of half consciousness they were doing so, and thinking that you were not noticing that they did so? I say, did you ever notice what a ridiculous and puzzled expression it gives to their faces? Well, this is just the expression of the greater part of these so celebrated portraits and paintings. It is appalling to think of,—I mean my want of taste,—but I do like to see pictures look natural. “How will madame have potatoes, sauté or grillé, or au naturel?” The word *naturel* sounds so charmingly after all I have seen, that I reply joyously, “Au naturel;” and he brought me boiled potatoes,—just what I liked. I forgot to mention that we went again to the opera in Munich, in the small theatre in the king’s palace. The opera was “Allessandra Stradella,” by Flotow. I never heard sweeter music; and Nachbaur, who took the part of Stradella, was not only a magnificent tenor, but a perfect Adonis in person. He would meet with success in New York.

Yesterday we went to the royal palace, a very ancient and ungainly-looking building. Our object was to visit the green rooms, or vaults, which contain all kinds of rare objects,—jewels, ivory, bronzes, and costly things,—which I suppose were intended to show the magnificence of the Saxon kings, who once were among the richest sovereigns in Europe. There are eight of these rooms on the ground-floor of the palace. I wish you could have been with us to have seen all the curiosities, and to have heard the custodian, who spoke English, tell us all about what he showed us. It is impossible to remember a tenth part of what one sees, so I was glad when the custodian said, as he entered the first room, which contains the bronzes, “Laties,

here is more as a hundred fine bronzes; the best for Italy. I show you ze masterpieces. Zis is Antinous; here is Apollo; dis leetle dog is curious; is of hammered iron, not cast hammered. 'Tis by Peter Vischer. You see he scratch himself,—very funny, very curious. Zis crucifix made by John of Bologna,—a masterpiece." I kept close to him to ask him more particularly about many things. The next room was the ivory room. I wish you could have heard him pronounce "my lady" in three or four different ways. There were four hundred and eighty-four pieces of ivory wonderfully carved. "Here, melaty, one little piece. Two drunken musicians fighting. Made by Dinglinger." "Who was Dinglinger?" I asked. "He was yeweller of te court, melaty." After seeing all in the room, he said, "Zis way, laties, if you please, one leetle step down. Here are ze mosaics. Zis table Florentine mosaic; best of ze tables." There were large life-sized portraits on each side of the windows. I asked, "Whose portrait is this?" "Christian II., melaty. He always drink sixteen pottles of wine in one day,—sixteen pottles, melaty." I was much pleased with a magnificent chimney-piece, made of the different kinds of china manufactured here, and ornamented with the various kinds of stone found in Saxony. In the fourth room I noticed a peculiar clock, made in the form of the tower of Babel. One gold chalice, ornamented with precious gems, made by Benvenuto Cellini, attracted my attention. I asked about another portrait. "Augusta ze Strong, melaty. He took a horseshoe in his hand and broke it in two. Very strong, melaty, very strong." I had heard the story of his stopping at a shop to have a shoe put on his horse. Selecting a shoe, he took it in his hand, and breaking it, said it was not strong enough. The smith, after shoeing his horse, asked for a dollar. Augustus threw down a silver dollar. The smith took it up,

and rolling it over in his fingers in the form of a cigar, asked if the dollar was a good one.

A little farther, the custodian took up a golden egg. "Here, laties, is one golden egg. I will open it, and you will see it contains a golden chicken. I will open ze chicken; it has in it ze Polish crown. I will open ze crown, and show you one fine ring. All zese rings are for show, for curiosity, for playthings." The next room contained the largest pearls; one represents the body of a court dwarf, and is as large as a hen's egg. In the seventh room we were shown the regalia used at the coronation of Augustus Second as king of Poland, and then brought here to be kept for the coronation of Saxon princes who might at some future time be crowned at Cracow. There, too, were the swords of John Sobieski and Solyman II., of Turkey. The hilts of these swords seemed one mass of diamonds. The shoulder-knot of the queens of Poland containing six hundred and sixty-two diamonds! Then the diamond buttons, rubies, emeralds, sapphires, and other precious stones were as wonderful on account of their abundance as they were for their great beauty. I could only think of Sinbad the sailor, of Aladdin and his wonderful lamp, and all the fairy-tales of diamonds and gems I had read in my life. In the last there were emeralds one and a half inches large, and a model of the throne and court of the great Mogul Aurengzebe, at which Dinglinger and eighteen men worked eight years, and were paid fifty-nine thousand thalers! A costly plaything. All the Saxon crown jewels, collected from the time of the Elector Maurice, 1541, were one blaze of light and beauty. Boxes are always ready for packing them, particularly in time of war, when they are taken to the fortress of Königstein.

We have been over the bridge to the Japanese palace to see the collections of porcelain from the earliest times until

now. The Portuguese were the first to bring porcelain to Europe from China and Japan, and Saxony was the first European country in which its manufacture was begun. Von Tzschirnhausen was making experiments in his three glass huts when, in 1701, he was joined by John Frederic Böttger, an alchemist, who said he had succeeded in finding the philosopher's stone, and who, in the presence of witnesses, melted eighteen two groschen pieces, sprinkled into the liquid mass a reddish powder, and changed them into the finest gold. However that may have been, he found a species of earth in the neighborhood of Meissen which suited his purposes, and began the manufacture of porcelain, which at the present day is carried on there in a large establishment called the royal porcelain manufactory of Dresden china. Meissen is not far from Dresden, but I am afraid we shall not have time to go there.

But to return to the Japanese palace. There were costly selections of Chinese, Japanese, East Indian, Dresden, and Sèvres porcelain. It is really astonishing to see what improvement was made in Dresden china in twenty years, and then from those twenty years until the present time. There are twenty rooms in the basement of this building which are filled with these collections. I only wish they had put them in the story above, where ever so much old statuary is placed, for then they could be seen to so much better advantage, and the statuary be kept in the shade, where, in my opinion, a good lot of it should always be. Kändler's model of a huge monument to Augustus (III. of Poland and II. of Saxony) is entirely of porcelain, and cost twelve thousand thalers. A camellia, thirty-eight inches high, modelled by Schiefer, in Meissen, in 1836, is most beautiful. We were shown plates which cost three or four hundred dollars apiece. The bust of the queen of Prussia, given by her husband, Frederic William III., to

this collection, is exquisite. A white lace veil was carelessly thrown over the head. I looked at it, and thought it strange that a lace veil should be thrown over a bust of china, and spoke to the guide about it. He said the veil was china too. I examined it closely; the work on the border was perfect, and you could see the head and neck through the veil as plainly as if it had been real lace. The Sèvres china given by the first Napoleon was the handsomest of any we saw. Some majolica vases were very fine, and cost about ten thousand dollars each. There were Chinese gods, made in China, of the most beautiful porcelain, but as hideous in form as they were beautiful in material.

We went to the armory, said to be the finest collection of the kind in Europe. In the first room we were shown many curiosities: the work-table of "Mother Anna," made of petrified wood, which the attendant wished me to notice particularly, because it was a *petrification*.

Then there was a clock with a bear striking the seconds on a drum; another clock imitated a chime of bells; Luther's drinking-cup, made of gold, and holding about a pint; and a beautiful cabinet presented to him by his friend and protector, the Elector of Saxony, and which, after his death, was sold to the government by his family. The next room was filled with implements of sports and the chase, all very curious.

On we went, from room to room, looking at the suits of armor which had been worn by the electors of Saxony,—their tilting suits, their parade suits; the horses they rode on parade, stuffed and equipped; and their masters' suits put on figures to represent those distinguished personages; so you could fancy yourself walking among them, and seeing them as they looked when living. Nothing could exceed the splendor of the horses' accoutrements,—precious

stones almost covered their harness; the scabbards of one or two swords were set with jewels and diamonds their whole length; in those times jewels and diamonds were as plentiful as blackberries. The housing of one of the kings, when he went sleigh-riding, was crimson velvet embroidered with gold, and two or three hundred little bells that looked like gold fastened on all over it. There were the cuirass of Augustus the Strong, which weighed one hundred pounds, and his cap, that weighed twenty-five. Napoleon's saddle, and many other saddles, had jewels set in them that many a lady would be proud to wear.

One great curiosity was a Turkish tent, taken at the siege of Vienna, in 1683. It was set up in one room with all its furniture. The ground-work was crimson embroidered with gold. I should think it was large enough to accommodate twenty persons. There were also the armor worn by John Sobieski at the same siege, and the pistols worn by Charles XII. of Sweden on the day of his death. Some of the tilting suits worn at tournaments weighed two hundred pounds.

I never saw anything like these Germans for curious and strange things. One of the curious and costly toys I saw when we went to the green rooms was a bird's nest, flowers, etc., made of flour and water. I do not know whether I told you of a painting on cobweb which we saw in the museum at Munich. There were four or five panes of glass nearly covered with cobwebs, which had a landscape painted on them. In some things I do not admire the taste: two large porcelain pitchers, that would hold two gallons, and cost thousands of dollars, had handles made to represent large spotted adders, or snakes.

If I did not understand German I would not know half the time what they meant when they are trying to talk to me in English. Showing me some china cups that were

first made with handles, the man said, "You see, zese are ze first made wiz hankles." Speaking of something being most convenient, he said, the "commodest."

I have said nothing of the statues in the public places: the monument to the Elector Maurice, the oldest one in Dresden, representing Maurice handing the electoral sword to his brother "Father August," and just behind him their wives in widows' weeds.

The equestrian statue of Augustus the Strong, made of brass, and placed on a pedestal of sandstone, looks very spirited. The statue of Frederick Augustus II. in his coronation robes is very fine; besides others which I have not time to describe. The Roman Catholic church which we see from our windows, built in the Italian style, and profusely decorated, is said to have cost two million thalers.

Seen through the fog in the early morning, its fifty-nine statues of saints and apostles looked like ghosts, or like some pictures of the last judgment.

The green copper roofs of this church and of the government buildings give Dresden a look peculiar to itself. There are two triumphant fly-away statues on the grand bridge over the Elbe which exhilarate me every time I see them.

Brühl's Terrace is a very delightful promenade, and an ornament to the city. I was asked if I had seen the statuary at the "flurs" (flight of stairs) of this terrace. One group represents Evening, the other Night; they are very good. The sculptor Schilling is to make two more—Morning and Noon—for the flight on the other side.

On Friday we went to the palace and saw a great quantity of porcelain, some fine frescos in the throne room, particularly four large pictures from the history of Henry the Fowler. The ball-room is painted with subjects from

mythology, mostly. I expected to find the palace more imposing than it was,—perhaps from seeing so many millions invested in jewels in the green rooms. . . .

On Monday we went to Potsdam, about an hour's ride on the cars. Potsdam is the Prussian Versailles. It was founded by the Great Elector of Brandenburg, but owes all its splendor to Frederick the Great. We first visited the New Palace, which Frederick the Great built, just to show the world that his wars had not exhausted all his finances. He had an eye for bright things,—the rooms were brilliant with gold and silver, and bright-colored satin, and brocade and damask curtains. They showed us in the folds of the curtains, where the light had not faded them, how bright and beautiful they must have been when new. They also showed us the rooms in which his dogs were allowed to enter; the coverings of the sofas and chairs were terribly torn by them. One large room in this palace was entirely covered with pearl-oyster and various other kinds of shells, different marbles and stones,—all put together to represent dolphins and fishes. The floor was of Italian marble, and overhead were fresco-paintings. It was a very large room, having windows on one side, and on the opposite side mirrors, reflecting the beautiful grounds outside, making a very striking and fine effect. In the library we saw the caricature of Voltaire, made by Frederick the Great,—it is a pen-and-ink sketch. We also saw the hat, boots, gloves, etc., which were last worn by him. We were shown places on his writing-desk and tables where bits of the cloth were cut out and carried away by Napoleon. A small room, in which he used to dine with a friend or two, was so constructed that the table and food could be raised from the room beneath; thus waiters could be dispensed with, and he could converse with his friends confidentially. We went into the garrison church where Frederick the Great is

buried behind the pulpit, in a plain metal sarcophagus above-ground. The sword that used to lie upon it was carried off by Napoleon, and no one knows what has become of it, but over the tomb, on each side of the pulpit, hang the eagles and standards taken from Napoleon's armies by the Prussians. His father's tomb is of marble and stands opposite his. We then rode on to the palace of Sans Souci, built by Frederick the Great. It seems to stand upon the top of a flight of terraces. The grounds were laid out in French taste, when it was the fashion to have everything stiff and formal. We saw some fine paintings and statuary, walked through the orangery, and then through the grounds, passed the historical windmill which Frederick the Great wanted to buy, but the miller would not sell. Frederick sued him and lost his case. Afterwards, when the family of the miller became poor, they offered it to the king, who bought it, but would not have it pulled down, preferring to have it stand as a monument of Prussian justice.

The carriage was waiting for us at the gate, and then, crossing the river Havel, we rode on to Babelsburg, where Emperor William lived before he was king. This is decidedly the prettiest residence that I have seen since I left home, and although the palace is large it has such a home-like look, and is so cheerful throughout, I should think the Emperor would like to spend as much time there as possible. The girl who showed us through the palace gave an envelope from the Emperor's writing-desk to one of our party, who gave it to me to put among my relics. Humboldt's study is kept just as he left it. I think I could study in that room. The night-lamp was so constructed as to appear like stars when lighted. In the drawing-room there were some beautifully-embroidered chairs, presented to the Empress by the court ladies. They were of dark-

blue velvet, with heads of wheat embroidered in gold. In the apartments of the crown princess I saw the carpet presented her on her marriage by the English ladies. The attendant lifted the cloth that covered it, and it still looked as good as new. We were particularly shown an English bed, because it was a double bed, and it did seem quite a curiosity, for it was the only one we had seen on the continent. The whole palace was cheerful throughout, and had the appearance of the highest taste and refinement. The paintings and statues are exquisitely beautiful. The grounds are handsome, and the landscape quite American. The courier asked the attendant who took us through the palace whether she kept the money that was given her for herself. Oh, no! she had to give it to the steward. I suppose, however, that if no fee was required the palace would be overrun with visitors. We had to hurry to get back to Potsdam in time for the cars, and reached Berlin about dark, pretty well tired out, and did not rise until late the next morning.

THE STUDENTS OF HEIDELBERG.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

[Taylor's earliest and notable work of travel, "Views Afoot," describing his experiences while traversing Europe with a light purse and a sturdy heart, is full of quotable passages, of two of which we have availed ourselves. The following is devoted to the well-worn story of the German student, with his extraordinary capacity for beer and his insensate taste for duels. We cannot well get through Europe without some account of these striking incidents of student-life, which our author very well describes.]

RECEIVING a letter from my cousin one bright December morning, the idea of visiting him struck me, and so, within

an hour, B—— and I were on our way to Heidelberg. It was delightful weather; the air was mild as the early days of spring, the pine-forests around were a softer green, and though the sun was but a hand's breadth high, even at noon, it was quite warm on the open road.

We stopped for the night at Bensheim; the next morning was as dark as a cloudy day in the north can be, wearing a heavy gloom I never saw elsewhere. The wind blew the snow down from the summits upon us, but, being warm from walking, we did not heed it. The mountains looked higher than in summer, and the old castles more grim and frowning. From the hard roads and freezing wind my feet became very sore, and after limping along in excruciating pain for a league or two, I filled my boots with brandy, which deadened the wounds so much that I was enabled to go on in a kind of trot, which I kept up, only stopping ten minutes to dinner, till we reached Heidelberg.

The same evening there was to be a general commers, or meeting of the societies among the students, and I determined not to omit one of the most interesting and characteristic features of student life. So, borrowing a cap and coat, I looked the student well enough to pass for one of them, though the former article was somewhat of the Philister form. Baader, a young poet of some note, and president of the "Palaten" society, having promised to take us there, we met at eight o'clock at an inn frequented by the students, and went to the rendezvous, near the Markt Platz.

A confused sound of voices came from the inn, as we drew near; groups of students were standing around the door. In the entry we saw the Red Fisherman, one of the most conspicuous characters about the University. He is a small, stout man, with bare neck and breast, red hair, whence his name, and a strange mixture of roughness and

benevolence in his countenance. He had saved many persons, at the risk of his own life, from drowning in the Neckar, and on that account is leniently dealt with by the faculty whenever he is arrested for assisting the students in any of their unlawful proceedings. Entering the room, I could scarcely see at first, on account of the smoke that ascended from a hundred pipes. All was noise and confusion. Near the door sat some half-dozen musicians, who were getting their instruments ready for action; and the long room was filled with tables, all of which seemed to be full, and the students were still pressing in. The tables were covered with great stone jugs and long beer-glasses; the students were talking and shouting and drinking.

One, who appeared to have the arrangement of the meeting, found seats for us together, and, having made a slight acquaintance with those sitting next us, we felt more at liberty to witness their proceedings. They were all talking in a sociable, friendly way, and I saw no one who appeared to be intoxicated. The beer was a weak mixture, which I should think would make one fall over from its *weight* before it would intoxicate him. Those sitting near me drank but little, and that principally to make or return compliments. One or two at the other end of the table were more boisterous, and more than one glass was overturned on the legs below it. Leaves containing the songs for the evening lay at each seat; and at the head, where the president sat, were two swords crossed, with which he occasionally struck upon the table to preserve order. Our president was a fine, romantic-looking young man, dressed in the old German costume, which is far handsomer than the modern. I never saw in any company of young men so many handsome, manly countenances. If their faces were any index of their characters, there were many noble, free souls among them.

Nearly opposite to me sat a young poet, whose dark eyes flashed with feeling as he spoke to those near him. After some time passed in talking and drinking together, varied by an occasional air from the musicians, the president beat order with the sword, and the whole company joined in one of their glorious songs, to a melody at the same time joyous and solemn. Swelled by so many manly voices, it rose up like a hymn of triumph; all other sounds were stilled. Three times during the singing all rose up, clashed their glasses together around the table, and drank to their Fatherland, a health and blessing to the patriot, and honor to those who struggle in the cause of freedom, at the close thundering out their motto,—

“Fearless in strife, to the banner still true!”

After this song the same order as before was continued, except that students from the different societies made short speeches accompanied by some toast or sentiment. One spoke of Germany, predicting that all her dissensions would be overcome, and she would rise up at last like a phoenix among the nations of Europe; and at the close gave “Strong, united, regenerated Germany!” Instantly all sprang to their feet, and, clashing the glasses together, gave a thundering “Hoch!” This enthusiasm for their country is one of the strongest characteristics of the German students; they have ever been first in the field for her freedom, and on them mainly depends her future redemption.

Cloths were passed around, the tables wiped off, and preparations made to sing the “*Landsfather*,” or consecration song. This is one of the most important and solemn of their ceremonies, since by performing it the new students are made *burschen*, and the bands of brotherhood continually kept fresh and sacred. All became still a moment; then they commenced the lofty song,—

“ Silent bending, each one lending
 To the solemn tones his ear,
Hark, the song of songs is sounding,
Back from joyful choir resounding;
 Hear it, German brothers, hear!

“ German, proudly raise it, loudly
 Singing of your fatherland.
Fatherland! thou land of story,
To the altars of thy glory
 Consecrate us, sword in hand!

“ Take the beaker, pleasure-seeker,
 With thy country’s drink brimmed o’er;
In thy left the sword is blinking;
Pierce it through the cap, while drinking
 To thy Fatherland once more!”

With the first line of the last stanza the presidents sitting at the head of the table take their glasses in their right hands, and at the third line the sword in their left, at the end striking their glasses together and drinking.

“ In left hand gleaming, thou art beaming,
 Sword from all dishonor free!
Thus I pierce the cap, while swearing,
It in honor ever wearing,
 I a valiant Bursch will be!”

They clash their swords together till the third line is sung, when each takes his cap, and piercing the point of the sword through the crown, draws it down to the guard. Leaving their caps on the swords, the presidents stand behind the two next students, who go through the same ceremony, receiving the swords at the appropriate time, and giving them back loaded with their caps also. This ceremony is going on at every table at the same time. These two stanzas are repeated for every pair of students till all have

gone through with it, and the presidents have arrived at the bottom of the table, with their swords strung full of caps.

[While the song goes on, the president restores the caps, one by one, a consecration verse being chanted as each student receives his cap. When all are restored, the ceremonies end with a concluding verse, in which the singers pledge themselves to the service of their Fatherland.]

The Landsfather being over, the students were less orderly; the smoking and drinking began again, and we left, as it was already eleven o'clock, glad to breathe the pure cold air.

In the University I heard Gervinus, who was formerly professor in Göttingen, but was obliged to leave on account of his liberal principles. He is much liked by the students and his lectures are very well attended. They had this winter a torchlight procession in honor of him. He is a stout, round-faced man, speaks very fast, and makes them laugh continually with his witty remarks. In the room I saw a son of Rückert, the poet, with a face strikingly like his father's. The next evening I went to hear Schlosser, the great historian. Among his pupils are the two princes of Baden, who are now at the University. He came hurriedly in, threw down his portfolio, and began instantly to speak. He is an old, gray-headed man, but still active and full of energy. The Germans find him exceedingly difficult to understand, as he is said to use the English construction almost entirely; for this reason perhaps I understand him quite easily. He lectures on the French Revolution, but is engaged in writing a Universal History, the first numbers of which are published.

Two or three days after, we heard that a duel was to take place at Neuenheim, on the opposite side of the

Neckar, where the students have a house hired for that purpose. In order to witness the spectacle, we started immediately with two or three students. Along the road were stationed old women, at intervals, as guards, to give notice of the approach of the police, and from these we learned that one duel had already been fought, and they were preparing for the other. The Red Fisherman was busy in an outer room grinding the swords, which are made as sharp as razors. In the large room some forty or fifty students are walking about, while the parties were preparing. This was done by taking off the coat and vest and binding a great thick leather garment on, which reached from the breast to the knees, completely protecting the body. They then put on a leather glove reaching nearly to the shoulder, tied a thick cravat around the throat, and drew on a cap with a large vizor. This done, they were walked about the room a short time, the seconds holding out their arms to strengthen them; their faces all this time betrayed considerable anxiety.

All being ready, the seconds took their stations immediately behind them, each armed with a sword, and gave the words, "*Ready—bind your weapons—loose!*" They instantly sprang at each other, exchanged two or three blows, when the seconds cried "Halt!" and struck their swords up. Twenty-four rounds of this kind ended the duel, without either being hurt, though the cap of one of them was cut through and his forehead grazed. All their duels do not end so fortunately, however, as the frightful scars on the faces of many of those present testified. It is a gratification to know that but a small portion of the students keep up this barbarous custom. The great body is opposed to it; in Heidelberg, four societies, comprising more than one-half the students, have been formed against it. A strong desire for such a reform seems to prevail, and

the custom will probably be totally discontinued in a short time.

This view of the student-life was very interesting to me; it appeared in a much better light than I had been accustomed to view it. Their peculiar customs, except duelling and drinking, of course, may be better tolerated when we consider their effect on the liberty of Germany. It is principally through them that a free spirit is kept alive; they have ever been foremost to rise up for their Fatherland and bravest in its defence. And though many of their customs have so often been held up to ridicule, among no other class can one find warmer, truer, or braver hearts.

THE STREETS OF BERLIN.

MATTHEW WOODS.

[Among the object-lessons which the cities of Europe have for Americans there is none more evident and impressive than the beauty and cleanliness of the streets of many of these municipalities, as compared with those of the land beyond the ocean. Dr. Woods, in his "Rambles of a Physician," draws a striking picture of the aspect of the principal street of Berlin, which we reproduce for the benefit of our readers.]

To-day I have been riding on tramways through wide, smooth, perfectly clean streets, lined on each side by magnificent houses, mostly with their fronts a complete network of graceful carvings. In building here the custom is to use rough stones, and when the house is erected, carve over it the development of some legend, the illustrations of some classic tale, or it may be, the story of the rise and progress of the builder, or the man for whom it is being

built; or, perhaps, simply a reproduction in stone of some Pompeian wall decoration, so that merely a stroll through the streets, or a ride on a car, exhibits sights that I imagine are seldom if ever seen outside of Germany. To write down all worthy of perpetual remembrance and praise, during a walk through its splendid ways, would require much time, and I will therefore only say that amid a profusion of ornamentation, you seldom see anything meaningless or incapable of pointing a moral or adorning a tale.

The street wherein I write, what words could record its splendors! From the happy moment I passed the Royal National Gallery, with its great front covered with the commanding pictures by Cornelius, with background of gold, and crossed the handsome bridge, *Schloss Brücke*, ornamented with colossal marble statues, full of action and life, that spans the lovely embanked Spree, until now, with a charming park and the Cathedral at my back, the University in front, on my left, in the middle of the street Rauch's wonderful statue of Frederick the Great, said to be the grandest monument in Europe, and by my side the plain palace of the Emperor, I have been amazed; words cannot describe the splendor of the place. The tops of the houses—cornices—are lined with marble figures larger than life; the pediments are alive with men, women, children, and horses, in high relief; and along the sidewalks are sitting and standing celebrities in stone, whose very pedestals contain enough to employ the admiration for weeks; and yet this is but the approach to the famous street that, beginning at the castle of the Kaiser, ends in the Brandenburg Gate,—I am merely within the Garden of Eden, with long vistas of prospective bliss extending interminably before.

I stand for a few moments in front of Rauch's stupendous statue of Fritz surrounded by his friends. I use the word "stupendous" not in reference to its size, although it



THRONE ROOM IN PALACE, BERLIN.

is enormous, but to its effect. It occupies a position in the middle of the street, in front of the plain two-story-and-a-half castle of Kaiser William, now in his ninetieth year, and well. Where is there another avenue in the world that would not be obstructed by this massive group? The Monuments—clustered around a granite pedestal twenty-five feet high, on which is placed an equestrian statue of Frederick the Great—are bronze groups, life size, of the leading generals and statesmen during the Seven Years' War, standing or mounted on horses as they lived, in animated discussion or thought, forming a glorious aureole around their chief. From where I stand I count nineteen people and four horses, all apparently endowed with immortal life; besides these, on this side (there are three others like it) are cannon, armor, trumpets, helmets, muskets, and trees, which, although of metal, to say of them that they look real would be short of the truth; they exceed reality, at least as we ordinary beings understand that most complimented word. I would venture to say that outside of Prussian Germany *models* for these magnificent figures could not be found, and that a sculptor producing such would have to create them himself; and yet these are the men of the streets of Frankfort, Weimar, and Berlin, as splendid-looking fellows as the sun ever shone upon,—the very street-sweepers even exhibiting a bearing and dignity commanding respect.

The subject is too prolific in suggestions; I cannot proceed. It is also too great for my limited time, especially as other attractions are luring me on. What a street! what shops! filled with wonders in metal and precious stones. What bronzes and jewels! Why do we never see such exquisite productions in our palatial stores? Lingers around shop-windows find a paradise in this promenade, but here is an "Arcade," the stone sides carved to

the lofty cornices, arches of glass stretching across the way from eave to eave, the street paved in mosaic, and here and there in recesses clusters of exotics and palms. What wares are exhibited in this virtuoso's Eden! I stand in front of the window, lost in thought, until tired with the contemplation of unspeakable things.

Seeing a shrubbery and seats, I sit down by a little table for repose, when in a moment, from some invisible source overhead, like the orchestra in *Wilhelm Meister*, there bursts forth the most bewitching music. I am in heaven. I hear the hosannas of the celestial hosts. The shops are where the redeemed work for love of men.

The people passing to and fro know nothing of accounts, nor the perplexities of trade. They have ceased from their troubles—are at home—at rest. I am brought to eat ambrosia and drink the nectar and hear the music of the gods, and yet I am but a novice in this celestial city, and wait for the loving hands that shall lead me to the friends gone before. . . .

I have made the tour of "*Unter den Linden*," and am sitting here just long enough to collect my wandering thoughts before moving on. I feel as if I had been the victim of one of De Quincey's dreams, and wait the awakening that will release me from its spell. As I recline here at my leisure, with a sandstone fountain making music at my feet, and grapevines and beeches embowering me about, I get a good view of the famous Brandenburg Gate and the statue of Victory, with her chariot and four, on the top. As I look on the magnificent group from where I am on the *Thiergarten* side, Victory has her back to me, her horses galloping with full speed towards the palace of the king. I had supposed, from pictures I had seen, that she was driving towards the park. I cannot have been mistaken. If so, why was such a ponderous mass turned around?

While endeavoring to explain to myself what seemed so strange, a young man took a seat by my side. Addressing him, "How is it? Isn't Victory reversed?" "*Ja wohl!*" he replies. How assuring the affix "*wohl*" in the hearty German expression of assent! It is the abracadabra that drives out fear, and fills up the great gulf between the stranger and yourself, enabling your sympathies to run over and interchange. Long live the noble people that always say, "Yes, well," and never, "Yes, ill."

"*Ja wohl!*" he replies. "Why?" "Well, you see,"—I knew by the expression lighting up his face that he was going to tell me of something that pleased,—“it was before the last struggle that Victory was driving her horses in the direction of Paris. The war came. The French were victors, and carried off our statue as a trophy to flatter their vanity and decorate their capital at the same time. Good, but in '70 it was our turn. The whipped became whippers. We beat the French and brought our Victory home, replanted her on her original site, with her back to Frank-reich, her face looking proudly towards the Fatherland, as if she were glad and happy to be at home.”

[Here we pass over pages of description of what was to be seen in the galleries and churches, to come again to the traveller's out-door impressions.]

In the first place, the climate, to my surprise, is perfect. I am sitting here at noon in August—smothering with us—in an atmosphere exhilarating and cool; men are passing with light overcoats, as if they were a trifle anxious to anticipate the September winds, and this is what the weather has been since leaving Erin, where it was, to my surprise, too dry and warm. Remember, that all I say about countries and people is only what *I* have felt and seen. Every evening I wear a light overcoat, and find it about right. In

the second place, there is no dust in Berlin, simply because the streets, which are better—all of them—than the concrete around the Philadelphia City Hall, are never allowed to get dirty; are *flooded with water and dried* every morning, and kept so. Nothing objectionable is permitted to remain on them for a moment. *Clean, uniformed men*—and handsome, gentlemanly-looking fellows they are, too—are constantly moving along with enclosed wheelbarrows, shovels, and brooms, removing whatever may offend; even their instruments for cleaning are designed artistically and free from soil. I can imagine the wheelbarrows attractive as flower receptacles at large gatherings, so graceful are they. You would tie bows on the shovels and hang them on the wall.

With these whatever is offensive on the streets is at once emptied into cast-iron receptacles, in themselves ornamental, arranged along the thoroughfares, and which are emptied before daybreak every day. The streets, as I said before, are many of them flooded with water daily, then dried with enormous squilgees (that's what they are called on shipboard),—that is, a band of rubber fitted into a socket of wood, something like what, with us, careful housewives use to dry windows, except that these are a yard wide, and one sweep of them over a wet street leaves a band its width as dry as a board and as clean as a dinner-plate. In order to do this, of course the streets have to be absolutely smooth,—as they are, not the slightest indentation being visible. Then neatly-painted and handsomely-designed water-carts traverse *every* street a number of times daily, ejecting showers of *misty* spray; a work of supererogation, you say, to prevent any particle of dust that may be left from getting into the air. It is actually true that a child with a cambric dress could roll in the middle of any crowded thoroughfare with as much security from soil as if occupying a chair in a summer boarding-house.

The cleanliness and order exceeds even that of England or Scotland, than which, until you come to Germany, you think nothing can exceed. If, for example, a gentleman in lighting a cigar throws a match on the street, it is picked up: a leaf from a tree, a bit of paper from a store, a blade of grass, all are at once removed, and by men, too, that are Germans; that is,—clean, respectful, reputable, and intelligent. Even in the business avenues, and around the wholesale stores, the pavements and streets are as clean as the white steps of the homes of Philadelphia. Most of the streets are as wide as our Broad Street, some wider; as, for example, Unter den Linden.

That you may see for yourself this noble highway of the capital, allow me to conduct you across. “When I speak of horses imagine that you see them.” Just suppose we are crossing together, and because of the many vehicles and people on horseback, I will take you by the hand, so. We have been admiring the trees and flowers in front of Prince Blücher’s palace, one of a series of palaces on each side of the street near the Brandenburg Gate; they stand back from the pavements, and have extensive flower-gardens in front, the only separation between these and the very wide pavement being a low hedge of delicate, almost thornless, magenta roses. You remember—or did I tell you?—with what genial pride the old gardener, yesterday, told us that this same was a perpetual bloomer,—summer and winter,—that it was a German creation,—the development of its efflorescent peculiarity having been begun away back; but that he himself it was, by crossing it with *Rosa centifolia*, that had added the apex to the temple of its perfection,—namely, duplication of petals, diminution of stamen, heliotropism,—turning its face towards the sun, by which acquired habit the winter bloom has become as profuse as that of summer.

Well, we have been looking over this two-foot-high blooming hedge-row, and have decided to cross to the gardens on the other side ; so now hold my hand and fear not, for life is sacred in the Fatherland, and we are under the protection of the police. You see that the gardens in front of the palaces used by the nobility and foreign ministers are about as wide as Broad Street, the pavement for the public forty feet more. We leave this and cross a strip as wide as an ordinary avenue, paved with square blocks,—this is exclusively for wagons, drays, and all vehicles of trade,—then a row of trees ; after this we cross a band about the same width, but as smooth and as hard as granite ; this is for pleasure-carriages only ; then another row of trees ; then a road the width of an ordinary street, which is neither concrete nor Belgian blocks, but a mixture of loam and sand, soft enough to be easy for horses' feet, and damp enough to keep it from being converted into clouds of dust ; this is used by equestrians only, and a beautiful sight the lady and gentleman riders present every afternoon on their way to the park. We cross this soft way, and are in a wide promenade, perhaps eighty feet broad, arched over with the branches of lofty oaks, chestnuts, butternuts, lindens, beeches, and the like,—originally lindens only, hence the name "Under the Lindens,"—with elegant seats arranged along its entire length, on one of which we will sit down and rest, for we are half-way across the avenue, or rather series of avenues, which up here is flanked with lofty palaces and gardens of delight. On one side you go to, on the other you come from, the park. The lower part of this multiple avenue, instead of palaces and gardens, has the most magnificent residences, shops, and hotels that I have ever seen. . . .

Germany seems one great family with no foreign help, where each member recognizes and respects the position

of the other, and are united in the training of their children and the development of their own minds; but not as though, like other people, they had to *resolve* to be good; this, as a matter of course; virtue appears to come to them by nature. Everything they do seems a pleasure rather than a task, as if they said that industry and thrift are essential to happiness, labor the prelude to enjoyment; besides, they are never in a hurry. They take an hour to drink a glass of beer, and talk of heaven, earth, and the waters under the earth while sipping it. The gesticulating German, outside of books, I have not yet seen; what they do they do well; they enjoy doing it, and they do it that it may be a joy to others, and it always is. This feeling enters into every service, from the making of a pin to the concocting of a new system of theology, or a free-and-easy way of getting to heaven; and then the universality of culture that prevails, thanks to the standing army and the omnipresent public schools,—they have private schools too, to be sure, but then these snob and denominational affairs, unlike with us, just as the public schools, are under strict *governmental inspection*, and their managers are not permitted to teach what they please, unless what they please is for the good of the pupils, the country, and the people at large. It is because of this national surveillance that the private schools of Germany are said to be as good as those under the direct control of the government.

Familiarizing the pupil with music and the natural sciences is an important part of German education, especially the study of *animal organisms*, "birds, beasts, and reptiles," as we used to say of Goldsmith's "Animated Nature." As an illustration at hand, since sitting here in front of a garden near the Kaiser's palace, putting upon record the above traits, a workman watering a lawn noticed me looking up for a moment, just as he had enveloped the top of

a lofty spruce with spray. Of course, as the sun was shining, and each particle of water becoming a prism, the disintegration of the white rays of light resulted in a rainbow, curved partially around the trees. I look at it, racking my memory at the same time for the word I need; he sees I observe it and am pleased; he nods, and says, "*Shön*" (beautiful); I reply, "Very." In a few moments, dragging the hose towards me, throwing the water over a weeping birch, and making another rainbow, he points towards it. "Our Herr Professor Helmholtz," pointing towards the University, "says there are but three prismatic colors, and yet I can now see seven, can't you?—red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet; and I suppose a Frenchman could see seventy, for it is said that they can see colors where other people only see shades." He continues to water the grass, and I, having found my missing link, to write.

[Dr. Woods next describes what is to be seen within the German beer-gardens,—the music, the decorum, the absence of intoxication, the intelligence manifested in conversation. Then to out-door life again.]

Other traits. Houses have curtains on the outside of windows as well as on the inside, and windows are nearly always double, with a space of about four inches between. They open outward and inward, instead of up and down; when closed, all noise is shut out. Indeed, there is no noise on even the busiest streets, which are so smooth that no sounds are heard but those of horses' feet; no screaming of papers or wares of any sort is permitted, and no chimes! Then, again, people in the most ordinary circumstances have fine lace curtains and beautifully woven fabrics hanging around in graceful festoons, portières, statuary, pictures, flowers, birds, and books; often the most beautiful things in the way of prints are pinned

frameless on the walls ; there are beautiful marquetry floors, but no carpets.

Again, the orchards throughout the country are without protecting walls, just as farms are. At each corner a stone marks the division, and when ploughing, a couple of reversed furrows from stone to stone serves both as a division and promenade, and crops are not only grown to this line of demarcation, but grow over it, so that at a distance there is no division at all. I have seen branches bent to the ground with ripe fruit, and children walking under them to *buy* from an old woman or man across the way, never apparently even thinking of molesting what is not theirs. This is one of the things that fill you with wonder. In Weimar, between the Goethe House and the principal school, a long branch *loaded with red apples* hung over the way, almost touching my head, and yet it was under this that hundreds of children passed daily to and from school.

A pleasant custom in Berlin, as in London, is window-gardening.—windows constructed so on purpose, the glass projecting a couple of feet beyond the side of the house, forming attractive ferneries, wherein are contained various sorts of cryptogami, as well as flowers in bloom, needing but little attention, as the moisture evaporating from the soil, etc., having no way of escaping, is taken up by the leaves. Also at the entrance to houses I have noticed beautiful dwarf apple-trees, with glossy leaves, and bearing an abundance of diminutive fruit. On one of these little trees, yesterday, I counted fifty-three ripe apples. These on the pavement day and night, and just the height of a boy's hand in passing, notwithstanding what I had observed about fenceless orchards, made me suspect them apples of Sodom, or they certainly would have been plucked. To satisfy curiosity, I called on a florist having

some for sale, and found that they tasted as good as they looked. I have concluded, therefore, that if Adam and Eve had been Germans there would have been no Fall; and I know no race doing more towards having Eden restored than these same people.

A RAMBLE IN PRUSSIA.

STEPHEN POWERS.

[Country life in Prussia is well delineated in the following description of a journey on foot from Wittenberg to Potsdam. It is not an alluring picture, and brings us into the presence of a stolid generation such as would scarcely be looked for in the rural districts of that active realm.]

ONCE out of Wittenberg, I journeyed on along the ancient royal highway, between the ever-welcome colonnades of stately poplars, planted that the royal head might never be scorched by the too ardent sun of summer. The sun shone as brightly as it ever does in blue old Germany, but what a weary, weary land to my eyes, on the pitiless cold May-day, was that sandy champaign, almost utterly naked in its hopeless sterility, and diversified only now and then by a bald-headed knoll, swelling broadly up with a thousand acres! So indescribably blue and cold and pinched was it, without any vegetation but a forest of cultivated pines, which, after a quarter of a century, had struggled up with their wretched, scraggy stems only fifteen feet! The very soil looked blue and thin and skinny, and the rye looked blue, and so meagre and chilled that it could not conceal the ground or the knees of the men who plucked up the weeds.

All the dismal immensity of this fenceless, hedgeless, houseless waste, except an acre of rye in a thousand, was given up to the sorrel, the lichens, and the quitches. The very air seemed poor and attenuated like thin skimmed milk. All the houses were clustered together in little villages far apart, where they huddled close, as if for warmth; the dead, dull peat-fires gave forth no cheerful wreathing smoke; and in all the desolate waste there was scarcely a soul abroad. The faces of the yellow-haired children, who were occasionally watching some geese, were mottled with blue and purple and goose-pimples, and if a man ventured abroad to pluck up weeds in the stunted rye, which seemed to shiver with a kind of rustling, starved chilliness, his hands were bluer than the air. So utterly worn out, so bluish-wan and starved with the lapse of untold centuries, seemed all the earth and the air of that Germany which I looked out upon on that dismal May forenoon.

Lamartine says the blood of the Germans is blue, but that of these Brandenburgers must certainly be sour.

It will readily be believed that I did not undertake a pilgrimage through this inexpressibly bleak region in pursuit of fine landscapes. I wished only to visit, by their own firesides and in their own fields, that sturdy, grim, Puritanic race of Brandenburgers, to whom Prussia is primarily indebted for all her greatness.

It was weary hours after the middle of the day before the spires of Wittenberg disappeared below a sand-hill. The afternoon was far spent, and I began to cast longing glances ahead in search of an eligible tavern, for I thoroughly agree with Dr. Johnson that "there is nothing which has yet been contrived by man by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern."

I had come up with a thumping lout of a young peasant, who strode along with his "clouted shoon," measuring

about a yard and a quarter at a stride, whose voice blubbered and gurgled up out of his stomach in such a manner that the fierce wind whisked it away, and left me nothing but an occasional horse-laugh (whereupon I would also laugh, though I had not the remotest notion of the matters whereof he was discoursing); and by his advice I passed several inns, though I found afterwards, to my sorrow, he was looking only for the cheapest. At last we came to one which was meaner than all the others, but I was too weary to go a step farther. It bore the pretentious name of the inn of the Green Linden. It was a mere hovel, built of cobbles and mud-stuccoed, tawny-yellow within, greenish-yellowish without, with an earthen floor and benches around the walls. Above the door were twined some sprigs of Whitsuntide birch, which I had seen during the day on the peasants' hats, wagons, and everywhere.

Around a pine table were eight or ten men and hobledehoys, each with a *Schoppen* of terribly stiff beer before him, and most of them smoking the long goose-necked porcelain pipe, while four of them were intent on cards. The men were hard, gristly-faced, sour-blooded fellows, who only muttered now and then a monosyllable, which I could seldom understand; while the youths looked on with the most vacuous, loamy countenances imaginable. So intent were they on the miserable game that they gave no heed to our arrival, and when I endeavored to ascertain who was the landlord, I received only a blank stare or a gesture of impatience. I sat down and waited, and I confess for a few minutes my enthusiasm for the Prussian people fell absolutely to the freezing-point.

After about half an hour the landlord seemed to be disturbed in his mind by a suspicion that I was a foreigner, drew near and ascertained that fact, whereupon he brought me some vile black coffee and some good wheaten *Semmel*,

and then returned to his occupation. The players continued at their game far into the night, and though the stakes were of the most trifling nature, often only a half-penny, they displayed a fierce and obstinate eagerness which was surprising. They would rise up on their feet, lean far across the table and smite it with appalling violence. When they at last desisted, and were preparing to disperse, they collected about me, and, finding I was an American, listened to me awhile with a kind of drowsy, immovable passiveness, while the smoke lazily swirled above their heads. Unlike the lively Swabians and the joyous drinkers of the sunny wine of Freiburg, they scarcely asked any questions or expressed any interest beyond grunting their assent or wonder.

At last the host and myself were left alone, and then he proceeded to prepare the only couch he could offer by shaking down on the floor a bundle of rye straw. He tucked me all up, as if I were one of his young *Buben*, shook the hand which I reached out from the straw, and left me with a cheerful *Schlafen Sie wohl*. In the adjoining room a lusty fellow stretched himself on a bench, pillowed his head on a portentous loaf of rye bread, not having even inserted that useful article of diet into a pillow-case, and there he snored—*stertitque supinus*—the livelong night in a tone so audible that I was greatly tempted to rise and introduce a wisp of rye straw judiciously into his windpipe.

When I sat up on my couch next morning, pulling the straw out of my hair, I said to myself, like Richard, "Oh, I have passed a miserable night!" I had not had any "fearful dreams," nor, for that matter, any sleep, that I was aware of; neither had I any "ugly sights," because it was too dark to see them, but I felt them. They appeared to be greatly rejoiced to be permitted, once in their lives, to extract blood out of a man's veins instead of beer.

The next day I passed through spectacles of the most wonderfully minute and unceasing toil. In an artificial pine-forest, where the trees were become too large to be ploughed, there were men on their knees plucking the weeds between the rows; others in long sheep-skin cloaks were weeding fields of flax; a woman was culling in a royal forest the merest sprigs and leaf-stems for fuel; others along the roadside snipped off the close, short fleece of grass, and carried it in mighty bundles on their backs for the stalled cattle. Here a stalwart yeoman lazily leans his chin on his crook, guarding three sheep as they nimbly nibble! Peasant-women, going to the village to hawk their little produce, shuffled along with their wooden shoes, making a prodigious dust, chatting cheerfully with their stolid lords, though they were bowed down nearly to the earth beneath the intolerable weight of vegetables. And the infamous brutal tyrants trudged along beside the poor women, never even offering to touch the burdens with so much as one of their fingers!

I think the Prussians will certainly never "witch the world with noble horsemanship." The horses are splendid creatures for farm-animals, strong and glossy and round, superb as the finest Clydesdales; but the owners seem to have no confidence upon their backs, and little skill in guiding them in vehicles. The Prussians are by no means a chivalric race, in the etymologic sense. In all my travels in Prussia I have yet to see a civilian on horseback outside of a city, and even there it is usually only officers who prance through the streets. The immense superiority of the Hungarian cavalry over the Prussian was abundantly demonstrated in the Bohemian campaign until the magnificent infantry battalions turned the scale; and the dreaded "three Uhlands" of Edmond About were far oftener Poles than Prussians.

It is said that the potentates of Germany, when paying a visit of ceremony to a foreign sovereign, always take with them a favorite charger or two to whose paces they are accustomed, that there may be no blunders or embarrassments in the reviews through their unskilful horsemanship. These poor peasants evince little more confidence in their skill than do their sovereigns, and the outrageously unprofessional and awkward manner in which they handle the noble brutes would enrage a lover of handsome horses beyond endurance. To save toll at the gates, they not unfrequently hitch one horse to a two-horse wagon, so that the pole bruises and thumps his legs in a shameful manner. And then to hitch the head of one gallant horse to the tail of another!

In the village of Beelitz I had an amusing adventure, resulting from my ignorance of the customs of the country, which illustrates a certain phase of Prussian society. Upon entering the village, I began to cast about me for some eligible tavern wherein I might take my customary mid-day repast. The first one I approached was the inn of the Black Horse, but there were rather too many yellow-haired, unwashed children and dingy geese about it; besides, the sign hung down from one corner. The only other inn was the White Eagle, which was scarcely any better, but it was Hobson's choice. It was an extremely small and unpretentious edifice, though with walls nearly a man's stature in thickness, and I could overhear the appetizing clink of knives on plates just inside the door; so, in doubt whether it was really a public tavern or not, I rapped. Only the clink of the dinner-knives responded. The operation was repeated with a certain amount of vigor. There was a kind of oburgatory remark made within, and in a moment the door was opened about two feet, and an immense brawny arm, bared to the elbow, was extended

around the edge of the door. In the fingers there was clutched a bunch of some substance which appeared to solicit my closer inspection. A single glance revealed to me the interesting fact that it was bread: it was undoubtedly bread.

This was an unexpectedly prompt response to my desires, and presented an opportunity for the acquisition of a limited amount of provisions cheap, but one of which my conscience would not permit me to avail myself. However, I scrutinized the bread with quite a lively interest. It was manifestly good bread, but was now somewhat dry: indeed, I may say it was altogether devoid of moisture. Presently the hand holding this article of diet executed a sudden movement of impatience, or as it were of beckoning or blandishment, as if I were expected to take this bread and masticate the same. But as I still hesitated, the hand was suddenly withdrawn into the tavern, there was a very audible remark made inside, and then the brawny hostess owning the hand presented herself at the door, and immediately appeared to have made an astounding discovery. Blushes and embarrassment! Stammerings! Mutual explanations! Ample and shamefaced apologies! A substantial dinner of boiled beef and cabbage! *Moral*: In a country where beggars are numerous never knock at the tavern door.

THE SALT-MINES OF WIELICZKA.*

J. ROSS BROWNE.

[J. Ross Browne, author of "Yusef," "Crusoe's Island," "The Land of Thor," etc., is well known for the humorous vein of many of his productions. Such is the case with "An American Family in Germany," from which we make the following selection. It is at once humorous and instructive. The extract given, however, is simply descriptive, having too much of interest in itself to need any adventitious aid. The mine described may serve in a measure as an artificial counterpart to our natural Mammoth Cave. Descent into the mine was made by means of a long rope with canvas straps for seats. There is a stairway cut in solid rock-salt, but it is wet and slippery, and the rope is usually chosen in preference.]

IN a few minutes we touched bottom, or rather, by something like instinct, the machine stopped just as we reached the base of the shaft, and allowed us to glide off gently on the firm earth. We are now at the first stage of our journey, having descended something over two hundred feet. The ramifications of the various tunnels are so intricate and extensive that they may be said to resemble more the streets of a large city than a series of excavations made in the bowels of the earth. These subterranean passages are named after various kings and emperors, and diverge in every direction, opening at intervals into spacious caverns and apartments, and undermining the country for a distance of several miles. Some of them pass entirely under the town of Wieliczka. In general they are supported by massive beams of wood, and where the overhanging masses of salt require a still stronger support they are sustained

* From "An American Family in Germany." Copyright, Harper & Brothers.

by immense columns of the original stratum. In former times almost all the passages were upheld by pillars of salt, but wherever it has been practicable these have been removed and beams of timber substituted. The first stratum consists of an amalgam of salt and dark-colored clay. Deeper down come alternato strata of marl, pebbles, sand, and blocks of crystal salt. The inferior or green salt is nearest to the surface; the crystal, called *schilika*, lies in the deeper parts.

From the subordinate officer sent by the Inspector-General to accompany us I learned many interesting particulars in reference to the manner of procuring the salt. He also told some amusing legends of the prominent places, and furnished me with some statistics, which, if true, are certainly wonderful. For instance, to traverse the various passages and chambers embraced within the four distinct stories of which the mines consist, and see every object of interest, would require three weeks. The aggregate length of the whole is four hundred English miles; the greatest depth yet reached is two thousand three hundred feet. The number of workmen employed in the various operations underground, exclusive of those above, is upward of a thousand. The amount of salt annually dug out is two hundred millions of pounds, which, at the average market value, would be worth ten millions of gulden. Immense as this yield is, it is inconsiderable, taking into view the unlimited capacity of the mines. With proper machinery and a judicious investment of labor the quantity of salt that might be excavated is almost beyond conjecture.

It is natural to suppose that the air in these vast subterranean passages must be impure, and consequently deleterious to health. Such, however, does not appear to be the case. It is both dry and pure, and, so far as I could judge by breathing it, not in the least oppressive. The miners

are said to be remarkable for longevity. Several of them, according to the guide, have worked in the mines for forty years, and have never been sick a day. The equanimity of the temperature is probably conducive to health. Only a few degrees of variation are shown by the thermometer between summer and winter. It is true that in some of the deepest recesses, which are not sufficiently ventilated, hydrogen gas occasionally collects. In one instance it caught fire, and cost the loss of many lives, but precautions have since been taken to prevent similar accidents.

I was greatly impressed by the profound silence of these vast caverns. When we stood still the utter absence of sound was appalling. The falling of a pin would have been a relief. Not even the faintest vibration in the air was perceptible. No desert could be more silent, no solitude more awful. I stood apart from the guides and lamp-bearers in a separate vault, at the distance of a few hundred feet, in order that I might fully appreciate this profound inertion, and it really seemed as if the world were no more.

From some of these tunnels we emerged into open caverns, where a few workmen were employed at their dreary labors. I was surprised that there were not more to be seen, but was informed that they are scattered in small parties through miles of earth, so that the number is not apparent to the casual visitor. As we approached the places where they are at work the dull clicking of the picks and hammers produced a singular effect through the vast solitudes, as if the gnomes, supposed to inhabit gloomy pits, were busily engaged at their diabolical arts.

We came suddenly upon one group of workmen, under a shelving ledge, who were occupied in detaching masses of crystallized salt from a cleft in which they worked. They were naked to the middle, having nothing on but coarse

trousers and boots, and wrought with their crowbars and picks by the light of a few grease-lamps held by grimy little boys, with shaggy heads,—members, no doubt, of the same subterranean family.

Some of the men were lying on their backs, punching away with tremendous toil at the ragged masses of salt overhead, their heads, faces, and bodies glittering with the showers of salt grit that fell upon them, while others stood up to their armpits in dark holes delving into the lower crevices. Seeing our lights, they stopped to gaze at us. Was it possible they were human beings, these bearded, shaggy, grimy-looking monsters? Surely, if so, they well represented the infernal character of the place. Never upon earth (the surface of it I mean) had I seen such a monstrous group,—shocks of hair all powdered with salt, glaring eyeballs overhung by white lashes flashing in the fitful blaze of lamps, brawny forms glittering with crystal powder, and marked by dark currents of sweat. No wonder I stared at them with something akin to distrust. They might be monsters in reality, and take a sudden notion to hurl me into one of their infernal pits by way of pastime, in which case the only consolation would be, that where there was such an abundance of salt there would be no difficulty about the preservation of my remains.

After all, there was something sad in the condition of these poor wretches, shut out from the glorious light of day, immured in deep dark pits, hundreds of feet underground, rooting, as it were, for life in the bowels of the earth. Surely the salt with which other men flavor their food is gathered with infinite toil, and mingled with bitter sweat!

Yet, strange as it may seem, I was informed by the guide that these workmen are so accustomed to this kind of life that they prefer it to any other. By the rules of

the Directory they are divided into gangs, as on board a ship. The working gang is not permitted to remain under ground more than eight hours; it is then relieved. The current belief that some of them live in the mines is not sustained by the facts. In former times it is quite probable that such was the case. At present the administration of affairs is more humane than it was in an earlier period in the history of the mines. The operatives are free to quit whenever they please, as in any private establishment. Plenty of others are always ready to take their places. The pay is good, averaging from thirty kreutzers to a florin a day. Whenever it is practicable the work is done by the piece. Each man receives so much for a specified result. Good workmen can make two or three hundred florins a year. The salt is gotten out in various forms, according to the depth of the stratum. Where it is mixed with an amalgam of hard earth it is cut into cylindrical blocks, and exported in that form to Russia. The finer qualities are crushed, and packed in barrels for exportation to various parts of Prussia and Austria. . . .

After a long and interesting journey through various subterranean streets and caverns, we emerged into the chamber of Michelawie, which is of such vast proportions that it is difficult for the eye to penetrate its mysterious gloom. A magnificent chandelier, cut out of the crystal salt, hangs from the ceiling. On grand occasions this is brilliantly lighted, and rich strains of music reverberate through the chamber. Nothing can equal the stupendous effects of a full band of brass instruments performing in this vast cavern. The sounds are flung back from wall to wall, and float upward, whirling from ledge to ledge, till the ear loses them in the distance; then down they fall again with a volume and fulness almost supernatural. It is impossible to determine from what quarter they

emanate, whether from above or below, so rich, varied, and confusing is the reverberation. Our guide, in a fine mellow voice, sang us a mining song, to test the effects, and I must say I never heard such music before. Indeed, so inspiring was it that I could not refrain from a snatch of my own favorite melody,—

“Oh, California! you're the land for me!”

And when I heard it repeated by a thousand mysterious spirits of the air, and hurled back at me from each crystalized point of the cavern, the effect was so fine that I was struck perfectly dumb with astonishment. Lablache never made such music in his life, and no other singer of my acquaintance would be worthy of attempting it.

Soon after leaving the chamber of Michelawic we passed over a series of wooden foot-ways and corridors, extending a distance of fifteen hundred feet, through a great variety of apartments and rugged passages, named after the royal families of Poland and Austria. There were courts, and imperial rooms, and obelisks; chapels, shrines, saints, and martyrs; long rows of niches, containing statues of the old kings of Poland, all cut out of the solid salt. The design and execution of some of these were admirable, and the effect was gratifying, as well from the artistic skill displayed as the peculiarity of the material.

Descending to a second stage by means of a rough wooden stairway, which winds around the walls of an immense cavern of irregular shape, we wandered through a series of tunnels, opening occasionally into chambers of prodigious height and dimensions, till our guides announced that we were approaching the Infernal Lake. The lamp-bearers in front held up their lamps, and, peering through the fitful gloom, I could discern, some distance in advance, a sheet of water, the surface of which glistened with a

supernatural light. Arriving at the edge of this mysterious lake, which might well pass for the river Styx, a boat approached from the opposite shore, drawn by means of a rope. Numerous dark-looking imps were at work dragging it through the water. The sides rippled in the sluggish pool, and a hollow reverberation sounded from the dark walls of the cavern.

A gate-way was thrown open, and we descended some steps and entered the boat. It was a square, flat-bottomed craft, decorated with fancy colors, containing seats on each side, and capable of accommodating a large party. We took our places, and at a signal from the guide the boat moved slowly and silently over the dark depths, which seemed almost of inky blackness in the gloom.

As we thus floated on the infernal pool the solitude was awful. I could not but shudder at the thought that we were nearly five hundred feet beneath the surface of the earth. The dismal black walls, roughly hewn from the solid stratum of salt and marl; the tremendous heights overhead, and the apparent great depth underneath; the fitful glare of the torches, the rough, grimy faces of the attendants, and their wild costumes, gave a peculiarly infernal aspect to the scene. It was weird and sombre beyond conception.

We stopped a while in the middle of the lake to notice the strange effect of the plashing of the waters, when disturbed by a rocking motion of the boat, against the massive walls on either side. The reverberation was fearfully deep, rolling and swelling from point to point, till lost in the labyrinth of shafts and crevices far in the distance. Around and above us were innumerable ruffed points jutting out from the solid stratum, and archways reaching across deep fissures, and beams of timber braced against overhanging masses of rock. The sombre hue of the toppling

canopy and rugged walls was relieved only by the points of crystal salt upon which the lights glistened; mysterious shadows flitted in the air; and pale, greenish scintillations shot out of the gloom. It was, in truth, a subterranean universe of darkness, made visible by torches of grease and stars of salt, with an infernal sea in its midst, and inhabited by a very doubtful set of people, half earthly and wholly Satanic in appearance.

Continuing our voyage, after some minutes we approached a point beyond which all was an unfathomable wilderness of jagged walls and yawning caverns. Suddenly a blaze of blue fire burst from the gloom, throwing a ghastly hue over the crystal pinnacles, then faded slowly away. The guides now covered their lights, and we were left in utter darkness. Groans and cries were heard in the air, and plashing sounds echoed from the shores of the infernal lake. As these ceased a terrific report broke upon the stillness, and out of the gloom arose a blaze of red fire, gradually assuming shape till it stood before us in the form of a magnificent triumphal arch, bearing upon its front the illuminated motto,—

Glück-Auf!

signifying, "Good luck to you!" or, literally, "Luck upon it!" the famous greeting of the miners. Under this triumphal arch we passed slowly into an immense chamber, of such vast proportions and rugged outline that the eye failed to penetrate its profound depths. Then from various corridors, high among the conglomerate crags, descended mysterious voices, crying, one after another, "Glück-auf! Glück-auf! Glück-auf!" till the reverberation united them all in a grand chorus, so deep, so rich, varied, and powerful that mortal ears could encompass no more. Was it real? Could these be human voices and earthly sounds, or were they the distempered fantasy of a dream?

At a signal from our guide the chorus ceased, and shooting fires broke out from the toppling heights, and the whole grand chamber, in all its majesty, was illuminated with showers of colored stars. The inverted arches of fire in the water—the reflected images of rocks, corridors and precipices—the sudden contrasts of light and gloom—the scintillations of the crystal salt points—formed a scene of miraculous and indescribable grandeur. Unable to control my enthusiasm, I shouted at the top of my voice, “Glück-auf! Glück-auf!” The cry was caught up by the guides and torch-bearers; it arose and was echoed from rock to rock by the chorus singers, till, like the live thunder, it leaped

“the rattling crags among.” . . .

After visiting many chapels and shrines cut out of the solid salt, we emerged into the Chamber of Letow, the magnificent saloon of Entertainment, where, on grand occasions, such as the visit of the Emperor or any member of the imperial family, the whole of this vast chamber is brilliantly illuminated. Six splendid chandeliers, carved from the crystal salt, hang from the ceiling. An alcove at the upper end, approached from a series of steps, contains a throne of green and ruby-colored salt upon which the Emperor sits. Transparent pictures and devices are arranged in the background to give additional splendor to the imperial boudoir, and the crystallizations with which the walls glitter reflect the many colored lights with a dazzling effect. The door-ways, statues, and columns are decorated with flowers and evergreens; the floors are sprinkled with salts of various hues; the galleries are festooned with flags; and the whole chamber is aglow with transparencies and brilliant lights. . . .

Although the mass of the stratum of which this grand chamber is composed is of a darkish color, yet the very

darkness of the ground-work serves all the better to show by contrast the glittering points of salt. The effect is inconceivably rich. The arched roof; the high rugged walls, hewn out of the solid rock; the marks of the pick and chisel visible in furrows all over, all sparkling with saline gems, give the whole cavern the appearance of being studded with diamonds. It reminds one of the grottoes under the sea described by Gulnare in the *Arabian Nights*. When it is considered, too, that all this splendor and these festivities—the illuminated galleries and alcoves, the chandeliers and decorations, the vast concourse of guests, the music, the dancing, the wild and fanciful costumes—are five hundred feet below the surface of the earth, it is no exaggeration to say that the spectacle is unparalleled. Nothing to equal it in a similar way can be seen in any other part of the world. We next descended by a series of stairways to the third story. This differs but little from those already described, except that the deeper one goes the wilder and more rugged become the ramifications of the mines. At one point in our journey we entered a spacious chamber some eighty or one hundred feet high. Here the guide paused, and in an impressive manner struck his stick against the floor. When the reverberation had ceased he announced the important circumstance that we now stood directly under the Infernal Lake! “Ya! Mein Herr,” said he, “that wonderful lake, over which we sailed in a boat not half an hour ago, is over our heads, and if it should break through it would drown every one of us!” “Rather an unpleasant pickle,” I thought, but could not translate the pun into German, and so let it pass.

It appears that the waters of this lake found a vent at one time, and deluged a large portion of the mines, and those of the panic-stricken operatives who were distant from the main shafts communicating with the surface of

the earth were suffocated while attempting to escape. Others, in their fright, fled at random, and, falling into deep pits, were dashed to atoms. In 1644 another destructive fire took place. All the wood-work was seized by the devouring flames, men and horses were roasted to death, and many of the workmen who escaped subsequently died of their injuries. This was one of the most fearful conflagrations on record. It lasted an entire year. The chambers and tunnels, deprived of their support, fell together in many places, causing immense destruction to the works. Even a considerable portion of the town of Wieliczka sank into the earth, and was engulfed in the general ruin.

THE JUMPING PROCESSION AT ECHTERNACH.

M. OGLE.

[The modern enlightenment of Europe is a class enlightenment only. The mass of many populations still dwell in the shadow of mediæval superstition. As one example of this we append the following description of a curious religious mania, a relic from the centuries of mediævalism. The party of travellers with whom we have to deal had seen all there was to see in Trier (Treves), and the suggestion was made to go see the jumping procession at Echternach, which would come off on Whit-Tuesday. An expedition thither was accordingly organized.]

OUR party was to consist of three carriage loads, and our escort were all to be *en civile*, and this last determination, I may remark, was, to a Prussian officer, a very weighty one. A Prussian officer, be it known, is always in uniform; the government do not hide away the army that fights their battles, protects their soil, and upholds their honor, for fear of wounding the susceptibilities and

irritating the nerves of the working classes; the country is proud of its army, and the army is proud of its uniform, and, as a rule, a Prussian officer always wears it. On this occasion, however, the uniform was to be doffed, and the extent and style of our friends' respective possessions *en civile*, and their appearance under the metamorphosis, became a very important item in the general arrangements. Some gloried in the perfection of their projected "get up;" one or two had never possessed a suit of plain clothes since they entered the army; one had everything but a hat; another, having come from Dusseldorf on leave, was incapable of the transformation; still, with this one exception, all were looking forward to appearing, for one day, as civilians.

At a quarter to five on Whit-Tuesday we started in our carriage to seek a "topper" for our host and relative, Herr V. Hartstein Hochstein, four of his brother officers having generously promised him the required article. Our first venture was an unlucky one; the borrowed hat would not remain on Hartstein's head, and though we made every possible effort to stretch it with feet and knees, our efforts were unavailing, and we had to try again. The second friend acknowledged that he had recklessly promised what he was incapable of performing; a third passed out a hat of indifferent color, and which, on trial, at once extinguished our friend as far as his coat collar. In fear and dread, and with incessant reference to our watches, we drove to our fourth and last hope. Here a hat, carefully wrapped in a number of the *Cölnische Zeitung*, was handed to us, and with a little manœuvring we settled that it might do. Having "requisitioned" two colored bandanas from a friend who was getting himself up for the expedition with the most elaborate care, Hartstein put his head into our hands, and by dint of wrapping, and twisting,

and folding, the hat was firmly settled in its place, without other inconvenience than the corner of a red pocket-handkerchief occasionally falling over his nose, and another corner permanently hanging over his left ear.

But these were comparative trifles; we reached the fine old Moselle Bridge, not much behind time, found our friends awaiting us, and started. This bridge, one of the many Roman monuments with which this strange old city abounds, was built in the reign of Augustus; only a portion of the massive foundation, and a few of the grand original pillars formed of enormous blocks of basalt, and fastened together by huge iron clamps, now remain. In all probability the bridge would still be standing in its integrity had it not been for "the most civilized nation of modern Europe," who did their best, under their great king Louis XIV., to destroy this magnificent memorial of old world times. The ruined arches were restored and the bridge partially rebuilt by one of the Prince Electors in 1717, and in spite of its restoration, it is even now worthy of the venerable city to which it belongs.

Crossing the bridge, we turned to the right, and passing the village of Pallien, soon reached the foot of a spur of the Eifel range, a mountainous tract in the Province of Lower Rhine, extending from Coblenz, through Trier and Metz, into France. On these Eifel mountains are many extinct volcanoes; the soil is only suited for the pine-forests which cover their sides; and the dirty, rough, and poverty-stricken look of the villagers among the scattered and desolate hamlets mark them unmistakably as charcoal-burners.

After literally winding our way through this wild scenery for more than an hour, we suddenly came upon the lovely valley of the Sauer; so lovely that it is said to have attracted Willibrod by its beauty to found his Benedictine

monastery on the river's banks ; beautiful indeed it is, with its wooded hills and cultivated slopes ; and beautiful it must have been so to have enthralled a worn and weary monk and missionary in the eighth century.

But before entering the valley I must relate a slight incident that occurred, as it especially characterizes a social phase in Prussia. We were anxiously toiling up a steep incline in single file, not even daring to rest our horses, for fear they should not be able to hold up the carriages, when a sudden turn showed us a small public-house at the top of the hill, in front of which sat a young *Fähnrich* (ensign). Two large carts laden with forage stood directly across the road, occupying its entire width, and two troopers, looking remarkably the worse for dirt, with pipes in their mouths, hands in their pockets, and outstretched legs in the form of a reversed V, quietly contemplated our struggling and perilous ascent. "In God's name," shouted the driver of the first carriage, "make room for us up there ; we cannot halt, and if we cannot get on the level we shall roll backward, and all be killed." No answer and no movement ; we were becoming desperate. One of the officers *en civile*, forgetting his present insignificance, put out his head and shouted, "Move your carts, pigs, or I'll know the reason why ; would you see us all roll back to perdition ?" "Roll away, holiday burghers, roll away," contemptuously drawled out one of the chivalrous troopers, "the royal forage is not going to move for you."

Our situation was truly frightful ; at that moment our Dusseldorf friend, in his green uniform and sword, leaped out of the carriage, dashed up the hills, applied the flat of his sword with unsparing vigor to the backs of the astounded troopers, used a goodly amount of strong language to the abashed ensign, and before we had time to begin our backward descent the "royal" forage-carts were

placed close up against "the Public" in single file, and we were safely struggling to the top of the hill. It is just possible, only just possible, that had I been one of a party of "holiday burghers," I might not have been alive in this year of grace to tell this tale.

And now we near the stone bridge which brings us over the Sauer from Prussia into Luxembourg; we are in plenty of time, but already feel the atmosphere of the procession. The country round is all excitement; groups of men and women in their holiday dresses are eagerly talking; some are kneeling and devoutly praying by the way-side, others are counting their beads and muttering their paternosters with careless tongues and wandering eyes; the instant our carriages cross the bridge we are thronged. "Oh! for the love of God," says a girl, "give me a franc, or a ten-groschen piece, I don't care which, and I'll jump for all the sins you have committed since last Monday was a week." "My lord," says a man to one of our party, "five francs, and I'll jump to the very cross for you without a halt, and cut you off all this year's sins." "Dear madam," whined an old woman, "I'll never reach the big crucifix, but I'll do a little jumping for you for a franc." I began now to realize that there *is* a jumping procession at Echternach.

We had been most kindly invited by the colonel commanding at Echternach to breakfast with him, and see the procession from his windows, which overlook the best part of the town, and we naturally availed ourselves of his courteous hospitality.

[The shrine of St. Willibrod, at Echternach, has for centuries been a place of pilgrimage, though the origin of the jumping mania is not definitely known. There are several traditions having to do with the cure of a pestilence by the saint. It is now believed that the penalty for sin is remitted in proportion to the height and strength of the jumping.]

Breakfast is finished, and we take our places at the windows. The procession has formed on the Prussian side of the stone bridge, a short address has been delivered to the excited people, and in the distance we hear the shrill sounds of the many-voiced instruments, and the strange measured, musical tramp of the coming thousands. Headed by the privileged Prussian parish of Warwieler, on they come, these simple pilgrims in columns of parishes, four abreast, and hand in hand, each parish with its banners waving, and headed by its own musicians, for every man who has played for money during the year is bound to give his services on this occasion, and woe betide the man who fails to put in an appearance. The strange dance consists of two steps forward with the right foot and one step backward with the left, and is danced to a very simple melody, and not one of the many thousands are out of time. The wise ones literally *step* the measure, and generally accomplish the whole pilgrimage, which lasts about two hours and a half; but under superstitious excitement the wise ones are in the minority, and when the procession passed our windows, though never breaking their ranks or losing time, the majority were springing in a state of mad excitement, and, strange to say, the men were more "fast and furious" than the women. One man in particular was leaping to such a degree that at every step he sprang head and shoulders above the crowd, and as he had passed along, people rushed out of their houses and plied him with cider, which he invariably drank without losing his place or breaking time.

I do not recollect seeing one boy in the procession, though there may, of course, have been many, but there were hundreds of girls, all quiet and orderly. To watch the different moods and manners of these people as they passed on was a study well worth the journey; though the haggard faces and the drawn parched blue lips of many of

these benighted jumpers were sad enough to behold. After looking at them for some time from our windows, I suggested that we adjourn to the church, and so witness the close of the procession. This suggestion was not received enthusiastically, and only one friend was willing to take compassion on my English curiosity. Off we started, but were unfortunately obliged to pass through a break in the line, which we did as decorously as possible, and were invited with outstretched hands by those who still had breath to speak to join the procession and so wipe off some of our sins; this we gratefully declined, and made rapidly for the parish church.

The church, being on an eminence, is reached by a flight of stone steps, and we took up our position at their base. On, on, they came, these strange pilgrims, with their unfaltering tramp and unflagging melody; but, oh! in what thinned numbers and with what drawn faces. In sight of the blessed goal how many of them drop! and the man I had watched so anxiously fell prostrate at the bottom of the steps, looking as if his soul had been driven by this frightful pilgrimage to seek its rest in another world. But the strong and steady ones tramp up the steps, spring round the high altar in wild ecstasy, and passing out at the opposite door, jump round the tall crucifix, fall on their knees, and all is over.

We loitered for some time about the church, listening to the very primitive remarks of the dispersing crowd, and wondering at its strange infatuation; and as we returned to our little inn we passed many a prostrate and exhausted form, some of whom could never again, alas, know a day's strong health. After a great deal of pleasant talk, a little eager discussion, and some very indifferent refreshment, I started on an excursion through the town, having an idea that I should find it *morne et silencieuse*, a sort of "city

of the silent," after all the excitement of the morning. But, lo! from every Gasthof and Wirthshaus there came a sound of revelry; fiddles, flutes, cornets, laughing, dancing, everywhere. Could it be possible? Boldly I insisted upon my escort accompanying me into one of these petty inns, and going with me into an upper room, whence the gay sounds proceeded. Behold! the tearing galopade and the whirling waltz in one room, the bumping polka in another; and the "Queen of the Wirthshaus" ball, around whom the partners flocked and beseeched, was a stout young woman of about thirty, whom I had seen solemnly and deliberately footing it in the procession, without pause or hinderance from beginning to end. And all these devoted dancers of the many public-houses around and about had all been resolutely hopping away their sins from the bridge to the shrine for more than two hours.

Now let me record this wondrous fact. I went freely about through the town; I walked into small inns and public-houses, as I dared not have done in my own country; I was received politely everywhere; and in all that hilarious community, through the whole of that licensed holiday, from eight in the morning till late in the afternoon, I did not see one case of drunkenness. Yes, these people of the Eifel and the Sauer Valley and their surrounding towns may, perhaps, be debased by superstition, but at any rate they are not like some prouder communities I could name, thoroughly brutalized by drunkenness.

Our remaining half-hours were spent in the pleasure-gardens, where we fortified ourselves for the home journey with the inevitable coffee and *Mai-brank*,—Turk's-head cake,—and sandwiches of brown and white bread and butter. We started at seven on our return to Trier, merry as we came, not one discordant note having jarred on the universal harmony; and to one only of our party had there

been anything like a hitch in the perfect pleasure of the day, and this hitch was occasioned by what, at the beginning of our journey, I had so foolishly considered "a comparative trifle,"—the ever-recurring red silk pocket-handkerchief from under Hartstein's hat and over his nose, which sorely disturbed the equanimity and wounded the conjugal pride of his devoted wife. With this exception, our expedition had been a complete success; and I was indeed pleased to add to my travelling sketches the Jumping Procession at Echternach.

THE CAPITAL OF AUSTRIA.

JOHN RUSSELL.

[It is with Vienna as it appeared in 1825 that we here propose to deal, in the language of a traveller of that period, who has given a graphic account of what was then and there to be seen. Russell's "Tour in Germany" is a sprightly and interesting work, and the Vienna which he describes, while yet in its chrysalis state, displayed many of the characteristics of the handsome and attractive city of to-day. Our extract begins with a distant view of the Austrian capital.]

On reaching the brow of the low eminences that border to the north the valley through which the Danube takes his course, a magnificent prospect burst at once upon the eye. A wide plain lay below, teeming with the productions and habitations of industrious men. On the east, towards Hungary, it was boundless, and the eye was obstructed only by the horizon. To the westward rose the hills which, beginning in orchard and vineyard, and terminating in forest and precipice, form, in this direction, the commencement of the Alps; and to the south the plain was

bounded by the loftier summits of the Styrian mountains. Nearly in the centre of the picture lay Vienna itself, extending on all sides its gigantic arms; and the spire of the cathedral, high above every other object, was proudly presenting its Gothic pinnacle to the evening sun. From this point the inequality of the ground on which Vienna stands strikes the eye at once, and the cathedral has the advantage of occupying the highest point of the proper city; for not only the spire, but nearly the whole body of the edifice, was distinctly seen above all the other buildings of the city.

Every one of the three hundred thousand inhabitants who crowd Vienna and its interminable suburbs seems to reckon it a duty to make his life a commentary. They are more devoted friends of joviality, pleasure, and good living, and more bitter enemies of everything like care or thinking,—a more eating, drinking, good-natured, ill educated, hospitable, and laughing people,—than any other of Germany, or, perhaps, of Europe. Their climate and soil, the corn and wine with which Heaven has blessed them, exempt them from any very anxious degree of thought about their own wants; and the government, with its spies and police, takes most effectual care that their gayety shall not be disturbed by thinking of the public necessities, or studying for the public weal. In regard to themselves, they are distinguished by a love of pleasure; in regard to strangers, by great kindness and hospitality. It is difficult to bring an Austrian to a downright quarrel with you, and it is almost equally difficult to prevent him from injuring your health by good living.

The city itself is a splendid and a bustling one; no other German metropolis comes near it in that crowded activity which distinguishes our own capitals. It does not stand, strictly speaking, on the Danube, which is a mile to the

northward, and is separated from it by the largest of all the suburbs, the Leopoldstadt, as well as by the extensive tract of ground on which the groves of the Prater have been planted and its walks laid out. The walls, however, are washed, on this side, by a small arm of the Danube, which rejoins the main stream a short way below the city, and is sufficiently large for the purposes of inland navigation. On the south, the proper city is separated from the suburbs by a still more insignificant stream, which, however, gives its name to the capital, the Vienna. This rivulet, instead of serving effectually even the purposes of cleanliness, brings down the accumulated refuse of other regions of the town, and its noisome effluvia often render it an effort to pass the bridge across it, one of the most crowded thoroughfares of Vienna.

The proper city is of nearly a circular form, and cannot be more than three miles in circumference, for I have often walked quite around the ramparts in less than an hour. The style of building does not pretend to much ornament, but is massive and imposing; the streets are generally narrow, and the houses lofty, rising to four or five floors, which are all entered by a common stair. There is much more regularity, and there are many more cornices and pillars, in Berlin; in Dresden there is a more frequent intermixture of showy edifices; there is more lightness and airiness of effect in the best parts of Munich; and in Nürnberg and Augsburg there is a greater profusion of the outward ornaments of the olden time; but in none of these towns is there so much of that sober and solid stateliness, without gloom, which, after all, is perhaps the most fitting style of building for a large city. Some individual masses of building, in the very heart of the city, are as populous as large villages. . . .

"The art of walking the streets" in London is an easy

problem, compared with the art of walking in them in Vienna. In the former, there is some order and distinction, even in the crowd; two-legged and four-legged animals have their allotted places, and are compelled to keep them; in the latter, all this is otherwise. It is true that, in the principal streets, a few feet on each side are paved with stones somewhat larger than those in the centre, and these side slips are intended for pedestrians; but the pedestrians have no exclusive right; the level of the street is uniform; there is nothing to prevent horses and carriages from encroaching on the domain, and, accordingly, they are perpetually trespassing.

The streets, even those in which there is the greatest bustle, the *Karntnerstrasse*, for example, are generally narrow; carriages, hackney-coaches, and loaded wagons, observing no order, cross each other in all directions; and, while they hurry past each other, or fill the street by coming from opposite quarters, the pedestrian is every moment in danger of being run up against the wall. A provoking circumstance is, that frequently a third part, or even a half of the street, is rendered useless by heaps of wood, the fuel of the inhabitants. The wood is brought into the city in large pieces, from three to four feet long. A wagon-load of these logs is laid down on the street, at the door of the purchaser, to be sawed and split into smaller pieces, before being deposited in his cellar.

When this occurs, as it often does, at every third or fourth door, the street just loses so much of its breadth. Nothing remains but the centre, and that is constantly swarming with carriages, and carts, and barrows. The pedestrian must either wind himself through among their wheels, or clamber over successive piles of wood, or patiently wait till the centre of the street becomes passable for a few yards. To think of doubling the wooden prom-

ontory without this precaution is far from being safe. You have scarcely by a sudden spring saved your shoulders from the pole of a carriage, when a wheelbarrow makes a similar attack on your legs. You make spring the second, and in all probability your head comes in contact with the uplifted hatchet of a wood-cutter. The wheelbarrows seem to be best off. They fill such a middle rank between bipeds and quadrupeds, that they lay claim to the privileges of both, and hold on their way rejoicing, commanding respect equally from men and horses.

To guide a carriage through these crowded, encumbered, disorderly, narrow streets, without either occasioning or sustaining damage, is, perhaps, the highest achievement of the coach-driving art. Our own knights of the whip, with all their scientific and systematic excellencies, must here yield the palm to the practical superiority of their Austrian brethren. Nothing can equal the dexterity with which a Vienna coachman winds himself, and winds himself rapidly, through every little aperture, and, above all, at the sharp turns of the streets. People on foot, indeed, must look about them; and, from necessity, they have learned to look about them so well, that accidents are wonderfully rare, and very seldom, indeed, does it happen that the Jehus do not keep clear of each other's wheels. The hackney-coachmen form as peculiar a class as they do in London, with as much *esprit de corps*, but more humor, full of jokes and extortion. It is said that the most skilful coachman from any other country cannot drive in Vienna without a regular education. A few years ago, an Hungarian nobleman brought out a coachman from London; but Tom was under the necessity of resigning the box, after a day's driving pregnant with danger to his master's limbs and carriage. . . .

Vienna has some very noble public squares, though no

people requires them less for purposes of recreation; for, when amusement is their object, they hasten beyond the walls to the coffee-houses of the glacis, or the shades of the Prater, the wine-houses and monks of Kloster-Neuburg, or the gardens of Schönbrunn. The best of these squares happen to be in parts of the city where the fashionable world does not often intrude; they are not planted, but they are excellently paved; they are not gaudy with palaces, but they are surrounded by the busy shops and substantial and comfortable dwellings of happy citizens, and are commonly adorned with some religious emblem or a public fountain. Both the temples and fountains have too much work about them; there is too much striving after finery of sculpture, a department of art in which the Austrians are still very far behind. The consequence is, that there are crowds of figures which have no more to do with a basin of water than with a punch-bowl.

The *Graben*, an open space in the most busy part of the town, and entered at both extremities, by the narrowest and most inconvenient lanes in Vienna (although, on Sundays and festivals, it is the great thoroughfare of all classes, from the Emperor to the servant-girl), is embellished with two fountains. The fountains themselves are simple and unaffected; but it was necessary to have statues. Therefore at the one well stands Joseph explaining to the Messiah his Hebrew genealogy, and at the other St. Leopold holding in his hands a plan of the Monastery of Neuburg! The artist of the fountain in the Neumarkt, or New-market, seems to have felt the want of congruity in this union of holy saints with cold water, and he placed on the edge of his basin four naked figures, representing the four principal rivers of Austria, pouring their waters into the Danube, whose genii surround the pillar that rises from the centre. But even here comes something Austrian

and absurd. The basin is so small that half a dozen of moderately-sized perch would feel themselves confined in it; yet these four emblematical figures are anxiously gazing into the tiny reservoir, and brandishing huge tridents to harpoon the invisible whales which are supposed to be sporting in the waters. . . .

Vienna is no longer a fortified city; promenading is the only purpose to which the fortifications are now applied; and, from their breadth and elevation, they are excellently adapted for it. In one part they look out upon the gradually ascending suburbs; on another the eye wanders over intervening vineyards, up to the bare ridge of the Kahlenberg, from which Sobieski made his triumphant attack against the besieging Turks, traces of whose intrenchments are still visible; in another it rests on the waters of the Danube, the foliage of the Prater, and the gay crowds who are streaming along to enjoy its shades. The twice successful attacks of French armies having proved the ramparts, or bastions, as they are universally called, to be useless for the protection of the citizens, trees, benches, and coffee-houses have taken the place of cannon, and rendered them invaluable as sources of recreation to this pleasure-loving people. On Sundays and holidays, so soon as the last mass has terminated (which it always does about mid-day), they are crowded to suffocation with people of all ranks.

Even on week-days, so long as the weather permits it, the coffee-houses, surrounded with awnings, are the favorite resort of persons, chiefly gentlemen, who prefer breakfasting in the open air, and in the evening they are the favorite resort of both sexes, especially of the middle classes. An orchestra in the open air furnishes excellent music; as night comes on (and the crowd always increases with the dusk) lamps are hung up among the trees, or suspended

from the awnings. The gay, unthinking crowd sits to be gazed at, or strolls about from one alley to another to gaze, —good and bad, virtuous and lost, mingled together, sipping coffee or keeping an assignation, eating an ice, or making love. Till ten o'clock, when the terrors of the *Hausmeister* drive them home, the ramparts, and the glacis below, form a collection of little Vauxhalls.

The glacis itself, the low, broad and level space of ground which stretches out immediately from the foot of the ramparts, and runs entirely around the city, except where the walls are washed by the arm of the Danube, is no longer the naked and cheerless stripe which it used to be. Much of it has been formed into gardens belonging to different branches of the imperial family; the rest has been gradually planted and laid out into alleys, and two years ago the Emperor, in his love for his subjects, allowed a coffee-house to be built among the trees. Beyond the glacis, the ground in general rises, and along these eminences stretch the thirty-four suburbs of Vienna, surrounding the city like the outworks of some huge fortification, and finally surrounded themselves by a brick wall, a mere instrument of police, to insure the detection of radicals and contraband goods, by subjecting everything and every person to a strict examination. . . .

Though the suburbs, from the greater regularity of their streets, the smaller height of their buildings, and the general elevation of the site, are in themselves more open and airy than the city, yet, owing to the absence of pavement and the presence of wind, they can scarcely be said to be more healthy. Vienna, though lying in a sort of kettle, and not at so absolute an elevation as Munich, is more pestered by high winds than any other European capital. In the proper city the streets are paved, and excellently well paved; but throughout the immense suburbs

they present only the bare soil. This soil is loose, dry, and sandy, and the wind acting upon it keeps the city and suburbs enveloped in a thick atmosphere, loaded with particles of sand, which medical men do not pretend to deny has a perceptible influence on the health. From the summit of the Kahlenberg, an eminence about two miles to the west, I have seen Vienna as completely obscured by a thick cloud of dust as ever London is by a cloud of smoke; and our smoke is, in reality, the less disagreeable of the two. When the wind is moderate, and allows the dust to settle, rain commonly follows, and the suburbs are converted into a succession of alleys of mud. . . .

The Prater of Vienna is the finest public park in Europe, for it has more rural beauty than Hyde Park, and surely the more varied and natural arrangement of its woods and waters is preferable to the formal basin and alley of the garden of the Tuileries. It occupies the eastern part of that broad and level tract on the north of the city, which is formed into an island by the main stream of the Danube on the one side, and the smaller arm that washes the walls on the other. They unite at its extremity, and the Prater is thus surrounded on three sides by water. The principal alley, the proper *arise*, runs from the entrance in a long straight line for about half a mile. Rows of trees, consisting chiefly of horse-chesnuts, divide it into five alleys. The central one is entirely filled with an unceasing succession of glittering carriages, moving slowly along its opposite sides in opposite directions; the two on each side are filled with horsemen, galloping along to try the capacity of their steeds, or provoking them into impatient curvettings, to try the effect of their own forms and dexterity on the beauties who adorn the open caleches.

The two exterior alleys are consecrated to pedestrians; but those of the Viennese who must walk, because not

rich enough to hire a hackney-coach, are never fond of walking far, and, forsaking the alleys, scatter themselves over the verdant lawn which spreads itself out to where the wood becomes more dense and impenetrable. The lawn itself is plentifully strewn with coffee-houses, and the happy hundreds seat themselves under shady awnings or on the green herbage, beneath a clump of trees, enjoying their ices, coffee, and cigars, till twilight calls them to the theatre, with not a thought about to-morrow, and scarcely a reminiscence of yesterday.

But though the extremity of this main alley be the boundary of the excursions of the fashionable world, it is only the beginning of the more rural and tranquil portion of the Prater. The wood becomes thicker; there are no more straight lines of horse-chestnuts; the numerous alleys wind their way unconstrained through the forest maze, now leading you along in artificial twilight beneath an overarching canopy of foliage, and now terminating in some verdant and tranquil spot like those on which fairies delight to dance; now bringing you to the brink of some pure rivulet, which trickles along unsuspectingly to be lost in the mighty stream, and now stopping you on the shady banks of the magnificent river itself.

THE ESZTERHÁZY PALACES.

JOHN PAGET.

[Paget's "Hungary and Transylvania" is the source of our present selection, we having chosen, from his many pictures of Hungarian life and people, a description of the famous Eszterházys, a family renowned particularly for its jewels, which have been gathering for centuries in the castle of Forchtenstein.]

It was at six o'clock in the morning that the smart Presburg post-boy sounded his bugle, to express his impatience at the half-hour we had already kept him waiting ere we started for the Neusiedler Lake, in the neighborhood of which we intended to pass a few days. The journey to the end of the lake might be some sixty miles, and we reckoned to accomplish this by post within the day.

Of all the modes of travelling in Hungary, the post is the most expensive, and to me, at least, the most disagreeable. The supply of horses is too scanty, and if the traveller happens to arrive before or after the *post-wagon*, he must generally wait some time before he can obtain the number he requires. There is an awkward rule, too, which it is as well a stranger should know. If he arrives at any place with post, he can oblige the postmaster to send him on with the same number of horses he arrived with; but should he, as occurred to us on the present occasion, feel a wish to leave the post-road, and for that purpose hire private horses, at the next post-station they may refuse him a supply, or oblige him to take as many as they choose.

It was at Gschies we learned this rule, for the postmaster stoutly refused to send us on with a pair of horses, which was all we had previously required, and declared we should either take four or remain where we were. Entirely ignorant as I then was of any other means of getting forward, I at last consented, and desired him to give us the four horses. "But I have only three in the stable at present," was his cool reply; "and you may either take those and pay for four, or you may remain where you are until to-morrow, when the others will come home." Nor is this the only instance of gross imposition I could relate. The worst of it is, there is no redress. In one case I applied to the judge and notary of the village, and though they had

the best will to protect me, all they could do was to give me peasants' horses, and so enable me to avoid the like treatment for the rest of the journey.

For the matter of speed, you get on by post at the rate of five miles an hour, with strong, large horses, and post-boys wearing huge cocked hats, each with a plume of feathers worthy a field-marshal, and a red coat with purple facings. But if ever the reader should have occasion to go from Vienna to Pesth, and is an amateur at driving, I recommend him to what is called the *bauern post*,—that is, if steamboats and railroads have not ere this entirely destroyed it.

The peasants between the frontiers of Hungary and Pesth, on the great high-road from Vienna, combined to supply relays of horses at a cheaper and better rate than the royal post; and though at first opposed by government, they eventually succeeded so well that at present the whole line is supplied by them almost exclusively. The pace at which these men, with their four small horses, take on a light Vienna carriage is something wonderful, especially when the length of some of their stages is considered. The last stage cannot be less than forty miles from Pesth, and, with a short pause of about a quarter of an hour to water, they did it for the most part at full gallop, and with the same horses, in four hours. It is glorious to see the wild-looking driver, his long black hair floating in the wind as he turns round to ask your admiration when his four little clean-boned nags are rattling over hill and hollow in a style which for the first time since he left home shakes an Englishman's blood into quicker circulation. There is certainly a pleasure in rapid motion which has on some men almost an intoxicating effect.

But to return to our five miles an hour. We passed through a well-cultivated country, chiefly inhabited by

Germans, who have crept in upon this side of Hungary from Presburg nearly to the borders of Croatia. The Neusiedler Lake, or the Fertő Tava Hungarian, which we soon came in sight of, is about twenty-four miles long by twelve broad, varying in depth from nine to thirteen feet. In parts, particularly at the north end, its shores are hilly and pretty, but on the eastern side they are flat, and terminate in a very extensive marsh, called the Hanság.

It is supposed to be this lake which the Emperor Galerius drained into the Danube, and which has been allowed to re-form by the destruction of the Roman works. There is little doubt, I believe, as to the practicability of draining the lake again, if it were desired; but, as a neighboring proprietor observed, it would spoil some glorious snipe-shooting. . . .

At Eisenstadt, some short distance from the lake, is a palace of the first of the Hungarian magnates, Prince Eszterházy. This palace, though not remarkable for its beauty (it is in a heavy, though florid, Italian style), is well fitted up for a princely residence. We walked through suites of apartments innumerable; but by far the most striking of them was the great ball-room, an elegantly-proportioned hall of great size, and richly ornamented in white and gold. This room was last used when the present prince was installed lord-lieutenant of the county of Eëdenburg, an office hereditary in his family; and great is still the fame of the almost regal pomp with which he fêted the crowds of nobles who flocked around him upon that occasion.

The gardens, laid out in the English style, are very fine, and the hot houses larger than any I remember to have seen; even Alton must bow to Eisenstadt. They contain no less than seventy thousand exotics, and are particularly rich in New Holland specimens. One can hardly help

lamenting that so much luxury and beauty should be wasted ; for, except the inhabitants of Eisenstadt, to whom the gardens are always open, it is rarely that the palace or its grounds receive a visitor.

Great as is the splendor of some of our English peers, I almost fear the suspicion of using a traveller's license when I tell of Eszterházy's magnificence. Within a few miles of this same spot he has three other palaces of equal size.

Just at the southern extremity of the lake stands Eszterház, a huge building in the most florid Italian style, built only in 1700, and already uninhabited for sixty years. Its marble halls, brilliant with gold and painting, are still fresh as when first built. The chamber of Marie Theresa is unchanged since the great queen reposed there ; the whole interior is in such a state that it might be rendered habitable to-morrow ; but the gardens are already overgrown with weeds, and have almost lost their original form ; the numberless pleasure-houses are yielding to the damp position in which they are placed, and are fast crumbling away ; while the beautiful theatre, for which an Italian company was formerly maintained, is now stripped of its splendid mirrors, and serves only as a dwelling for the dormant bats, which hang in festoons from its gilded cornices. England is famous for her noble castles and her rich mansions, yet we can have little idea of a splendor such as Eszterház must formerly have presented. Crowded as it was by the most beautiful women of four countries, its three hundred and sixty strangers' rooms filled with guests, its concerts directed by a Haydn, its opera supplied by Italian artists, its gardens ornamented by a gay throng of visitors, hosts of richly-clothed attendants thronging its antechambers, and its gates guarded by the grenadiers of its princely master, its magnificence must have exceeded

that of half of the royal courts of Europe. I know of nothing but Versailles which gives one so high a notion of the costly splendor of a past age as Eszterház.

Haydn was for more than thirty years *maestro di capello* to Prince Eszterházy; and, during that period, lived chiefly with the family. His portrait is still preserved, and it is almost the only picture of much interest the palace contains. Haydn was a very poor and obscure person when he was appointed one of the prince's band; so much so, that no one thought even of giving the necessary orders for his being admitted into the palace. The following anecdote of his introduction to the prince is recounted by Oarpani:

"The Maestro Friedberg, a friend and admirer of Haydn, lived with Prince Eszterházy. Regretting that Haydn should be overlooked, he persuaded him to compose a symphony worthy of being performed on the birthday of his highness. Haydn consented; the day arrived; the prince, according to custom, took his seat in the midst of his court, and Friedberg distributed the parts of Haydn's symphony to the performers. Scarcely had the musicians got through the first allegro, when the prince interrupted them to ask who was the author of so beautiful a piece. Friedberg dragged the modest, trembling Haydn from a corner of the room into which he had crept, and presented him as the fortunate composer. 'What,' cried the prince, as he came forward, 'that Blackymoor!' (Haydn's complexion was none of those which mock the lily's whiteness.) 'Well, blacky, from henceforth you shall be in my service; what's your name?' 'Joseph Haydn.' 'But you are already one of my band; how is it I never saw you here before?' The modesty of the young composer closed his lips, but the prince soon put him at his ease. 'Go and get some clothes suitable to your rank,—don't let

me see you any more in such a guise; you are too small; you look miserable, sir; get some new clothes, a fine wig with flowing curls, a lace collar, and red heels to your shoes. But mind, let your heels be high, that the elevation of your person may harmonize with that of your music. Go, and my attendants will supply you with all you want.' . . . The next day Haydn was travestied into a gentleman. Friedberg often told me of the awkwardness of the poor Maestrino in his new habiliments. He had such a gawky look that everybody burst into a laugh at his appearance. His reputation, however, as his genius had room to manifest itself, grew daily, and he soon obtained so completely the good-will of his master, that the extraordinary favor of wearing his own hair and his simple clothes was granted to his entreaties. The surname of the Blackymoor, however, which the prince had bestowed upon him, stuck to him for years after."

The only part of Eszterház at present occupied is the stables, which had just received an importation of twelve beautiful thoroughbred horses from England, with some very promising young stock. An old English groom had been sent out with them, and bitterly did he complain of the difficulties he had to encounter before he could convince the *beampsters*—a race of hungry stewards by whom the estates of the nobles are mismanaged and the revenues plundered—of the many little wants and luxuries requisite for English race-horses.

The estates of Prince Eszterházy are said to equal the kingdom of Würtemberg in size; it is certain they contain one hundred and thirty villages, forty towns, and thirty-four castles! The annual revenue from such vast possessions is said, however, not to amount to one hundred and fifty thousand pounds per annum, though it is capable of considerable increase. The incumbrances at the present

time are greater than with most other Hungarian magnates, few of whom are indebted to a less amount than half their incomes.

I remember some years since an anecdote going the rounds of the papers to the effect that Prince Eszterházy had astonished one of our great agriculturists who had shown him his flock of two thousand sheep, and asked him with some little pride if he could show as many, by telling him that he had more shepherds than the other had sheep! By a reckoning made upon the spot, with one well acquainted, we found the saying literally true. The winter flock of Merinos is maintained at two hundred and fifty thousand, to every hundred of which one shepherd is allowed, thus making the number of shepherds two thousand five hundred! But, as a *spirituelle* of the neighborhood observed when we were discussing these matters, "Les Eszterházys font tout en grand: le feu prince a doté deux cents maitresses, et pensionné cent enfans illégitimes!"

It is not right to leave Eszterház without mention of Hánystock, or the wild man of the Hanság. The Hanság is a bog of about twenty miles long, on the borders of which Eszterház is built. About eighty years since, in some part of this bog, an extraordinary creature is said to have been found, possessing something of the human form, but with scarcely any other quality that could entitle it to a place among our species. It was three feet high, apparently of about the middle age, strongly built, and said to have webbed feet and hands. It was unable to utter any articulate sounds, lived entirely on fish and frogs, showed no signs of any passion or feeling, except fear and anger, and was in every respect in the lowest state of brutality. The most curious part of its history is that no one ever heard of it till accidentally found by a peasant in the bog, when it was brought to Eszterház, where, after remaining

fourteen months, it escaped, and was never heard of again. I believe there is some reason to suspect an imposition, for an Italian adventurer appeared and disappeared about the same time with Hánystock, and though unable to cite name or place, I feel pretty certain that a similar occurrence took place in another part of Europe soon after.

A few miles from Eisenstadt and just on the confines of Austria, is a yet more interesting monument, of what we should call feudal greatness, belonging to the Eszterházy family. The castle of Forchtenstein, built by a Count Eszterházy's peasantry,—for he is one of the few who retain the right of life and death, "the *jus gladdi*," on his own estates,—and is consequently guarded by a small detachment of venerable-looking grenadiers.

The castle is sufficiently modern to have been laid out for the employment of artillery, as may be seen by the heavy bastions and long curtains, and is still sufficiently old to bear marks of the Gothic architect about it, of which the high watch-tower is not the least elegant. The interior has all the inconvenient straightness of a walled-in castle, and the apartments are for the most part small and simple. The most interesting object after the well, which is one hundred and seventy yards deep, and said to have been worked in the solid rock by Turkish prisoners, is the collection of arms. Besides arms sufficient for a regiment of foot and another of horse, which ere this an Eszterházy has equipped and maintained at his own cost, there is the gala equipment of a troop of cavalry which attended one of the princesses on her wedding-day, thirty pieces of artillery, suits of plain black armor for several hundred men, many curious specimens of early German matchlocks, and a quantity of Turkish arms of almost every description.

One suit of armor is interesting from the tale of rude

courtesy attached to it. It formerly belonged to a Count Eszterházy who fell in a battle against the old enemies of Hungary, the Turks. A ball from the Pasha's own pistol had already pierced the Count's cuirass, but, anxious to make more certain of his death, the Moslem leaped from his horse and beat the helmet of the Christian till he broke open his visor, when he discovered in the fallen foe an old friend by whom he had been most kindly treated when a prisoner in Hungary. Faithful to his friendship, the Turk made the only reparation in his power, for, after treating the body of Eszterházy with every possible mark of respect, he collected the armor in which he had died, and sent it, with the arms which had caused his death, as a present to his family.

A great number of banners, as well those taken from the enemy as those under which the followers of Eszterházy fought, are hung round the walls. It is characteristic of the times that most of the Hungarian flags bear a painting of the cross, with a figure of Christ as large as life.

In one room we noticed the genealogical tree of all the Eszterházys, in which it is made out, as clearly as possible, that, beginning with Adam, who reclines in a very graceful attitude at the bottom of the tree, they pass through every great name, Jewish as well as heathen, from Moses to Attila, till they find themselves what they are now, magnates of Hungary. What is still more extraordinary, there is a long series of portraits of these worthies from Attila inclusive, with their wives and families dressed in the most approved fashion, and continued down to the present century.

It is a pity the noble owner of Forchtenstein does not imbibe a little of that Gothic mania so often ill-directed in England, and restore this castle to its former state. As a national monument of the taste of the Middle Ages in

Hungary its restoration would be very desirable, and it would possess peculiar attractions, not merely from being the only castle of the kind here, but as a specimen of that mixture of the Asiatic and Gothic which, in those days, so strongly characterized the habits and customs of the Magyars, and the remains of which even yet distinguish them from the rest of Europe.

The only purpose for which it is at present used, except as a prison, is to contain the treasures of the prince. Of these I can only speak from report, for previously to my visit I did not know that in order to see them it is necessary to have two persons present who live at a distance, each of whom has a key, without which the other is of no use, and therefore had not provided against the difficulty.

The splendor of the Eszterház jewels is no secret in England, and it is in this good castle those heaps of treasure, which so tempted her majesty's fair lieges at her coronation, are commonly preserved. It is said that each prince is obliged to add something to these jewels, and that they can never be sold except to ransom their possessors from captivity among the Turks. When the French entered Hungary, a small party presented themselves before Forchtenstein and demanded its surrender. The grenadiers, however, shut the gates, cut the bridge, and set them at defiance; and, as the enemy had no means of enforcing obedience, Prince Eszterházy saved his jewels. Besides the jewels there is an extensive collection of ancient Hungarian costumes; among others, if I recollect rightly, one worn by King Mathias Corvinus.

FROM HAMBURG TO STOCKHOLM.

MRS. ANDREW CROSSE.

[It is a journey in Sweden which our traveller proposes to describe in the work from which we quote, but we find the story of her journey to Sweden more interesting, and give her graphic account of the German cities of Hamburg and Lübeck, and the picturesque water route along the Swedish coast, ending with an account of what she saw of interest in Sweden's capital city.]

Our route to Sweden was by Hamburg and Lübeck, for at the latter place we were to pick up some of our party; and, indeed, under any circumstances, it is the best route for a first visit to the country, for then you approach Stockholm by the Baltic. The average passage from London to Hamburg by steamer direct occupies forty hours, but the waves and winds were favorable, and we accomplished the distance in four hours less. However, calm as the seas were, every tourist's soul felt more in sympathy with Nature when we were actually in the river Elbe. By daybreak we were steaming up towards Hamburg, past the pleasant suburb of Blankensee, which reminds one very much of Richmond. It is a collection of magnificent villas—indeed, one might say palaces—built among the hanging woods of the river-bank.

Hamburg was more worth seeing than I expected; in the older parts there are very picturesque bits, consisting of tall, ancient houses, leaning at different angles over the dark and busy waters of the canal,—indeed, both streets and canals are crowded with the world's commerce. Everything nowadays comes from Hamburg. Chemistry competes with the vineyards of Spain in producing what we

innocently drink as sherry. We survive it, so we must be grateful to Chemistry for her wonderful adaptations.

The modern portion of Hamburg has been entirely rebuilt since the memorable fire of 1842. What a useful renovator a great fire is to an old city; there is nothing like it for a great clearing out of nuisances! The new quarter here is extremely handsome and imposing. The greater part of the houses built around the artificially-formed lake called the *Bierner Alster* are the residences of the great citizens, for whom nothing seems too luxurious. The *Bierner Alster* communicates with the *Grosse Alster*, and here we saw for the first time the little fidgety steamboat-omnibuses which later on became so familiar to us at Stockholm.

Time did not permit us to see the Zoological Gardens, which are said to be almost the best in Europe; for the hour for starting for Lübeck had arrived, and we were obliged to leave the wealthy city of Hamburg but half explored.

During our pleasant railway drive of two hours we were struck with the immense number of birds that we saw; the whole air seemed alive with them. Every homestead has its stork's nest,—indeed, it forms part of the building, which is considered incomplete without it. The stork is held in great reverence among all the northern people, and any stranger who is wicked or foolish enough to molest one of these birds is sure to be severely punished. In Whitelock's "*Memorials*," the author mentions that, in returning by this route from his embassy to Sweden, in the time of the Commonwealth, one of his suite killed a stork in this very district, and that he was with difficulty rescued by the ambassador himself from being seriously maltreated by the natives.

Arriving at Lübeck, when the evening light was red

upon the beautiful Holstein Thor, and upon the many spires and towers of the quaint old town, it seemed almost as if we had been dropped into the Middle Ages. It impressed me more strongly with a sense of Old-World life than Nürnberg, Regensburg, or any other of the German towns that I have visited dating from about that time.

The environs of Lübeck are very pleasant in summer, for the whole country round is so densely wooded, and there are drives in all directions to quaint little villages that look like pictures out of the past. . . .

I shall never forget our first night on the Baltic. It was a veritable poem of beauty. The sea was so tranquil that it reflected all the hues of the gorgeous sunset, and our ship seemed as though in a translucent medium of colored light, which came from below, around, above us. We watched and watched till the tremulous yellow and crimson horizon had paled in intensity, giving place to an exquisite golden green, which lingered on till the silvery moonlight made its path across the sea, and then we knew it must be night, though darkness there was none. If going to bed was not a sort of respectable duty enforced by the habits of the animal, I don't think we should any of us have gone below.

We did not sleep late, for six o'clock found us all reassembled again on deck, enjoying the crisp freshness of the morning air, and the sight of the waves dancing in the sunlight. The arrangements on board these steamers are excellent; everything is clean and comfortable, and the food well cooked. At six o'clock coffee and rolls are served on deck, at nine o'clock there is a serious breakfast in the saloon, where you have your choice of tea, coffee, or light claret, and a taste, if you like, of the national strong waters, which every Swede partakes of before a meal. Eggs, hot cutlets, with vegetables, are interspersed with a variety of

savory cold dishes, such as dried salmon, reindeer tongue, or ham of bear, which is very good. The favorite bread-stuff is a sort of biscuit made with seeds; it seems strange at first, but after a time one gets to like it very much. After this substantial breakfast you may very well subsist till two o'clock dinner,—a meal which occupies an hour and a half nearly. The cuisine is excellent, and there is nothing to do particularly on deck in the middle of the day except to select an easy seat under the shady awning, so you submit to the table-d'hôte with admirable patience.

After dinner the Swedes regale themselves with a glass of sherry or cognac, with a cigar, and an hour later you will see every coterie with their glasses of seltzer water and fruit syrup. At seven o'clock supper is served, and then "may good digestion wait on appetite," if happily you have any of the latter left. Before bedtime a seductive beverage called Swedish punch is produced, which is stronger than it seems, and should be sipped with caution. It is a noteworthy fact that the charge for all these good things was extremely moderate, as, indeed, prices are throughout Sweden. It seems the only cheap place for touring left in Europe. Norway is quite a third dearer,—thanks, I suppose to the English invasion. . . .

There is a peculiarity about the coast of Sweden; it is said to have two coasts, an inner and an outer one, the latter being a fringe of islets, so numerous that no map or chart can mark them. It is marvellous how vessels make their way through this labyrinth. If you leave Calmar in the evening, you find yourself the next morning in the thick of this *Skargard*, or reef defence. At first the scene is very desolate; the rocks are barren, and the only sign of life the lonely house of a pilot, round which the sea-birds were screaming in their whirling flight.

When about five hours' distance from Stockholm the

scene changes ; the barren desolation gives place to wooded islets clothed with the most exquisite vegetation. The beauty of a veritable fairy-land surrounds you. You are in the midst of floating groves and gardens. It is quite unlike any other scenery that I know in Europe ; it is not like a lake or river, for there is no expanse of water. The steamer threads its way among a crowd of islands ; you could sometimes touch land with a boat-hook. The character of the islets is most varied ; at one moment you pass a tiny floating meadow enamelled with flowers, whose sweet scent is wafted in every zephyr ; on the other side is a grotesque grotto, or the semblance of a ruin, shaded by the graceful birch-trees that group themselves together. Another time you pass a longer island, with its belt of dark firs, intersected with miniature fjords and little sanded bays. No pencil could do justice to the loveliness of this changing scene.

Approaching the capital, the islands are more extensive and numerous ; pretty villas are dotted about the woods, and you see terraced gardens and well-kept lawns. It was market-day when we arrived, and it was very picturesque to see the boats laden with fruit, vegetables, and other necessities of life proceeding on their way. Each house, or cottage, sent out its messenger boat to make purchases at the floating market, and the scene was very animated and amusing. In another half-hour we were passing the superb deer park of Stockholm, and then we were under the sentinel forts of the capital, and directly afterwards by the side of the busy quay. The first sight of the "Venice of the North" pleased us more than the far-famed Queen of the Adriatic, that city of souvenirs that can hardly be seen by the "light of common day."

Seen from the Kungsholmen, Stockholm looks like a city floating on the sea, especially when the image of all this

crowd of churches, palaces, and towers is reflected in the blue mirror of the calm, tideless waters.

It is the fashion to admire the Royal Palace, built on the highest of the three islands of Stockholm, but it has too much the appearance of a vast barrack. It was completed in 1753, from a design of Count Tessin, a Swedish architect of renown. It seems to want towers, or irregularities of some sort, to break the painfully straight lines of this mass of building.

The interior bears a strong family likeness to every other palace in Europe. The upholsterer is decidedly the presiding genius in Royal apartments, where dazzling chandeliers, rich brocades, and oppressive gilding are more or less the properties of all alike. In Paris they vary the scene, by turning the royal or imperial upholstery out of the window, from time to time, and making a bonfire of the same for patriotic reasons.

However, in the Royal Palace of Stockholm we did light upon some individual belongings,—some instances of characteristic taste. In the picture-gallery there was, at the time of our visit, an unfinished painting, from the pencil of the late King Carl. It stands on the easel, just as the master's hand had left it, a few months only before he passed away, in the prime of life and of popularity. The scene selected by the royal artist is one of those forest-fringed lakes of Dalecarlia, with a lovely and enticing vista of green valley and distant waterfall. The solemn aspect of the pine-woods, bathed in the after-glow of the delicious northern sunset, is well given in this picture, breathing forth something of that mingling of mystery, beauty, and gloom which characterizes the ancient mythology of the land. One might quote the king's own lines:

“Everywhere we found in Nature
Spirits fitted to interpret
Saga tales of Sweden's childhood.”

[Our traveller here describes her visits to the scientific and educational institutions of Stockholm, and gives some statistics which we may safely omit.]

However, this is not quite the place for tabulating facts; for are we not on a holiday trip? We English have an almost incurable habit of trying to acquire useful information while *en voyage*. If a man goes up a mountain, instead of enjoying the fresh air and exercise, he must needs go armed with scientific apparatus enough to start a government laboratory. Now, in Stockholm you may really enjoy yourself thoroughly if you only keep clear of museums and learned institutes, those traps for the unsuspecting holiday-maker, who, before he is aware, finds himself suffering from a surfeit of useful knowledge. Don't look at "Murray" or "Baedeker," but just allow yourself to go with the tide in this pleasure-loving city. In the forenoon one must eat ices in the delicious little café called the Strömparterre. It is a garden by the water-side, and, though quite in the centre of the town, bright with a profusion of flowers and waving trees. Here you may sit and watch the little steamers coming and going every few minutes from the Djurgård Park. The waters are alive with these boats, and with other craft, for the locomotion of the city is mostly conducted by water. One can go anywhere and everywhere, it would seem, for a few oere, and remember there are a hundred oere in a riksdollar, and a riksdollar is about thirteen pence of our money.

One of the first of many pleasant excursions that we made was to Mariefred and the royal castle of Gripsholm. This interesting place is on the south side of the Mälar Lake. The steamer from Stockholm takes about three hours, and the voyage gives one an opportunity of seeing some of the prettiest scenery in the environs of the capital. The deep fjords, the fairy islands, the well-wooded banks of

the Mälar Lake, present an ever-changing combination of picturesque objects. Conspicuous among the rest is the high rock of Kungshatt, where stands a pole with a hat, to keep alive the story of some king of old, who jumped on horseback from this giddy summit into the water below, when pursued by enemies, and only suffered the inconvenience of losing his hat. What a habit this must have been in the old times! for one hardly ever sees a nasty bit of rock with an ugly chasm yawning beneath, that you don't hear of some ill-advised persons taking the leap either for love or hate. . . .

The Castle of Gripsholm was erected in the twelfth century by Bo Jonsson Grip, a certain Cræsus of those days; in fact, he was the most powerful noble in the land, and was selected by Alberta of Mecklenburg to be his "all-powerful helper," for then as now the Swedes hated the Germans. The Rhyming Chronicler of the time says that Bo Jonsson "ruled the land with a glance of his eye." He had a bad habit, however, of using his sword as well as his eye, for history tells us how he followed his foe, knight Karl Nilsson, into the church of the Franciscans at Stockholm, and hacked him to pieces before the high altar!

When Gustavus Vasa became king, after his romantic wanderings and hair-breadth escapes in Dalecarlia, he rebuilt Gripsholm, and it became the favorite residence of royalty. These castle walls have witnessed many dismal scenes, quite out of harmony with the lovely and natural surroundings, for there are few fairer spots in all Sweden.

In one of the towers Eric XIV. kept his brother John a prisoner for several years. The latter had married a Polish princess, and was concerned in a war against Sweden, but, falling prisoner, was sent by the king to the castle of Gripsholm. This Eric was one of our Queen Elizabeth's suitors, and history records that by way of

making himself acceptable he sent ambassadors to the English court with costly gifts, among which were eighteen piebald horses and several chests of uncoined bars of gold and silver, strings of Oriental pearls, and many valuable furs. Queen Elizabeth accepted the gifts, but declined the alliance. It was a way she had.

The interior of Gripsholm is a perfect museum of curiosities: there are nearly two thousand historical portraits, and a vast quantity of antique furniture, old tapestry, and curious silver vessels, which had served their time at royal banquets.

THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

LANGLEY COLERIDGE.

[The midnight sun, as visible at the summer solstice from the North Cape of Norway, is becoming one of the necessary spectacles of modern travel. Alike for those who cannot and for those who hope to go there we give the following description of what a former traveller saw from this cape and on the way thither.]

I REALLY cannot tell what is the great charm of Norway, nor do I think the nameless charm is the same for each. Perhaps those who are old travellers enjoy Norway most. It is well known that in order to do the Whole Duty of Travel an apprenticeship must be served, by no means an irksome one; on the contrary, full of delight; nevertheless, it is an apprenticeship, and, until it has been served, no man can pass as a member of the travelled community. The curriculum includes a knowledge of Paris, of the Rhine, of Switzerland, and a dozen regular rounds. When these have all been "done," then comes Norway as a land of pure delight to the traveller.

There are no picture-galleries to make one's neck ache;

no museum to make the weary feet throb; no promenades; no sherry-cobblers to sip while bands play in the gardens; no continuations of London and Brighton. There are no crowds; you may see a magnificent waterfall all by yourself, or ascend a hundred Rigs without meeting a soul. There are no loafers; and you may get into boats and out of boats, into carriages and out of carriages, without one humpbacked beggar-boy or man with his eye in a sling to whine at you, or one officious person getting in the way in order to be paid for it. There are no mammoth hotels, where you have to climb a dozen flights of stairs before you can reach your bed; no billiards when once you have left the three chief towns; no stuffy railways to whizz you past the best scenery; no dressing for dinner.

Now, all these things, to one who has been over and over again to the most civilized places in the world, are very refreshing; and yet these are perhaps but minor points, and do not explain the secret of the great charm of Norway. Rip Van Winkle's was a wonderful sleep; he woke and found the world had gone forward a hundred years; but the traveller who sleeps on the North Sea and wakes up in the morning in Norway has had a more wonderful sleep. He wakes and finds the world has gone back half a millennium! Southward the countries of Europe have struggled and slaved in the race for the perfection of civilization, while Norway is as it was in the beginning. Southward the countries have obeyed the watchword, "Forward!" Norway has obeyed the signal, "As you were!"

Now, fancy yourself—you, who have done as the Southerners do—arriving at a little village in an out-of-the-way place in Norway. Nobody flutters about your carriage to escort you to a hotel, but you enter the "station," a low, rambling wooden structure, with diffidence. You see the lady of the house and shake hands with her;

you ask her to be good enough to let you stay there the night; you enter a bedroom, where everything is plain as a deal box, but clean as a Dutch tulip. Then you sit down with the family in the general room to your meal. It will assuredly consist of either trout and salmon, or salmon and trout, with perhaps an egg, perhaps potatoes, perhaps black bread. No Bass, but perhaps some Norsh Öl, a very pleasant beverage. After supper you will smoke a pipe with your landlord, who will probably invite you to see the pigs, or will lend you a hand to splice up any broken harness of your carriage.

About nine or ten o'clock you will go to bed, in the broad daylight if it be summer-time, and in the morning you will wake up, finding the landlady's daughter at your bedside, with a delicious cup of hot coffee and a natty little roll, or perchance a biscuit. And then, still early in the morning, you will bid farewell as to old friends, you will shake hands all round, and away in your carriage to drive through romantic scenery, and to feel as though Norway had been made specially for you.

Before you have been two days in the country you will love the quaint, unsophisticated people, so hearty in their kindness, so ungrudging in their hospitality, and their Old-World manners and customs, so genuine in an age of sham, so solid in an age of veneer. One great charm of Norway, then, is its people; another, and perhaps more to be appreciated by some, is its scenery.

"Is it like Switzerland?" No; Norway is only like Norway. It is not so grand as regards the height of its mountains, yet its grandeur is far more solemn. It has a dozen fjords more startling than the Lake of Lucerne; in a day's journey you will pass waterfalls and cascades which would make a fortune to "proprietors" in Switzerland, and are not so much as mentioned in the Norwegian guide-

books. Switzerland is grand beyond compare, but it must be confessed it is a monotonous grandeur. Not so with Norway: its charms of scenery are varied as they are unique. A coast wild and rugged; mighty pine-forests, interminable; lakes beautiful as Windermere; fjords awful in their grandeur; valleys rich in their fertility; fjelds bare and barren; sport with the gun, sport with the rod; these and a hundred other charms may be entered in the catalogue.

But all these are outweighed by the strange, weird beauty and grandeur of the neighborhood of the North Cape. I know of nothing that comes within the range of tourist experiences that will make a more lasting impression on the memory than a day or two in the region of the midnight sun.

For the student, the professional man, the overworked generally, and especially those whose brains are overworked, there is no tour that will be more beneficial than the one I propose briefly to sketch.

Go to Christiansand. Then, if you have never been to Norway, proceed to Christiania, and, after staying a day or two in that interesting town and neighborhood, continue your journey either to Trondhjem or Bergen, it matters not which, or, better still, if you can, do both. The trip to one, the other, or both, will give you a good idea of scenery in Norway. At either Bergen or Trondhjem take the steamer for Hammerfest. And then will commence one of the most delightful voyages it is possible to make.

The steamer keeps close to the shore, and the shore is the most curious in the world; you have but to look at a map to see its wonderful indentations; you cannot realize them until you find yourself now in a bay or a cove, now among groups of islands, then in the midst of a fjord, with sheer rocks rising perpendicularly from the sea, and anon in the harbor of a little town, with groups of wondering

peasantry around you. You will see some parts of the coast so wild that you cannot credit the fact that human beings can be found there, and you will find verdant nooks so peaceful and pretty that you will be tempted to think that there, away from the world, you would like to build your house and finish up your days. At one time you will come to the haunts of water-fowl innumerable; at another a shoal of whales will be around you.

The towns and villages at which you will halt will have a special charm. The curious costumes of the people; the antique architecture of their houses and churches; the good, but old-fashioned, contrivances connected with their fishing avocations,—all these will be novel.

Among the red-letter days of the trip will be a sail among the Loffoden Islands, “jagged as the jaws of a shark,” and swarming with sea-fowl; a glimpse at the neighborhood of the Maelström, so celebrated in fable; a visit to a Lapp encampment, and an occasional stroll through some of the towns at which the steamer stays. Tromsø is one of these halting-places: it is a modern town, which has grown rapidly. It was only founded in 1794, and in 1816 had but three hundred inhabitants; now, owing to the success of its herring-fishery, it has grown strangely for Norway, and has a population of over five thousand. It is charmingly situated on an island, and its rich fertility contrasts most singularly with the wildness of the surrounding mountains. Hammerfest, too, is interesting, not only because it is the most northerly town in the world, and because “in the season” it is crowded with representatives of all nations, who come here to trade, but because here you are within the limits of the region of the Midnight Sun, and from here you will take your boat (unless you continue by the Vadsø steamer) for the North Cape.

The effect of the midnight sun has been variously de-

scribed. Carlyle revels in the idea that while all the nations of the earth are sleeping, you here stand in the presence of that great power which will wake them all; Bayard Taylor delights in the gorgeous coloring; and each traveller has some new poetic thought to register. For myself the midnight sun has a solemnity which nothing else in nature has. Midnight is solemn in the darkness; it is a hundredfold more solemn in the glare of sunlight, richer than ever is sun under tropical skies. It is "silence, as of death;" not the hum of a bird, not the buzz of an insect, not the distant voice of a human being. Silence palpable. You do not feel drowsy, though it is midnight; you feel a strange fear creep over you as if in a nightmare, and dare not speak; you think what if it should be true that the world is in its last sleep, and you are the last living ones, yourselves on the verge of the Eternal Ocean?

It is amusing, afterwards, to think of the way in which you landed on your excursion to the North Cape; how every one seemed impressed with the same idea that it was a sacrilege to break the silence, and the party that set forth in high spirits had settled down into the gravity of a funeral cortege. And it is strange how the stillness and awfulness, felt while in the little boat upon the silent sea, held you spellbound and entranced; and the spell could not be broken until you set to work on the difficult climb to the head of the North Cape. And when you reached the top you felt—well, I don't know how.

To some standing on the highest part of the plateau, a thousand feet above the sea, and looking away to that great unknown Arctic Ocean, it has seemed as if they had come to the end of the earth; that they were gazing upon the confines of the eternal regions; that they saw in the distance the outlines of the land of which it is said, "There is no night there."

Every tourist mind has its own particular magnet. I do not know what event in the history of a tourist life most attracts my memory. No one can ever forget the day when he first gazes upon Jerusalem from the Mount of Olives; or Damascus seen from the Mount of Mohammed; or the sunny morning when he rounds the Golden Horn, and Constantinople bursts on the view.

These are memories which never grow dim; and I am inclined to think that when a tourist finds himself in a small boat at midnight, drawing near to the North Cape in the midst of the most gorgeous sunlight ever seen, he has found a sensation which will be green in his memory to the day of his death.

In this brief paper I have not found time to be practical. The trip to the North Cape should be made in June or July; it may be made in August or September, and in the latter month there is a chance of seeing the first blushes of the Aurora Borealis. I am much inclined to think that a winter excursion to the North Cape would be one of the grandest sensations that the tourist's heart could wish, but of this I am not in a position to judge.

If my readers are like myself, they never bring one summer trip to a close before they have arranged in their own minds for the next; and so I throw out the hint that ere the North Cape shall be scribbled over with the names of Smith and Jones; ere excursion boats, with Ethiopian serenaders on board, shall put forth from Hammerfest; ere a big hotel shall stand upon the summit, and a man shall blow a horn to announce when "the sun is at its best," it will be well to consider whether a trip to the North Cape is not worth serious consideration.

IN THE RUSSIAN CAPITAL.

SAMUEL S. COX.

[“Arctic Sunbeams,” by Hon. S. S. Cox, is full of matter of interest, the author seeing well and telling ably. We give some of his impressions of St. Petersburg, beginning his journey at the fortress and city of Cronstadt, the strongly-defended port of the capital of Russia.]

LEAVING the arsenals, dock-yards, wharves, batteries, and ships of this Gibraltar of the Czar,—and but for which St. Petersburg might have been burned, like another Moscow, by its own hands, rather than it should have fallen into those of an invader,—our steamer glides on what becomes a summer sea of smoothness. The few passengers begin to appear on deck and stretch their vision for the first glance at the imperial city. Upon the right, snug amidst its royal greenery, lies the town of Peterhoff and its domes, minarets, and imperial palace, with its splendid woods and waters. Our time is opportune for a glorious sight, for it is sunset, and the sun goes down here at a discreet hour. Bright dots of burnished gold begin faintly to spangle the sky in front. They are domes, half hidden by the mist and the distance. Then a tall spire, also gilded, brilliant and needle-like, pierces the heavens! It is the Admiralty spire, or perhaps that of the Church of the Fortress, the Westminster of Russia, the mausoleum of its dead kings. A few moments, and St. Isaac's Church, the St. Peter's of Russia, looms up in majestic and stupendous proportions. Its copper dome is surrounded by four others, all ablaze, like burnished gold, and surmounted by the gilded Greek cross which towers aloft, above the bronze

saints and angels which people its architraves and its corners, its roofs and its pillared granite cupola! Beneath it is a city whose roofs of varied hue cover almost a million of people; a city the outgrowth from a swamp in less than two hundred years.

We enter the Neva, whose divided waters flow in canals and lagoons between grand pavements and superb palaces. At length we are moored—alas! how soon the beatific vision vanishes!—amidst the traffic and troubles of trade. We are to undergo a search, the first yet made with rigor since our journey began. Nor can I complain of this rigor. Recent events make police regulations here necessarily stringent. But was it not a little humorous to see the long-robed customs officers scrutinize the heterogeneous matters in our trunks? Nothing was found contraband but—what think you?—New York journals!

We had received a mail at Stockholm, and expected to read up fully in St. Petersburg. Some dozen of these journals lay in a pile in my wife's trunk. It would have done you good to see the leonine voracity with which these papers were seized. Who was it that talked of the thousand tongues of the press, clearer far than the silver trumpet of the jubilee,—louder than the voice of the herald at the games? These tongues had not a word of protest; the music of their trumpet was frozen like that of the voracious traveller. Out of the bundle tumbled an engraving of Charles XII., the old enemy of Russia! Did I tremble for the ominous spectre of this dead madeap of Sweden? The courteous officer handed it back with a gracious smile to my wife, who reached for the rest of the bundle, while her face flushed at the indignity to and the confusion of her domestic arrangements. But, with a hasty push and an impetuous "Niebt! Niebt!" (No! no!) our papers were confiscated to the state. The *Sun* would not

go down in this land ; the *Tribune* was a voiceless oracle ; the *World* ceased to "move after all ;" the *Times* were out of joint, and the *Express* came to a dead halt ! But all this had its compensations ; for soon we cross the great bridge, and are housed in the Hôtel d'Angleterre, where though no papers were found in our expected mail, plenty of news as to the President, and the land we love, were found in letters, and these twelve days only from New York.

There shine into my windows, in dazzling glitter, the copper domes of that marvel of cathedrals, St. Isaac's, which we saw from afar, upon whose sides and pedestals, encamping night and day about us, are the angels of this edifice of beauty ! The guns of the citadel thunder out the memory of this, the birthday of the Empress of this vast empire ; and, in spite of all ominous auguries to the contrary, we sojourn in peace and safety in this city of beauty and bazaars, palaces and pigeons, monuments and minarets, domes and deviltry, ceremonies and cemeteries, armies and assassinations !

Why does everybody, except the Russians, call this city St. Petersburg ? It was not named after St. Peter, but Peter the Great. It is a magnificent city of palaces and wide avenues. Its very hospitals and barracks are palatial, and there is no narrowness to any thoroughfare. Its domes, where not painted blue with golden stars, or green, are gilded, and make the city seem like a Constantinople new-risen upon the North. In fact, with its canals and rivers, its streets, columns, and palaces, its churches, and their outside and inside decorations, St. Petersburg combines in itself and in its vistas, in its plan and its magnificence, Venice, Amsterdam, Paris, and Constantinople. If it were not stucco on the yellow houses, if it were only solid stone, how much more impressive would be its mighty and superb

aspect ! Only one palace is of granite, and but one church, St. Isaac's, of marble.

The energy which has reared such a city out of a bog in less than two centuries betokens the one-man energy which its founder inspired and illustrated. Still, St. Petersburg, as a look from an elevation will show, unless it be approached as we approached it, by the gulf and river, is a vast plain, if not a swamp. The Neva saves it. It is a splendid river, and makes its delta where the city stands. It is a city of islands, connected by beautiful bridges. Red granite faces the banks and makes the quays solid structures. Everything is colossal like the empire. The informing genius of the male gender is Peter the Great, and of the other gender Catherine II. If these sovereigns were insane, and they were very peculiar for Russia, more insanity is desirable among the princes of the earth. Peter opened this city, as he said, for a window for Russia to look out of into civilized Europe. Peter was a useful emperor for Russia and his time, although he did many diabolical things.

[Mr. Cox ventured upon a witticism, in consequence of which he was mistaken for Mark Twain, whose peculiar vein of humor seems to have made its mark on the Russian guide. He proceeds to give his opinion of Russian humor.]

The Russian humor is like that of Byron, which Edgar Poe said was too savage to be laughed at. Some one calls it grotesque savagery ; and illustrates it by the freaks of Russian princes and czars. John the Terrible thought there was no church like that of St. Basil, and put out the architect's eyes to end any future work of that gifted artist. Peter the Great proposed to hang the lawyers in his realm. He thought one was too much. There is a story of the Empress Annie, who married off her favorite

dwarf or fool in an ice palace and gave them an icy marriage-bed, where they froze to death. This I have seen pictured in fine color and delineation. It was a Russian pleasantry. Catherine II. slaughtered many of the men whom she did not love—out of a vagary of fun. Most of the people here hold their revels in graveyards. Peter stuffed the skin of one of his favorite servants—a tall fellow—and put him in a museum. Paul issued a ukase against shoestrings and round hats. He was fond of colors, and had fantastic hues painted on bridges and gates. It is hardly mirthful to make an eagle out of gun-flints and swords, or portray a group in heaven of Russians looking down on Jews, Germans, and negroes. But this is Muscovite merriment. In the Moscow markets the slaughtered animals are stuffed with sawdust and look odd. It is said of the Emperor Paul that he dug up the bones of those who murdered his father to pulverize them and blow them to the winds. He arrested an Englishman for not taking off his hat to Royalty, and ordered him to wear magnifying-glasses. This was jolly but not exceptional, for the Russian is not adept in making genial fun. The climate is not genial.

[After seeing something of St. Petersburg on foot, he took a carriage, —whose characteristics he thus describes:]

The drosky is an odd-looking fleet sort of cab, which barely seats two. It is near the ground, and if it upsets, it is safer than when it is going. Its speed over the boulders is immense. Its driver is good, and good-humored. The carts, wagons, drays, as well as droskies, have a peculiar harness for the horse. The eminent characteristic of the establishment is a sort of harness or yoke, about four or five feet above the animal's shoulders. This is not peculiar to Russia, but it is here developed in a higher

degree. It rests on the shafts, and somehow, as I believe (*loquor non inexpertus*), the horse has freer motion and an easier draught under this yoke. It does not strain him about the vitalities like our harness. He seems to run loosely as under a canopy of green, though many of the yokes are thus painted with emblems and owners' names on them.

While watching a caravan of these yokes which do not oppress, I had occasion to look through a long line of them, fifty in number, carrying the rye-flour in sacks across the city, and discovered another peculiarity. There is a stout rope from the horse's shoulders to the front axle, which extends some two feet out of the hub to hold these extra traces. The strain seemed to be upon these traces as much as upon the shafts; and just as I was driving in a hurried way—for our driver was dashing at the usual pace—one of our wheels came off and rolled a rod, and down we were! Thanks to the good gray team and some promptitude, we escaped harm; while sympathies all about from the gathered crowd showed that there was much kindness upon the street. . . .

What sights to our unaccustomed eyes are on every side as we drive! Little Tartar children dressed in green; the soldiers with heavy coats and long spears, from the tribes of the Don, the Cossack of history; huzzars of red, gay uniform; Caucasian soldiers, with dresses as gay as the Spahis of Algiers,—with the various large-breeched natives, in top-boots, or with red shirts only covered by a dark vest,—add to the spectacle.

The avenues are wide, and lined with high yellow buildings, palaces, and government edifices, all proportionate to the immense empire of the two continents. The signs look quaint with their peculiar lettering, and the houses, which rarely have doors in front, are unusual in their

aspect. The sheet-iron roofs painted green and red; the police in their green uniform and sword; the rivers and canals, full of strange craft darting about in active business, some from far inland, laden with grain, and some bearing passengers over the Neva and under its bridges,—all these odd pictures contribute to keep us on the alert. We drive along the Neva, whose splendid avenues and quays are one. They are lined by the same yellow buildings, where the families of the royal house reside. Then we cross the Neva on a pontoon bridge, called the Troutsen, from which a splendid view is had of the spreading waters of the river,—bounded at one end by the elegant edifice of the Commercial Exchange. In winter the river is used for races upon the ice.

Then we turn into Alexandria Park, and admire the villas of the merchant princes upon the lagoons into which the Neva is divided. From the rounding point we perceive the Finland Gulf, Cronstadt, and Peterhoff, and all the points which we passed on our route hither. Then we turn into the Zoological Gardens, where white bears and young cubs, wolves, and walruses, along with thousands of pleasures-seekers, together enjoy the brilliant mimic scenes till midnight. There we found (for fifteen cents only) a splendid theatre, out-doors, and famous dogs and monkeys performing, followed by a ballet in pantomime, in which Greeks and Turks play parts, and in which the heroes and heroines of the former are lifted through a gorgeous display of many-colored lights into clouds of glory, amidst the cheers of the populace, which never forgets that Turkey is its natural foe, and that Constantinople is its natural if not national capital. . . .

Upon our drive we notice some fine triumphal arches—copied after the classic models and those of other countries—and other monuments, but none equals the superb

Alexander column, erected in 1832. It is a solid shaft of red granite, the greatest monolith of the world. It is based on an enormous block of red granite. There is an angel on the summit. The monument is one hundred and fifty-four feet high, and has a noble and inspiring grace and grandeur. Other statues to Peter and Catherine, besides statues to soldiers and poets, make every square of this grand city monumental. There is also an equestrian statue of Nicholas. The horse is like that of General Jackson's in Lafayette Square, Washington, and stands upon his hind legs only. It is so much more elegantly and gracefully posed that I could not but compare it to the disadvantage of our own favorite charger.

On no day have we failed to find something about Peter the Great! In "the summer gardens" there is an old palace, where are sacred relics of his handiwork, such as chairs, cabinets, and Chinese designs. The kitchen and bathroom have tiles of the old Dutch style, which he greatly affected. The chimney is as huge as the room. Within is a prison, where he is said to have kept his personal enemies, without benefit of habeas corpus or clergy. It looks gloomy, and the grating seems to be peculiarly adapted to a jail; but it is not very likely that Peter would have enjoyed such society in his own favorite home. . . .

The drives in the parks are beautiful. Therein is a lovely palace where lived the Princess Dagmar before she became empress. The armory here forms a museum of wonderful interest, for it has gifts of untold value from Spain to Persia and beyond. Every kind of gun, sword, and dagger is here, and those from the conquered sheiks and khans of Asia shine resplendent in jewels by the mass. The saddle-cloths from the Orient, and especially the presents from the Shah of Persia, are the richest known to any collection in the world. Among the manifold things here

to be seen are the lock and key found near the site of the temple of Jerusalem; the jewelry of the harem of the Khan of Khiva,—a wonderful collection for female adornment; Chevalier Bayard's cuirass; a spear which opens after it enters the body; an alarm clock which shoots off a gun to awaken the sleeper; the flags taken in the Hungarian insurrection of 1849; the baton of Schamyl, the Circassian chief, who fought Russia so many years; the emeralds, by the quantity, which the Shah of Persia sent to the Czar; the "horse furniture" of the Indian sheiks, and a circular knife which they used to hurl, which cut your head off before you could say your little prayer; and as a proper apex to this collection of curious gifts and gems, worth alone sixty millions of rubles, the sword of Mazeppa, the brave hetman of the Poles, who will never cease to ride through histrionic and historic dangers on that fierce untamed charger of the desert! . . .

If you would find in full perfection the richest in all respects of all the palaces in the world, I suppose the Winter Palace would be that superlative edifice. Since the attempt to blow it up as the royal people were about to dine it has been closed. I made an effort, through Colonel Hoffman, our chargé d'affaires, to obtain an entrance for the Americans now stopping here, but vainly. Recent events forbade. The Czar himself will not go into it again. It is shut for two years. This was a disappointment, but it was partly compensated for by admission to the "Hermitage," which is a part or a neighbor to the Winter Palace. But the Hermitage seems to be enough for all our time.

All the "masters," old and young, native and foreign, are in profusion here, as well as specimens of the exhaustless mineral glories of Russia and Siberia in every form of carved beauty and tasteful grace. Museums of ancient statuary, coins, jewels, and intaglios, illustrating every age and

phase of history, and, as a climax of interest, the relics of the city of Kertch and other palaces in the Greek colonies of two thousand years ago,—now in southern Russia,—are here. This exhibition supplements General Cesnola's Cyprian antiquities, and would add fresh interest to our home museum. Upon these Greek relics are found such dresses, worn by the ancient Scythians, as our drosky-drivers now wear, and bas-reliefs on these old vases show horses managed exactly as my former Ohio constituent, Rarey, used to quell the worst "Cruisers" of the equestrian world.

But, as a small American boy remarked at the end of our six hours' promenade through these corridors, "We feel two thousand years old ourselves, we have travelled so much and so far."

Do you ask, is Peter the Great to be found at the Hermitage? Surely, he is everywhere. Here are his lathes, tools and knives, and *plaques*, or disks of copper and ivory, cut by his own hand. Here, too, is his measuring-staff, which was a foot taller than any one in our party, and that of his valet, a foot taller than Peter! How could he be such a warrior, statesman, mechanic, and architect, ruling such an immense and incongruous people so well, and make so many knick-knacks with his own hand and out of his own mechanical contrivance? This conundrum puzzles the brain. We are curious to know the secret of Peter's power, and of the glamour of grandeur around this giant of Muscovite history and modern civilization. . . .

The staircase of this palace of the Hermitage has no equal in its size and proportion. Outside, there are immense black colossal porphyry figures bearing up the portico, each an Atlas itself. They are emblems of the eighty millions of subjects, which from every rank uphold this extended empire. With its sixty millions of farmers, now free; its seven millions of villagers, its one million of gen-

try, nobles, and officers, and its four millions of military men and their families, it would seem that the vast edifice of the Russian power would be stable, supported by such Atlantean shoulders. Is it really so? Time will tell. For the welfare of all it is to be wished that there was more comfort and elevation among these vast masses of men.

A VISIT TO FINLAND.

DAVID KER.

[Finland is now Northern Russia, and the Finns are classed as Russians; but it is so only in autocratic decrees and tax-lists. The Fins cannot, by any governmental metamorphosis, be transformed into Russians, and their land will still retain its individuality. In winter it lies deep within the domain of the ice-king. How it appears in summer is described in the following record of travel.]

"Why don't you go to Imatra?" asks my friend P—as we lean over the side of the Peterhof steamer and watch the golden domes of St. Petersburg rising slowly from the dull gray level of the Gulf of Finland. "Now that you've seen a bit of Central Russia, that's the next thing for you to do. Go to Imatra, and I'll go too."

"And where on earth *is* Imatra?" ask I, innocently.

"Oh, come! you don't mean to say you've never heard of Imatra? Why, everybody knows it. Let's go there next week."

Nevertheless, it so happens that I have *not* heard of Imatra,—an ignorance probably shared by most people out of Russia, and perhaps not a few in it. But I am destined to a speedier acquaintance than I had anticipated with the famous waterfall (or "foss," as the natives call it), which,

lying forty miles due north of the Finnish port of Viborg, close to the renowned "Saima Lake," attracts the amateur fishermen of St. Petersburg by scores every summer. . . .

Accordingly, behold all our preparations made,—knapsacks packed, tear-and-wear garments put in requisition, many-colored Russian notes exchanged (at a fearful discount) for dingy Finnish silver,—and at half-past ten on a not particularly bright July morning we stand on the deck of the anything but "good ship" "Konstantin," bound for Viborg.

Despite her tortoise qualities as a steamer, however (which prolong our voyage to nearly nine hours), the vessel is really luxurious in her accommodations; and were her progress even slower, the motley groups around us (groups such as only Dickens could describe or Leech portray) would sufficiently beguile the time,—jaunty boy-officers in brand-new uniforms, gallantly puffing their *papirossi* (paper cigarettes) in defiance of coming nausea, and discussing the merits of the new opera loud enough to assure every one within earshot that they know nothing whatever about it; squat Finnish peasants, whose round, puffy faces and thick yellow hair are irresistibly suggestive of over-boiled apple-dumplings; gray-coated Russian soldiers, with the dogged endurance of their race written in every line of their patient, stolid, unyielding faces; a lanky Swede, whose huge cork hat and broad collar give him the look of an exaggerated medicine-bottle; the inevitable tourist in the inevitable plaid suit, struggling with endless convolutions of fishing-tackle and hooking himself in a fresh place at every turn; three or four pale-faced clerks on leave, looking very much as if their "overwork" had been in some way connected with cigars and bad brandy; a German tradesman from Vasili-Ostroff (with the short turnip-colored moustache characteristic of Wilhelm in his normal

state), in dutiful attendance on his wife, who is just completing her preparations for being comfortably ill as soon as the vessel starts ; and a fine specimen of the real British merchant, talking vehemently (in a miraculous dialect of his own invention) to a Russian official, whose air of studied politeness shows plainly that he does not understand a word of his neighbor's discourse.

Directly we go off the rain comes on, with that singular fatality characteristic of pleasure-trips in general, arising, doubtless, from the mysterious law which ordains that a man shall step into a puddle the instant he has had his boots blacked, and that a piece of bread-and-butter shall fall (how would Sir Isaac Newton have accounted for it ?) with the buttered side downward. In a trice the deck is deserted by all save two or three self-devoted martyrs in mackintosh, who "pace the plank" with that air of stern resolution worn by an Englishman when dancing a quadrille or discharging any other painful duty. The scenery throughout the entire voyage consists chiefly of fog, relieved by occasional patches of sand-bank ; and small wonder if the superior attractions of the well-spread dinner-table detain most of our fellow-sufferers below. What is this first dish that they offer us ? *Raw salmon*, by the shade of Soyer ! sliced thin and loaded with pepper. Then follow soup, fried trout, roast beef, boiled ditto, slices of German sausage, neck of veal and bacon, fried potatoes and cabbage. Surely, now, "Hold, enough !" Not a bit of it : enter an enormous plum-pudding, which might do duty for a globe at any provincial school ; next, a dish of rice and preserve, followed by some of the strongest conceivable cheese ; finally, strawberries and bilberries, with cream and sugar *ad libitum*. Involuntarily I recall the famous old American story of the "boss" at a railway refreshment-room who demanded fifty cents extra from a passenger

who stuck to the table after all the rest had dined and gone away. "Your board says, 'Dinner, three dollars and fifty cents!'" remonstrated the victim.—"Ah! that's all very well for reasonable human bein's with one stomach apiece," retorted the Inexorable; "but when a feller eats *as if there were no hereafter*, we've got to pile it on!"

As we pass Cronstadt the fog "lifts" slightly, giving us a momentary glimpse of the huge forts that guard the passage,—the locked door which bars out Western Europe. There is nothing showy or pretentious about these squat, round-shouldered, narrow-eyed sentinels of the channel; but they have a grim air of reserved strength, as though they could be terribly effective in time of need. Two huge forts now command the "southern channel," in addition to the four which guarded it at the time of the Baltic expedition during the Crimean war; and the land-batteries (into which no outsider is now admitted without special permission) are being strengthened by movable shields of iron and other appliances of the kind, for which nearly one million roubles (one hundred and fifty thousand pounds) have been set apart. The seaward approaches are commanded by numerous guns of formidable calibre, and far away on the long, level promontory of the North Spit we can just descrie a dark excrecence,—the battery recently constructed for the defence of the "northern passage." Thus, from the Finnish coast to Oranienbaum a bristling line of unbroken fortification proclaims Russia's aversion to war, and the gaping mouths of innumerable cannon announce to all who approach, with silent eloquence, that "*L'empire c'est la paix.*" It is a fine political parable that the Western traveller's first glimpse of Russian civilization should assume the form of a line of batteries, reminding one of poor Mungo Park's splendid unconscious sarcasm, when, while wandering helplessly in the desert, he came

suddenly upon a gibbet with a man hanging in chains upon it; "Whereupon," says he, "I kneeled down and gave hearty thanks to Almighty God, who had been pleased to conduct me once more into a Christian and civilized country."

[The steamboat journey ended at the Finnish port of Viborg, eighty miles by land from St. Petersburg, and now accessible by rail.]

"We must breakfast early to-morrow, mind," says P——, as we settle into our respective beds, "for a march in the sun here is no joke, you bet!"

"Worse than in Arabia or South America?" ask I with calm scorn.

"You'll find the north of Russia a pretty fair match for both at this season. Do you happen to know that one of the hottest places in the world is Archangelsk on the White Sea? In summer the pitch melts off the vessels like butter, and the mosquitoes are so thick that the men on board the grain-ships fairly burrow into the corn for shelter. Good-night! Sharp six to-morrow, mind!"

Accordingly, the early daylight finds us tramping along the edge of the picturesque little creek (dappled here and there with wood-crowned islets) in order to get well into our work before the sun is high in the sky, for a forty-mile march, knapsack on shoulder, across a difficult country, in the heat of a real Russian summer, is not a thing to be trifled with, even by men who have seen Turkey and Syria. A sudden turn of the road soon blots out the sea, and we plunge at once into the green silent depths of the northern forest.

It is characteristic of the country that, barely out of sight of one of the principal ports of Finland, we are in the midst of a loneliness as utter as if it had never been broken by man. The only tokens of his presence are the

narrow swathe of road running between the dim, unending files of the shadowy pine-trees, and the tall wooden posts, striped black and white like a zebra, which mark the distance in versts from Viborg, the verst being two-thirds of a mile.

To an unpractised eye the marvellous smoothness and hardness of this forest highway (unsurpassed by any macadamized road in England) might suggest a better opinion of the local civilization than it deserves; for in this case it is the soil, not the administration, that merits all the credit. In granite-paved Finland, as in limestone-paved Barbadoes, Nature has already laid down your road in a way that no human engineering can rival, and all you have to do is to smooth it to your own liking.

And now the great panorama of the far North—a noble change from the flat unending monotony of the Russian steppes—begins in all its splendor. At one moment we are buried in a dark depth of forest, shadowy and spectral as those which haunt us in the weird outlines of Retzsch; the next minute we burst upon an open valley, bright with fresh grass, and with a still, shining lake slumbering in the centre, the whole picture framed in a background of sombre woods. Here rise giant boulders of granite, crested with spreading pines,—own brothers, perhaps, of the block dragged hence eighty years ago from which the greatest of Russian rulers still looks down upon the city that bears his name; there, bluffs of wooded hill rear themselves above the surrounding sea of foliage, and at times the roadside is dotted with the little wooden huts of the natives, whence wooden-faced women, turbaned with colored handkerchiefs, and white-headed children, in nothing but a short night-gown with a warm lining of dirt, stare wonderingly at us as we go striding past. And over all hangs the clear, pearly-gray northern sky.

One hour is past, and still the air keeps moderately fresh, although the increasing glare warns us that it will be what I once heard a British tourist call "more hotterer" by and by. So far, however, we have not turned a hair, and the second hour's work matches the first to an inch. As we pass through the little hamlet which marks the first quarter of our allotted distance we instinctively pull out our watches: "Ten miles in two hours! Not so bad, but we must keep it up."

So we set ourselves to the third hour, and out comes the sun—bright and beautiful and destroying as Homer's Achilles:

"Bright are his rays, but evil fate they send,
And to sad man destroying heat portend."

Hitherto, despite the severity of our pace, we have contrived to keep up a kind of flying conversation, but now grim silence settles on our way. There is a point in every match against time when the innate ferocity of man, called forth by the exercises which civilization has borrowed from the brute creation, comes to the front in earnest,—when your best friend becomes your deadly enemy, and the fact of his being one stride in advance of you is an injury only to be atoned by blood. Such is the precise point that we have reached now; and when we turn from exchanging malignant looks with each other, it is only to watch with ominous eagerness for the coming in sight of the painted verst-posts, which somehow appear to succeed one another far more slowly than they did an hour ago.

By the middle of the fourth hour we are marching with coats off and sleeves rolled up, like amateur butchers; and although our "pace" is as good as ever, the elastic swing of our first start is now replaced by that dogged, "hard-and-heavy" tramp which marks the point where the flesh

and the spirit begin to pull in opposite directions. Were either of us alone, the pace would probably slacken at once, and each may safely say in his heart, as Condorcet said of the dying D'Alembert, "Had I not been there he *must* have flinched!"

But just as the fourth hour comes to an end (during which we have looked at our watches as often as Wellington during the terrible mid-day hours that preceded the distant boom of the Prussian cannon) we come round a sharp bend in the road, and there before us lies the quaint little log-built post-house (the "half-way house" in very truth), with its projecting roof and painted front and striped door-posts; just at which auspicious moment I stumble and twist my foot.

"You were right to reserve *that* performance to the last," remarks P——, with a grin, helping me to the door; and we order a *samovar* (tea-urn) to be heated, while we ourselves indulge in a scrambling wash of the rudest kind, but very refreshing nevertheless.

Reader, did you ever walk five miles an hour for four hours together over a hilly country, with the thermometer at eighty-three degrees in the shade? If so, then will you appreciate our satisfaction as we throw aside our heavy boots, plunge our swollen feet into cold water, and, with coats off and collars thrown open, sit over our tea and black bread in that quaint little cross-beamed room, with an appetite never excited by the best *plats* of the Erz-Herzog Karl or the Trois Frères Provençaux. Two things, at least, one may always be sure of finding in perfection at a Russian post-station: tea is the one; the other I need not particularize, as its presence does not usually become apparent till you "*retire to rest*" (?).

Our meal being over and my foot still unfit for active service, we order a *telyayga* (cart) and start anew for Imatra

Foss. Our vehicle is simply a wooden tray on wheels, with a bag of hay in it, on which we do our best to recline, while our driver perches himself on the edge of the cart, thereby doubtless realizing vividly the sensation of rowing hard in a pair of thin unmentionables. Thanks to the perpetual gaps in the road formed by the great thaw two months ago (the Finnish winter ending about the beginning of May), during the greater part of the ride we play an animated though involuntary game of cup-and-ball, being thrown up and caught again incessantly. At length a dull roar, growing ever louder and louder, breaks the dreamy stillness of the forest, and before long we come to a little chalet-like inn embosomed in trees, where we alight, for this is the "Imatra Hotel."

Let us cast one glance out of the back window before sitting down to supper (in a long, bare, chilly chamber like a third-class waiting room), for such a view is not seen every day. We are on the very brink of a deep narrow gorge, the upper part of which is so thickly clad with pines as to resemble the crest of some gigantic helmet, but beneath the naked granite stands out in all its grim barrenness, lashed by the spray of the mighty torrent that roars between its projecting rocks. Just below us, the river, forced back by a huge boulder in the centre of its course, literally piles itself up into a kind of liquid mound, foaming, flashing, and trembling incessantly, the ceaseless motion and tremendous din of the rapids having an indescribably bewildering effect. . . .

But the lake itself is, if possible, even more picturesque than the river. It is one of those long, straggling bodies of water so common in the far North, resembling not so much one great lake as an endless series of small ones. Just at the sortie of the river a succession of rapids, scarcely less magnificent than those of the "Foss" itself,

rush between the wooded shores, their unresting whirl and fury contrasting gloriously with the vast expanse of glassy water above, crested with leafy islets and mirroring the green boughs that droop over it along the shore. Here did we spend many a night fishing and "spinning yarns," in both of which accomplishments the ex-chasseur was pre-eminent; and strange enough it seemed, lying in the depths of that northern forest, to listen to descriptions of the treeless sands of Egypt and the burning wastes of the Sahara. Our midnight camp, on a little promontory just above the rapids, was a study for Rembrandt,—the slender pine-stems reddened by the blaze of our camp-fire; the group of bearded faces coming and going as the light waxed and waned; beyond the circle of light a gloom all the blacker for the contrast; the ghostly white of the foam shimmering through the leaves, and the clear moonlit sky overhanging all.

When a wet day came upon us the inexhaustible ex-chasseur (who, like Frederick the Great, could "do everything but keep still") amused himself and us with various experiments in cookery, of which art he was a perfect master. His versatility in sauces might have aroused the envy of Soyer himself, and the party having brought with them a large stock of provisions, he was never at a loss for materials. Our ordinary dinner consisted of trout sauced with red wine, mutton, veal, duck, cheese, fresh strawberries, and coffee; after which every man took his tumbler of tea, with a slice of lemon in it, from the stove, and the evening began.

The sight of the country, however, is undoubtedly the natives themselves. Their tawny skins, rough yellow hair, and coarse flat faces would look uninviting enough to those who have never seen a Kalmuck or a Samoyede, but, despite their diet of dried fish and bread mixed with saw-

dust, both men and women are remarkably healthy and capable of surprising feats of strength and endurance. They make great use of bark for caps, shoes, plates, etc., in the making of which they are very skilful. As to their dress, it baffles description, and the horror of my friend the ex-chasseur at his first glimpse of it was as good as a play. . . .

But there needs only a short journey here to show the folly of further annexations on the part of Russia while those already made are so lamentably undeveloped. Finland, which, rightly handled, might be one of the Czar's richest possessions, is now, after nearly seventy years' occupation, as unprofitable as ever. Throughout the whole province there are only three hundred and ninety-eight miles of railway. Post roads, scarce enough in the South, are absolutely wanting in the North. Steam navigation on the Gulf of Bothnia extends only to Uleaborg, and is, so far as I can learn, actually non-existent on the great lakes, except between Tanasthuus and Tammerfors. Such is the state of a land containing boundless water-power, countless acres of fine timber, countless ship-loads of splendid granite. But what can be expected of an untaught population under two millions left to themselves in an unreclaimed country nearly as large as France?

But better days are now dawning on the afflicted land. Roads and railways are being pushed forward into the interior, and the ill-judged attempts formerly made to Russianize the population have given place to a more conciliatory policy. A Russian from Helsingfors tells me that lectures are being delivered there, and extracts from native works read, in the aboriginal tongue; that it is being treated with special attention in the great schools of Southern Finland; that there has even been some talk of dramatic representations in Finnish at the Helsingfors theatre.

MOSCOW IN 1800.

EDWARD DANIEL CLARKE.

[Of the English travellers of the latter part of the last century, none acquired greater distinction than Dr. Clarke. Born in Sussex in 1769, in 1790 he made a tour of Great Britain, in 1792 visited France, Switzerland, and Italy, and in 1799 started on a three-years' tour of Northern Europe, Turkey, Syria, Egypt, etc., publishing, in 1810, "Travels in Various Parts of Europe, Asia, and Africa," one of the most delightful and popular works of travel ever issued, and which has given him a durable celebrity. He died in 1822. We give below a portion of his animated description of Moscow, which he visited in 1800, years before the invasion of Napoleon and the burning of this celebrated Russian capital.]

THERE is nothing more extraordinary in this country than the transition of the seasons. The people of Moscow have no spring: winter *vanishes*, and summer *is*. This is not the work of a week, or a day, but of one instant, and the manner of it exceeds belief. We came from Petersburg to Moscow on sledges. The next day snow was gone. On the 8th of April, at mid-day, snow beat in at our carriage windows. On the same day, at sunset, arriving in Moscow, we had difficulty in being dragged through the mud to the commandant's. The next morning the streets were dry, the double windows had been removed from the houses, the casements thrown open, all the carriages were upon wheels, and the balconies filled with spectators. Another day brought with it twenty-three degrees of heat of Celsius, when the thermometer was placed in the shade at noon.

We arrived at the season of the year in which this city is most interesting to strangers. Moscow is in everything

extraordinary, as well in disappointing expectation as in surpassing it; in causing wonder and derision, pleasure and regret. Let me conduct the reader back with me again to the gate by which we entered, and thence through the streets. Numerous spires, glittering with gold, amidst burnished domes and painted palaces, appear in the midst of an open plain for several versts before you reach this gate. Having passed, you look about, and wonder what has become of the city, or where you are, and are ready to ask, once more, "How far is it to Moscow?" They will tell you, "This is Moscow!" and you behold nothing but a wide and scattered suburb,—houses, gardens, pigsties, brick walls, churches, dung-hills, palaces, timber-yards, warehouses, and a refuse, as it were, of materials, sufficient to stock an empire with miserable towns and miserable villages.

One might imagine all the states of Europe and Asia had sent a building, by way of representative, to Moscow and, under this impression, the eye is presented with deputies from all countries, holding congress: timber huts from regions beyond the Arctic; plastered palaces from Sweden and Denmark, not whitewashed since their arrival; painted walls from the Tyrol; mosques from Constantinople; Tartar temples from Bucharria; pagodas, pavilions, and verandas from China; cabarets from Spain; dungeons, prisons, and public offices from France; architectural ruins from Rome; terraces and trellises from Naples, and warehouses from Wapping.

Having heard accounts of its immense population, you wander through deserted streets. Passing suddenly towards the quarter where the shops are situated, you might walk upon the heads of thousands. The daily throng is there so immense that, unable to force a passage through it, or assign any motive that might convene such a multi-

tude, you ask the cause, and are told that it is always the same. Nor is the costume less various than the aspect of the buildings. Greeks, Turks, Tartars, Cossacks, Chinese, Muscovites, English, French, Italians, Poles, Germans, all parade in the habits of their respective countries.

We were in a Russian inn, a complete epitome of the city itself. The next room to ours was filled by ambassadors from Persia. In a chamber beyond the Persians lodged a party of Kirghisians, a people yet unknown, and any one of whom might be exhibited in a cage as some newly-discovered species. They had bald heads, covered by conical embroidered caps, and wore sheep's hides. Beyond the Kirghisians lodged a *nidus* of Bucharians, wild as the asses of Numidia. All these were ambassadors from their respective districts, extremely jealous of each other, who had been to Petersburg to treat of commerce, peace, and war.

The doors of all our chambers opened into one gloomy passage, so that sometimes we all encountered, and formed a curious masquerade. The Kirghisians and Bucharians were best at arm's length; but the worthy old Persian, whose name was Orazai, often exchanged visits with us. He brought us presents, according to the custom of his country, and was much pleased with an English pocket-knife we had given him, with which he said he should shave his head. At his devotions he stood silent for an hour together, on two small carpets, barefooted, with his face towards Mecca, holding, as he said, intellectual converse with Mohammed. . . .

Ambassadors of other more Oriental hordes drove into the court-yard of the inn from Petersburg. The Emperor had presented each of them with a barouche. Never was anything more ludicrous than their appearance. Out of respect to the sovereign they had maintained a painful

struggle to preserve their seat, sitting cross-legged, like Turks. The snow having melted, they had been jolted in this manner over the trunks of trees, which form a timber causeway between Petersburg and Moscow; so that, when taken from their fine new carriages, they could hardly crawl, and made the most pitiable grimaces imaginable. A few days after coming to Moscow they ordered all the carriages to be sold for whatever sum any person would offer.

[Immediately after Mr. Clarke's arrival at Moscow the Easter ceremonies were celebrated with great pomp and display. Of these he gives an animated description, of which we select the concluding portion.]

The third and most magnificent ceremony of all is celebrated two hours after midnight, in the morning of Easter Sunday. It is called the ceremony of the Resurrection, and certainly exceeded everything of the kind celebrated at Rome, or anywhere else. I have not seen so splendid a sight in any Roman Catholic country, not even that of the benediction by the Pope during the Holy Week.

At midnight the great bell of the cathedral tolled. Its vibrations seemed the rolling of distant thunder, and they were instantly accompanied by the noise of all the bells in Moscow. Every inhabitant was stirring, and the rattling of carriages in the streets was greater than at noonday. The whole city was in a blaze, for lights were seen in all the windows, and innumerable torches in the streets. The tower of the cathedral was illuminated from its foundation to its cross. The same ceremony takes place in all the churches; and, what is truly surprising, considering their number, it is said they are all equally crowded.

We hastened to the cathedral, which was filled with a prodigious assembly of all ranks and sexes, bearing lighted

wax tapers, to be afterwards heaped as vows on the different shrines. The walls, ceilings, and every part of this building are covered by the pictures of saints and martyrs. In the moment of our arrival the doors were shut, and on the outside appeared Reato, the archbishop, preceded by banners and torches, and followed by all his train of priests, with crucifixes and censers, who were making three times, in procession, the tour of the cathedral, chanting with loud voices, and glittering in sumptuous vestments, covered by gold, silver, and precious stones. The snow had not melted so rapidly in the Kremlin as in the streets of the city, and this magnificent procession was therefore constrained to move upon planks over the deep mud which surrounded the cathedral.

After completing the third circuit they all halted opposite the great doors, which were shut; and the archbishop, with a censer, scattered incense against the doors and over the priests. Suddenly these doors were opened, and the effect was beyond description great. The immense throng of spectators within, bearing innumerable tapers, formed two lines, through which the archbishop entered, advancing with his train to a throne near the centre. The profusion of lights in all parts of the cathedral, and, among others, of the enormous chandelier which hung from the centre, the richness of the dresses, and the vastness of the assembly, filled us with astonishment. Having joined the suite of the archbishop, we accompanied the procession, and passed even to the throne, on which the police officers permitted us to stand, among the priests, near an embroidered stool of satin, placed for the archbishop. The loud chorus which burst forth at the entrance to the church continued as the procession moved towards the throne, and after the archbishop had taken his seat, when my attention was for a moment called off by seeing one of the Russians earnestly

crossing himself with his right hand, while his left was employed in picking my companion's pocket of his handkerchief.

Soon after the archbishop descended, and went all round the cathedral, first offering incense to the priests, and then to the people, as he passed along. When he had returned to his seat the priests, two by two, performed the same ceremony, beginning with the archbishop, who rose and made obeisance with a lighted taper in his hand. From the moment the church doors were opened the spectators had continued bowing their heads and crossing themselves, insomuch that some of the people seemed really exhausted by the constant motion of the head and hands.

I had now leisure to examine the dresses and figures of the priests, which were certainly the most striking I ever saw. Their long dark hair, without powder, fell down in ringlets, or straight and thick, far over their rich robes and shoulders. Their dark thick beards, also, entirely covered their breasts. On the heads of the archbishop and bishops were high caps, covered with gems and adorned by miniature paintings, set in jewels, of the crucifixion, the Virgin, and the saints. Their robes of various-colored satin were of the most costly embroidery, and even on these were miniature pictures set with precious stones. . . .

After two hours had been spent in various ceremonies, the archbishop advanced, holding forth a cross, which all the people crowded to embrace, squeezing each other nearly to suffocation. As soon, however, as their eagerness had been somewhat satisfied, he retired to the sacristy, where, putting on a plain purple robe, he again advanced, exclaiming three times in a very loud voice, "Christ is risen!"

The most remarkable part of the solemnity now followed. The archbishop, descending into the body of the church, concluded the whole ceremony by crawling round the pave-

ment on his hands and knees, kissing the consecrated pictures, whether on the pillars, the walls, the altars, or the tombs, the priests and all the people imitating his example. Sepulchres were opened and all the mummied bodies of incorruptible saints exhibited, all of which underwent the same general kissing.

Thus was Easter proclaimed, and riot and debauchery instantly broke loose. The inn in which we lodged became a pandemonium. Drinking, dancing, and singing continued through the night and day. But in the midst of all these excesses quarrels hardly ever took place. The wild, rude riot of a Russian populace is full of humanity. Few disputes are heard; no blows are given; no lives endangered, but by drinking. No meetings take place of any kind without repeating the expressions of peace and joy, *Christos vosress!* "Christ is risen!" to which the answer always is the same, *Vo isteney vosress!* "He is risen indeed!"

On Easter Monday begins the presentation of the paschal eggs: lovers to their mistresses, relatives to each other, servants to their masters, all bring ornamented eggs. Every offering at this season is called a paschal egg. The meanest pauper in the street, presenting an egg, and repeating the words, *Christos vosress*, may demand a salute, even of the Empress. All business is laid aside; the upper ranks are engaged in visiting, balls, dinners, suppers, and masquerades, while boors fill the air with their songs or roll drunk about the streets. Servants appear in new and tawdry liveries, and carriages in the most sumptuous parade. . . .

After London and Constantinople, Moscow is, doubtless, the most remarkable city in Europe. A stranger, passing rapidly through, might pronounce it the dullest, dirtiest, and most uninteresting city in the world, while another,

having resided there, would affirm that it had rather the character of a great commercial and wealthy metropolis of a vast and powerful empire. If the grandeur and riches of the inhabitants are to be estimated by the number of equipages, and the number of horses attached to each, Moscow would excel in splendor all the cities of the globe. There is hardly an individual, above the rank of plebeian, who would be seen without four horses to his carriage, and the generality have six. But the manner in which this pomp is displayed is a perfect burlesque upon stateliness. A couple of ragged boys are placed as postilions, before a coachman in such sheep's hides as are worn by the peasants in the woods, and behind the carriage are stationed a couple of lackeys, more tawdry but not less ludicrous than their drivers. To give all this greater effect, the traces of the horses are so long that it requires considerable management to preserve the horses from being entangled whenever they turn the corner of a street or make a halt. Notwithstanding this, no stranger, however he may deride its absurdity, will venture to visit the nobles, if he wishes for their notices, without four horses to his chariot, a ragged coachman and postilion, and a parade of equipage that must excite his laughter in proportion as it insures their countenance and approbation. . . .

The numberless bells of Moscow continue to ring during the whole of Easter week, tinkling and tolling without any kind of harmony or order. The large bell near the cathedral is only used on important occasions, and yields the finest and most solemn tone I ever heard. When it sounds, a deep and hollow murmur vibrates all over Moscow, like the fullest and lowest tones of a vast organ, or the rolling of distant thunder. This bell is suspended in a tower called the Belfry of St. Ivan, beneath others which, though of less size, are enormous. It is forty feet nine

inches in circumference, sixteen inches and a half thick, and it weighs more than fifty-seven tons.

The Kremlin is, above all other places, most worthy a traveller's notice. It was our evening walk, whenever we could escape the engagements of society. The view it affords of the city surpasses every other, both in singularity and splendor, especially from St. Ivan's tower. This fortress is surrounded on all sides by walls, towers, and ramparts, and stuffed full of domes and steeples. The appearance differs in every point of view, on account of the strange irregularity in the edifices it contains. . . .

The great bell of Moscow, known to be the largest ever founded, is in a deep pit in the midst of the Kremlin. The history of its fall is a fable, and, as writers are accustomed to copy each other, the story continues to be propagated. The fact is, the bell remains in the place where it was originally cast. It never was suspended. The Russians might as well attempt to suspend a first-rate line-of-battle ship with all its guns and stores. A fire took place in the Kremlin, the flames of which caught the building erected over the pit in which the bell yet remained, in consequence of which the metal became hot, and water thrown to extinguish the fire fell upon the bell, causing the fracture which has taken place.

The entrance is by a trap-door placed even with the surface of the earth. We found the steps very dangerous. Some of them were wanting, and others broken, which occasioned me a severe fall down the whole extent of the first flight and a narrow escape for my life in not being dashed upon the bell. In consequence of this accident a sentinel was stationed afterwards at the trap-door to prevent people from becoming victims to their curiosity. He might have been as well employed in mending the steps as in waiting all day to say that they were broken.

The bell is truly a mountain of metal. They relate that it contains a very large proportion of gold and silver, for that, while it was in fusion, the people cast in, as votive offerings, their plate and money. It is permitted to doubt the truth of traditionary tales, particularly in Russia, where people are much disposed to relate what they have heard without once reflecting on its probability. I endeavored in vain to assay a small part. The natives regard it with superstitious veneration, and they would not allow even a grain to be filed off; at the same time it may be said the compound has a white, shining appearance, unlike bell-metal in general, and perhaps its silvery appearance has strengthened, if not given rise to, a conjecture respecting the richness of its materials.

[The bell, two feet above its lower part,—which was buried in the earth,—measured in circumference sixty-seven feet four inches; its height was twenty-one feet four and a half inches; in its thickest part it measured twenty-three inches. The estimated weight is four hundred and forty-three thousand seven hundred and seventy-two pounds.]

The architecture exhibited in different parts of the Kremlin, in its palaces and churches, is like nothing seen in Europe. It is difficult to say from what country it has been principally derived. The architects were generally Italians; but the style is Tartarian, Indian, Chinese, and Gothic. Here a pagoda, there an arcade! In some parts richness and even elegance; in others, barbarity and decay. Taken altogether, it is a jumble of magnificence and ruin. Old buildings repaired and modern structures not completed. Half-open vaults and mouldering walls and empty caves, amidst whitewashed brick buildings and towers and churches, with glittering, gilded, or painted domes. In the midst of it some devotees are seen entering a little, mean structure, more like a stable than a church. This, they

tell you, is the first place of Christian worship erected in Moscow. . . .

The view of Moscow from the terrace in the Kremlin, near the spot where the artillery is preserved, would afford a fine subject for a panorama. The number of magnificent buildings, the domes, the towers, the spires, which fill all the prospect, make it, perhaps, the most novel and interesting sight in Europe. All the wretched hovels and miserable wooden buildings, which appear in passing through the streets, are lost in the vast assemblage of magnificent edifices, among which the Foundling Hospital is particularly conspicuous. Below the walls of the Kremlin the Mosca, already become a river of importance, is seen flowing towards the Volga. The new promenade forming on its banks, immediately below the fortress, is a superb work, and promises to rival the famous quay at Petersburg.

A RUSSIAN SLEIGH JOURNEY.

FREDERICK BURNABY.

[Those who would like to obtain a lively picture of life in Russia and on the Asiatic steppes should read Captain Burnaby's "*A Ride to Khiva*" (1875), which is one of the most sprightly works of travel extant. We have elsewhere made a selection illustrative of the traveler's adventures in Asia, and present here some of his experiences in Russia. We take him up at the railroad terminus at Sizeran, whence he proposes to make his way by sleigh to Orenburg, *via* Samara.]

"You had better put on plenty of clothes," was the friendly caution I received from my companion as I entered the dressing-room, "for the thermometer marks twenty degrees below zero, Reaumur, and there is a wind."

People in this country who have never experienced a

Russian winter have little idea of the difference even a slight breeze makes when the mercury stands low in the thermometer, for the wind then cuts through you, furs and all, and penetrates to the very bones. Determined to be on my guard against the frost, I dressed myself, as I thought, as warmly as possible, and so as to be utterly impervious to the elements.

First came three pairs of the thickest stockings, drawn high up above the knee, and over them a pair of fur-lined low shoes, which in their turn were inserted into leather galoches, my limbs being finally deposited in a pair of enormous cloth boots, the latter reaching up to the thigh. Previously I had put on some extra thick drawers and a pair of trousers, the astonishment of the foreman of Messrs. Kino's establishment, "Lord love you, sir," being his remark when I tried them on, "no cold could get through them trousers, anyhow."

I must confess that I rather chuckled as my legs assumed herculean proportions, and I thought that I should have a good laugh at the wind, no matter how cutting it might be; but Æolus had the laugh on his side before the journey was over. A heavy flannel undershirt, and shirt covered by a thick wadded waistcoat and coat, encased my body, which was further enveloped in a huge *shuba*, or fur pelisse, reaching to the heels, while my head was protected by a fur cap and *vashlik*, a sort of cloth head-piece of a conical shape, made to cover the cap, and having two long ends which tie round the throat.

Being thus accoutred in all my armor, I sallied forth to join my companion, who, an enormous man naturally, now seemed a very Colossus of Rhodes in his own winter attire. "I think you will do," said my friend, scanning me well over; "but you will find your feet get very cold, for all that. It takes a day or so to get used to this sleigh

travelling; and, though I am only going a little beyond Samara, I shall be uncommonly glad when my journey is over."

He was buckling on his revolver; and as we were informed that there were a great many wolves in the neighborhood, I tried to do the same; but this was an impossibility; the man who made the belt had never foreseen the gigantic proportions my waist would assume when clad in this Russian garb. I was obliged to give it up in despair, and contented myself by strapping the weapon outside my saddle-bags. . . .

Three horses abreast, their coats white with pendent icicles and hoar-frost, were harnessed to the sleigh; the centre animal was in the shafts, and had his head fastened to a huge wooden head-collar, bright with various colors. From the summit of the head-collar was suspended a belt, while the two outside horses were harnessed by cord-traces to splinter-bars attached to the sides of the sleigh. The object of all this is to make the animal in the middle trot at a brisk pace, while his two companions gallop, their necks arched round in a direction opposite to the horse in the centre, this poor beast's head being tightly reined up to the head-collar.

A well-turned-out troika, with three really good horses, which get over the ground at the rate of twelve miles an hour, is a pretty sight to witness, particularly if the team has been properly trained, and the outside animals never attempt to break into a trot, while the one in the shafts steps forward with high action; but the constrained position in which the horses are kept must be highly uncomfortable to them, and one not calculated to enable a driver to get as much pace out of his animals as they could give him if harnessed in another manner.

Off we went at a brisk pace, the bell dangling from our

horse's head-collar and jingling merrily at every stride of the team.

The sun rose high in the heavens; it was a bright and glorious morning, in spite of the intense cold, and the amount of oxygen we inhaled was enough to elevate the spirits of the most dyspeptic of mankind. Presently, after descending a slight declivity, our Jehu turned sharply to the right; then came a scramble and succession of jolts and jerks as we slid down a steep bank, and we found ourselves on what appeared to be a broad high-road. Here the sight of many masts and shipping, which, bound in by the icy fetters of a relentless winter, would remain embedded in the ice till the ensuing spring, showed me that we were on the Volga.

It was an animated spectacle, this frozen highway, thronged with peasants who strode beside their sledges which were bringing cotton and other goods from Orenburg to the railway. Now a smart troika would dash by us, its driver shouting as he passed, when our Jehu, stimulating his steeds by loud cries and frequent applications of the whip, would vainly strive to overtake his brother coachman. Old and young alike seemed octogenarians, their short, thick beards and moustaches being white as hoarfrost from the congealed breath. . . . An iron bridge was being constructed a little farther down the Volga. Here the railroad was to pass, and it was said that in two years' time there would be railway communication, not only between Samara and the capital, but even as far as Orenburg. Presently the scenery became very picturesque as we raced over the glistening surface, which flashed like a burnished cuirass beneath the rays of the rising sun. Now we approach a spot where seemingly the waters from some violent blast or other had been in a state of foam and commotion, when a stern frost transformed them into a solid mass.

Pillars and blocks of the shining and hardened element were seen modelled into a thousand quaint and grotesque patterns. Here a fountain, perfectly formed with Ionic and Doric columns, was reflecting a thousand prismatic hues from the diamond-like stalactites which had attached themselves to its crest. There a huge obelisk, which, if of stone, might have come from ancient Thebes, lay half buried beneath a pile of fleecy snow. Farther on we came to what might have been a Roman temple or vast hall in the palace of a Cæsar, where many half-hidden pillars and monuments erected their tapering summits above the piles of the débris. The wind had done in that northern latitude what has been performed by some violent preadamite agency in the Berber desert. Take away the ebon blackness of the stony masses which have been there cast forth from the bowels of the earth, and replace them on a smaller scale by the crystal forms I have faintly attempted to describe, and the resemblance would be striking. . . .

The road now changed its course, and our driver directed his steels towards the bank. Suddenly we discovered that immediately in front of us the ice had broken beneath a horse and sleigh, and that the animal was struggling in the water. The river here was fortunately only about four feet deep, so there would not be much difficulty in extracting the quadruped; but what to ourselves seemed far more important was to solve the knotty problem of how to get to land, for between our sleigh and the shore was a wide gulf, and there seemed to be no possibility of driving through it without a wetting. "Pleasant," muttered my companion, "pleasant, very! Let us get out and have a good look round, to see if we cannot find a place where we can get across in safety."

"I will pull you through," observed our Jehu, with a

broad grin on his lobster-colored countenance, and apparently much amused with the state of affairs.

"No, oh, son of an animal," retorted my companion; "stay here till we return."

After considerable search we found a spot where the water-channel was certainly not much more than twelve feet across, and some peasants who were fishing in the river came up and volunteered their assistance. One of them produced a pole about eight feet long, with which, he said, we could jump the chasm. My companion looked at me with a melancholy smile, in which resolution and caution struggled for the mastery. "It is very awful," he said, "very awful, but there is no other alternative, and I much fear that we must."

With these words he seized the pole, and carefully inserted one end of it in the muddy bottom. "If the ice gives way when I land on the other side!" he suddenly observed, releasing his hold of the leaping bar. "Why, if it does, you will get a ducking," was my remark: "but be quick; the longer you look at it the less you will like it; and it is very cold standing here: now, then, jump over."

[The corpulent Russian, however, could not bring himself to face the chasm, and preferred the risk of a wetting in being dragged through in the sleigh. Burnaby's turn came, and he chose the pole, piqued thereto by the chaffing remarks of the grinning peasants.]

"How fat they are!" said one. "No, it's their furs," observed another. "How awkward he is!" continued a third; "why, I could jump it myself."—"I tell you what it is, my friend," I at length observed, "if you continue this conversation, I think it very likely you will jump either over or in, for I want to find out the exact distance, and am thinking of throwing you over first, in order to satisfy my mind as to how wide it is, and how deep."

This remark, uttered in rather a sharp tone, had the desired effect, and, seizing the pole convulsively, I prepared for the leap, which, nothing to a man not clad in furs, was by no means a contemptible one in my sleigh attire. One, two, three! a bound, a sensation of flying through the air, a slip, a scramble, and I found myself on the other side, having got over with no more damage than one wet leg, the boot itself being instantly covered with a shining case of ice.

"Come along quick!" cried my friend, who by this time had been dragged through; "let us get on as quickly as possible." And without giving me time to see if my cartridges or other baggage on the bottom of the sleigh had suffered from the ducking, we rattled off once more in the direction of Samara.

[Soon after they reached a stopping-place, changed horses, and were off again, now in a howling wind and falling snow.]

Very soon that so-called "pins-and-needles" sensation, recalling some snow-balling episodes of my boyish days, began once more to make itself felt, and I found myself commencing a sort of double-shuffle against the boards of the vehicle. The snow was falling in thick flakes, and with great difficulty our driver could keep the track, his jaded horses sinking sometimes up to the traces in the rapidly forming drifts, and floundering heavily along the now thoroughly hidden road. The cracks of his whip sounded like pistol-shots against their jaded flanks, and volleys of invectives issued from his lips.

"Oh, sons of animals!" (Whack.)

"Oh, spoiled one!" (Whack.) This to a brute which looked as if he had never eaten a good feed of corn in his life. "Oh, woolly ones!" (Whack! whack! whack!)

"Oh, Lord God!" This, as we were all upset into a snow-

drift, the sleigh being three parts overturned, and our Jehu precipitated in the opposite direction.

"How far are we from the next halting-place?" suddenly inquired my companion, with an ejaculation which showed that even his good temper had given way under the cold and our situation.

"Only four versts, one of noble birth," replied the struggling Jehu, who was busily engaged endeavoring to right the half-overturned sleigh. A Russian verst about night-fall, and under such conditions as I have endeavored to point out to the reader, is an unknown quantity. A Scotch mile and a bit, an Irish league, a Spanish legua, or the German stunde, are at all times calculated to call forth the wrath of the traveller, but in no way equal to the first-named division of distance. For the verst is barely two-thirds of an English mile, and when, after driving yet for an hour, we were told there were still two versts more before we could arrive at our halting-place, it began fully to dawn upon my friend that either our driver's knowledge of distance, or otherwise his veracity, was at fault.

At last we reached a long, straggling village, where our horses stopped before a detached cottage. The proprietor came out to meet us at the threshold. "Samovar, samovar!" (urn) said my companion. "Quick, quick! samovar!" and hurrying by him and hastily throwing off our furs, we endeavored to regain our lost circulation beside the walls of a well-heated stove.

In a few minutes, and when the blood had begun once more to flow in its proper channels, I began to look round and observe the other occupants of the room. These were for the most part Jews, as could easily be seen by that peculiarity of the nose which unfailingly denotes any member of the tribe of Israel. Some half-open boxes of wares in the corner also showed their trade. The men were

hawkers of fancy jewelry and other finery calculated to please the wives of the farmers or better-to-do peasants in the neighborhood.

The smell was anything but agreeable, and the stench of sheep-skins, unwashed humanity, and some oily cooking going on in a very dirty frying-pan at last caused my companion to inquire if there was no other room vacant. We were shown into a small adjoining apartment, where the smell, though very pungent, was not quite so disagreeable as in the one inhabited by the family.

"This is a little better," muttered my companion, unpacking his portmanteau and taking out a teapot, with two small metal cases containing tea and sugar. "Quick, Tëtka, Aunt!" he cried (this to the old woman of the house), "quick with the samovar!" when an aged female, who might have been any age from eighty to a hundred, for she was almost bent double by decrepitude, carried in a large copper urn, the steam hissing merrily under the influence of the red-hot charcoal embers.

By this time I had unstrapped the mess tins, and was extracting their contents. "Let me be the carver," said my friend, at the same time trying to cut one of the cutlets with a knife; but he might as well have tried to pierce an ironclad with a pea-shooter, for the meat was turned into a solid lump of ice. It was as hard as a brick-bat, and when we tried the bread it was equally impenetrable; in fact, it was only after our provisions had been placed within the stove for about ten minutes that they became in any way eatable.

In the mean time my companion had concocted a most delicious brew, and with a large glass of pale or rather amber-colored tea, with a thin slice of lemon floating on the top, I was beginning to realize how pleasant it is to have been made thoroughly uncomfortable, for it is only after

having arrived at this point of misery that you can thoroughly appreciate what real enjoyment is. "What is pleasure?" asked a pupil of his master. "Absence of pain," was the philosopher's answer; and let any one who doubts that a feeling of intense enjoyment can be obtained from drinking a mere glass of tea, try a sleighing journey through Russia with the thermometer at 20° Reaumur and a wind. [20° Reaumur below zero equals —13° Fahrenheit.]

In almost an hour's time we were ready to start, but not so our driver, and to the expostulations of my companion he replied, "No, little father, there is a snow-storm; we might be lost, and I might be frozen. Oh, Lord God! there are wolves; they might eat me; the ice in the river might give way and we might all be drowned. For the sake of God, let us stop here!"

"You shall have a good tea-present" [tip], I observed, "if you will drive us."

"Oh, one of noble birth," was his answer, "we will stop here to-night, and Batooshka, little father, also," pointing to my companion; "but to-morrow we will have beautiful horses, and go like birds to the next station."

It was useless attempting to persuade him. Resigning ourselves to our fate, my companion and self lay down on the planks to obtain what sleep could be found, notwithstanding the noise that was going on in the next room, the Jew peddlers being occupied in trying to sell some of their wares and drive a bargain with the antique mistress of the house.

[We cannot undertake to relate the adventures of our traveller in full, and it will suffice to say that, what with being overturned, lost, and frozen, his whole journey was the reverse of agreeable. He relates an amusing instance of his dealing with the Russians.]

Fortunately, there was a vacant room in the inn, and here I was at once supplied with the smallest of basins and

a table napkin. In the mean time I despatched Nozar [his Tartar servant] to the post to desire the inspector to send me three horses immediately. There was no time to lose, and I wanted to hurry forward that afternoon.

Presently my man returned with a joyous countenance, which betokened something disagreeable. In fact, in all countries where I have hitherto travelled human nature, as typified in domestics, is much the same; they invariably look pleased when they have a piece of bad news to impart to their masters.

"What is it?" I asked. "Sleigh broken?"

"No, sir. No horses to be had; that is all. General Kauffmann went through early this morning and took them all. The inspector says you must wait till to-morrow, and that then he will have a team ready for you. It is nice and warm," continued Nozar, looking at the stove. "We will sleep here, little father; eat till we fill our clothes, and continue our journey to morrow."

"Nozar," I replied, giving my countenance the sternest expression it could assume, "I command; you obey. We leave in an hour's time. Go and hire some horses as far as the next stage. If you find it impossible to obtain any at the station, try and get some from a private dealer; but horses I must have."

In a few minutes my servant returned with a still more joyous countenance than before. The inspector would not send any horses, and no one could be found in the town who was inclined to let his animals out on hire.

There was nothing to be done but to search myself. Nozar had evidently made up his mind to sleep at Orsk. However, I had made up mine to continue the journey.

Leaving the inn, I hailed a passing sleigh, the driver appearing to me to have a more intelligent expression than

his fellows. Getting into the vehicle, I inquired if he knew of any one who had horses to hire.

"Yes," was the answer. One of his relatives had some; but the house to which I was driven was shut up, and no one was at home. I began to despair, and think that I should have as much difficulty in obtaining horses at Orsk as I had in procuring a servant at Orenburg.

I now determined to try what gold, or rather silver, would do, and said to the driver, "If you will take me to any one who has horses for hire, I will give you a ruble for yourself."

"A whole ruble!" cried the man, with a broad grin of delight; and, jumping off his seat, he ran to a little knot of Tartars, one of whom was bargaining with the others for a basket of frozen fish, and began to ply them with questions. In a minute he returned, "Let us go," he said; and with a "Burr" (the sound which is used by the Russians to urge on their horses) and a loud crack with his lash, he drove rapidly in another direction.

I had arrived at the outskirts of the town, and we stopped before a dirty-looking wooden cottage.

A tall man, dressed in a long coat reaching to his heels, bright yellow trousers, which were stuffed into a pair of red leather boots, while an enormous black sheep-skin cap covered his head, came out and asked my business. I said that I wanted three horses to go to the next stage, and asked him what he would drive me there for, the regular postal tariff being about two rubles.

"One of noble birth," replied the fellow, "the roads are bad, but my horses will gallop the whole way. They are excellent horses; all the people in the town look at them and envy me. They say, how fat they are! look, how round! The governor has not got any horses like mine in his stable. I spoil them; I cherish them; and they gallop

like the wind. The people look, wonder, and admire. Come and see the dear little animals."

"I have no doubt about it. They are excellent horses," I replied; "but what will you take me for?"

"Let us say four rubles, your excellency, and give me one on account. One little whole silver ruble; for the sake of God, let me put it in my pocket, and we will bless you."

"All right," was my answer. "Send the horses to the Tzarskoe Selo Inn immediately."

Presently the fellow rushed into my room, and, bowing to the ground, took off his cap with a grandiose air; then, drawing out the money I had given him from some hidden recess in the neighborhood of his skin, he thrust the ruble into my hand, and exclaimed, "Little father, my uncle owns one of the horses; he is very angry. He says that he was not consulted in the matter, and that he loves the animal like a brother. My uncle will not let his horse leave the stable for less than five rubles. What is to be done? I told him that I had agreed to take you, and even showed him the money, but he is hard-hearted and stern."

"Very well," I said; "bring round the horses."

In a few minutes the fellow returned, and exclaimed, "One of noble birth. I am ashamed."

"Quite right," I said; "you have every reason to be so. But go on; is your uncle's horse dead?"

"No, one of noble birth, not so bad as that; but my brother is vexed. He has a share in one of the animals; he will not let me drive him to the next station for less than six rubles;" and the man, putting on an expression in which cunning, avarice, and pretended sorrow were blended, rubbed his forehead and added, "What shall we do?"

I said, "You have a grandmother?"

"Yes," he replied, much surprised. "How did you know that? I have; a very old grandmother."

"Well," I continued, "go and tell her that, fearing lest she should be annoyed if any accident were to happen during our journey,—for you know misfortunes occur sometimes; God sends them," I added, piously.

"Yes, he does," interrupted the man; "we are simple people, your excellency."

"And, not wishing to hurt the old lady's feelings, should the fore leg of your uncle's horse, or the hind leg of your brother's, suffer on the road, I have changed my mind, and shall not go with you to-day, but take post-horses to-morrow."

The man now became alarmed, thinking that he was about to lose his fare. He rubbed his forehead violently, and then exclaimed, "I will take your excellency for five rubles."

"But your brother?"

"Never mind; he is an animal; let us go."

"No," I answered. "I shall wait; the post-horses are beautiful horses. I am told that they gallop like the wind; all the people in the town look at them, and the inspector loves them."

"Let us say four rubles, your excellency."

"But your uncle might beat you. I should not like you to be hurt."

"No," was the answer; "we will go;" and the knotty point being thus settled, we drove off, much to the dissatisfaction of my little servant, Nozar, a blue-eyed siren in Orsk having, as the Orientals say, made roast meat of his heart, in spite of his being a married man.

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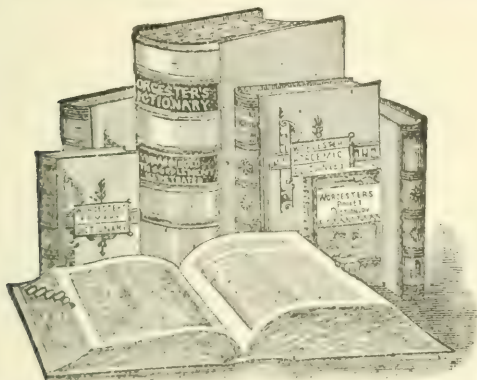
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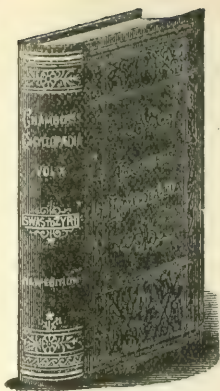
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